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Hanging Out With the
Yankees, by Sidney Zion

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Angela Davis, by Orde Coombs

SPECIAL HOME-FURNISHINGS ISSUE

ONE DOLLAR APRIL 17, 1978

NEW YORK

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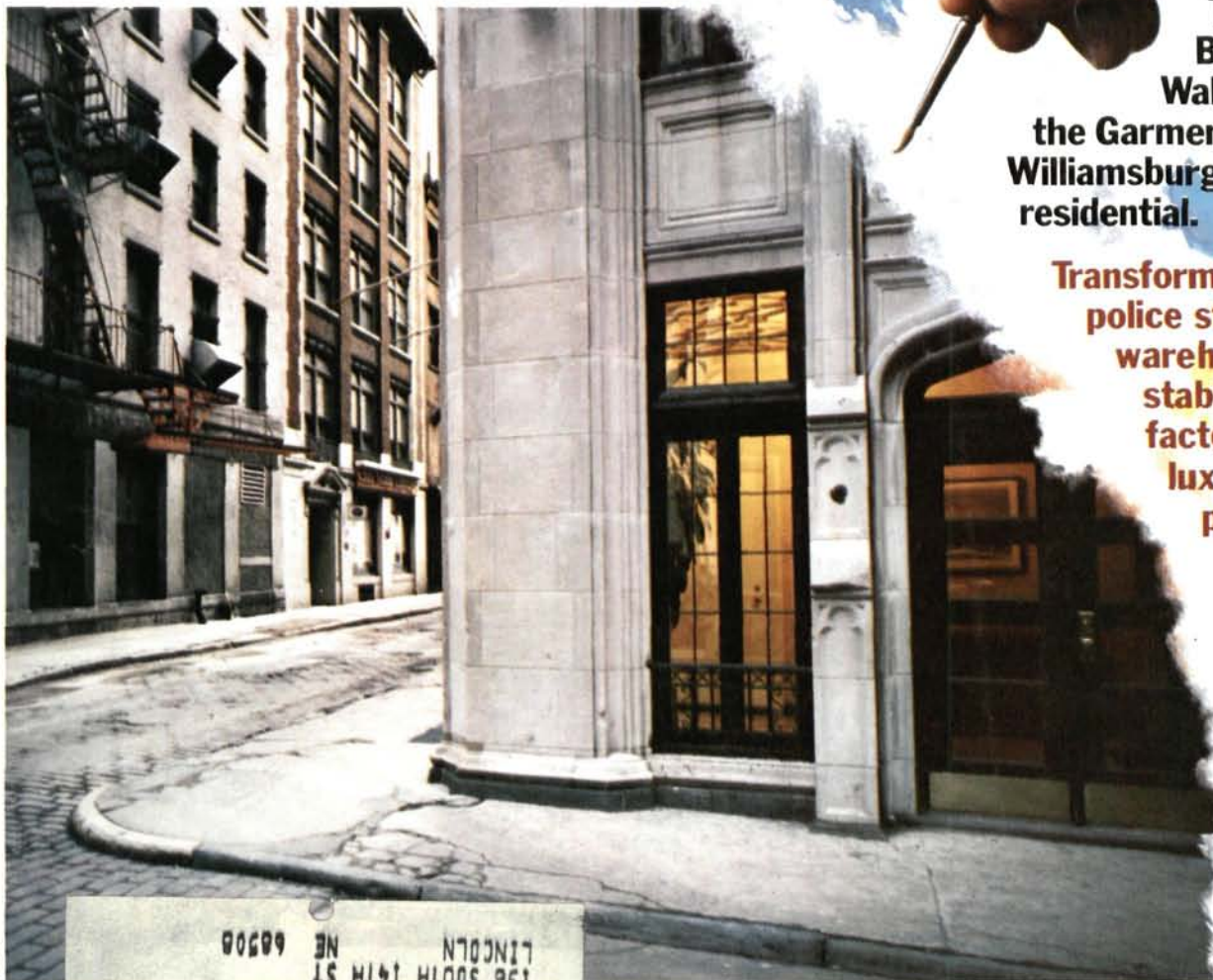


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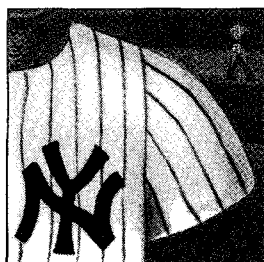
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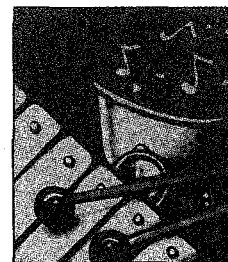
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At Play in the Fields of Steinbrenner

By Sidney Zion

As every schoolboy knows, Yanks vs. Dodgers was only one of several bouts on last year's card; also included: Steinbrenner vs. Martin, Martin vs. Jackson, et cetera. To assess the current state of the battleground, it seemed right to send a political reporter down to the Yanks' training camp to ask rude questions.

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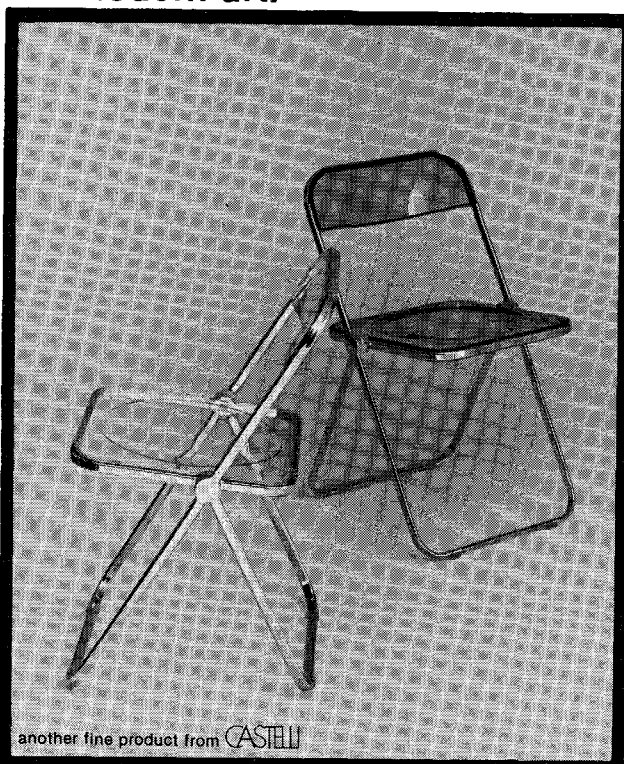
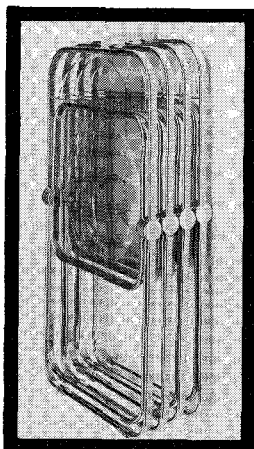
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New York Magazine

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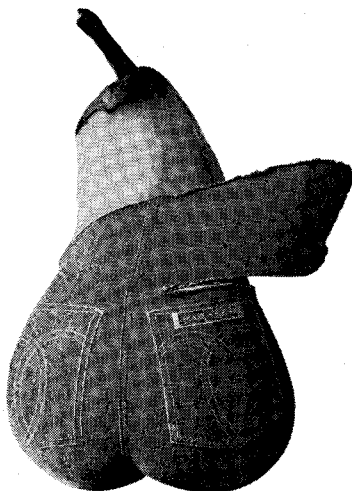
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LETTERS

That W.C. Joke

I have the famed "water closet" joke that Jack Paar was so exercised over. On page 43 of your "Does TV Have a Future? Yes! Will It Be as Good as the Past? No!" [April 3], you called the joke long-forgotten. Not at all. Here it is:

An English woman on holiday in Switzerland was in search of a room. She asked a schoolmaster if he had any recommendations. The schoolmaster took her to see several rooms, and when she had seen them, she began to make her final preparations. Later, the woman realized she had not viewed a water closet (W.C.) in any of the rooms, so she wrote a letter to the schoolmaster asking him if there was a W.C. around. The schoolmaster, ignorant of English expressions, showed the letter to the parish priest. Together, both men pondered over the meaning of the letters "W.C." The only solution they could find for the letters was that they stood for a "wayside chapel." The schoolmaster then wrote a letter back to the woman as follows:

Dear Madam:

I take great pleasure in informing you that the W.C. is situated nine miles from your home.

It is capable of holding 229 people, and it is open on Sunday and Thursday only. As there are a great many people during the summer months, I suggest that you arrive early, although there is plenty of standing room as a rule.

You will be glad to hear that a number of people bring their lunch and make a day of it, while others who arrive by car make it just in time. I would like to recommend that you go on Thursday, when there is musical accompaniment. It may interest you to know that my daughter was married in the W.C. I can remember well the rush for seats. There were ten people to a seat where there was normally one. It was wonderful to see the expressions on their faces.

I shall be delighted to reserve the best seat for you if you wish, where you will be seen by all. For the children, there is a special time so they will not disturb the elders. Hoping to have been of service.

Gregory Waryas
Totowa, N.J.

A Date With Imogene

I was very much interested in the article about Imogene Coca ["Imogene Coca Hits the Spot," by Tom Burke, March 13]. The article states that she made her Broadway debut in 1932 in *Flying Colors*. Not so. I have a theater program for the *Garrick Gaieties* with Imogene Coca listed in the cast. I saw this show June 7, 1930.

Murray Blum
La Jolla, Calif.

Helping Hands

I read Joey Nash's article "Blind in New York" [April 3] with compassion, for I share many of his problems though I have more vision than he has. Even so, I know how he feels about cars straining at the leash at red lights, or sneaking a turn, but the alternative of seclusion is unthinkable.

Caught up as we are in our own difficulties, however, we can expect too much of others. And we can rebuff them when they are trying to help. I remember desperately trying to read a telephone number at a public phone; a woman came up to get the number for me, as I later realized, but I, nervous at taking so long, assumed she was impatient and brushed her off with a curt "I'll only be a minute."

Most people are wary of offering help, but will give it if asked. I have come to the point of asking a stranger to get a number for me, or to tell me when the way is clear. I'm a little choosy about the people I ask and sometimes their immediate response is to rush on by, but nearly always, when they realize it's only information or easily given help I need, they stop and give it. I'd say to Joey: "Ask, don't wait."

Alice Alexander
New Rochelle, N.Y.

More Fish Out of Water

Too bad you neglected fish eaters of Queens ["Fish Out of Water: A Guide to City Fishmongers," by Ruth Spear, April 10]. A most unusual source of fresh fish is in Freeport, Long Island. The boats come into Woodcleft Canal and shoppers can buy six pounds of the "catch of the day" for \$1. There are several dealers that supply a variety of fish such as lobster, clams, salmon, and bass. These stores are open Sundays and worth the five-minute detour off the Meadowbrook State Parkway.

Anita Landau
Freeport, N.Y.



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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

The D. B. Cooper-King Connection

It's called the "mystery project" at CBS, and no wonder. Mike Wallace and a 60 Minutes team are said to have produced a report linking the missing skyjacker D. B. Cooper to the Martin Luther King assassination. Two reliable TV news sources—one close to 60 Minutes producers—confirm that the story is completed and in the hands of attorneys and high-level officials at the network.

The 60 Minutes crew filmed interviews in Seattle, Hawaii, and Los Angeles, and are reported to have found people who knew the mysterious Cooper, who parachuted from a Northwest plane with a \$200,000 ran-

som on November 24, 1971, and was never found. One TV journalist said the story reports that Cooper survived the jump and may be alive today, but no other details were forthcoming.

A former CBS producer, Dirk Summers, brought CBS into the project nine months ago. Summers has been working on the story for more than two years and has received a "five-figure" advance for a book on the subject.

A TV journalist close to the story said that if the CBS hierarchy decides to go ahead with the report it will be shown on the first or second program of the new season. —Bruce Henderson



Saffir: Tomorrow is another day.

It's Always Darkest Before The Sunset

Twenty-four hours before the Trib folded last week,

Leonard Saffir, editor in chief and publisher, granted an interview on the prospects of his paper. Some excerpts: "I've heard the rumors that the Trib is finished. There are always all kinds of rumors. The winter nearly killed us, but we survived. The weather has changed for the better and our circulation and advertising have both increased dramatically. As long as we can get all the curves going upward, we'll make it. We're working on a new ad campaign right now. Things have never looked brighter."

Don't Call Us, We'll Call You

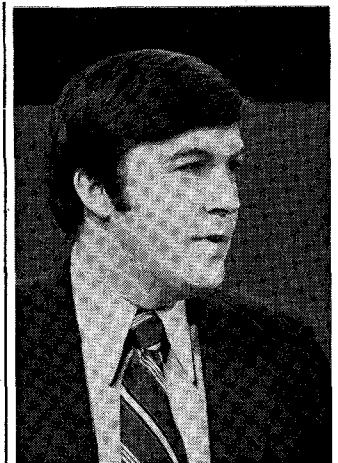
Several employment offices of a rather unusual nature have opened recently in New York. They cater to a distinctly special category of job seekers: former CIA analysts and agents who have been axed over the past few months by Admiral Stansfield Turner. Saudi Arabian government representatives quietly opened a small office in Manhattan and let it be known they were looking for security specialists to train Saudis in protecting oil installations. Meanwhile, over

at the Iranian Consulate, an office has been set aside for discreet interviews with former spooks who might be interested in training troops and SAVAK agents for the shah of Iran. Somewhere else in the city, certain Rhodesians have recruited several former clandestine agents for work in paramilitary units now engaged in the guerrilla war against African nationalists. The Rhodesian recruiters call themselves the "Crippled Eagles." They are not listed in the phone book.

Dirty Laundry In Public

Life isn't that happy these days for Hamilton Jordan. In the wake of publicity about his after-hours adventures, he and his wife split up, and his laundry clutters the White House office where Bob Haldeman once kept everything fanatically tidy.

When Jordan goes out, he draws drunks like honey draws flies. On the way to Albany, Georgia, where his father lay dying, Jordan was accosted at the airport by an ornery stranger who challenged him to a fight. Jordan would have loved it, but the thought of more bad publicity deterred him. "I love this city," he says of Washington, "but I can't enjoy it. I can't even go out without somebody coming up and



Jordan: Lonely at the top.

giving me a bad time. It's easy to get trapped in this job." Will he stay on as Carter's number-one political adviser? "Not necessarily for four years," he says. "Who knows what I'll be doing six or eight months from now?" —Nick Thimmesch

He's Not A Leg Man

Time magazine was nothing short of delirious in its cover-story description of John Travolta striding through the opening credits

of *Saturday Night Fever*: "Check it out! Man walks down that street so fine. . . . Street's all his, past doubt." Not quite. The legs, according to Travolta, who was absent during the shooting of that sequence, belonged to a stunt man.

Some News That's Unfit to Print

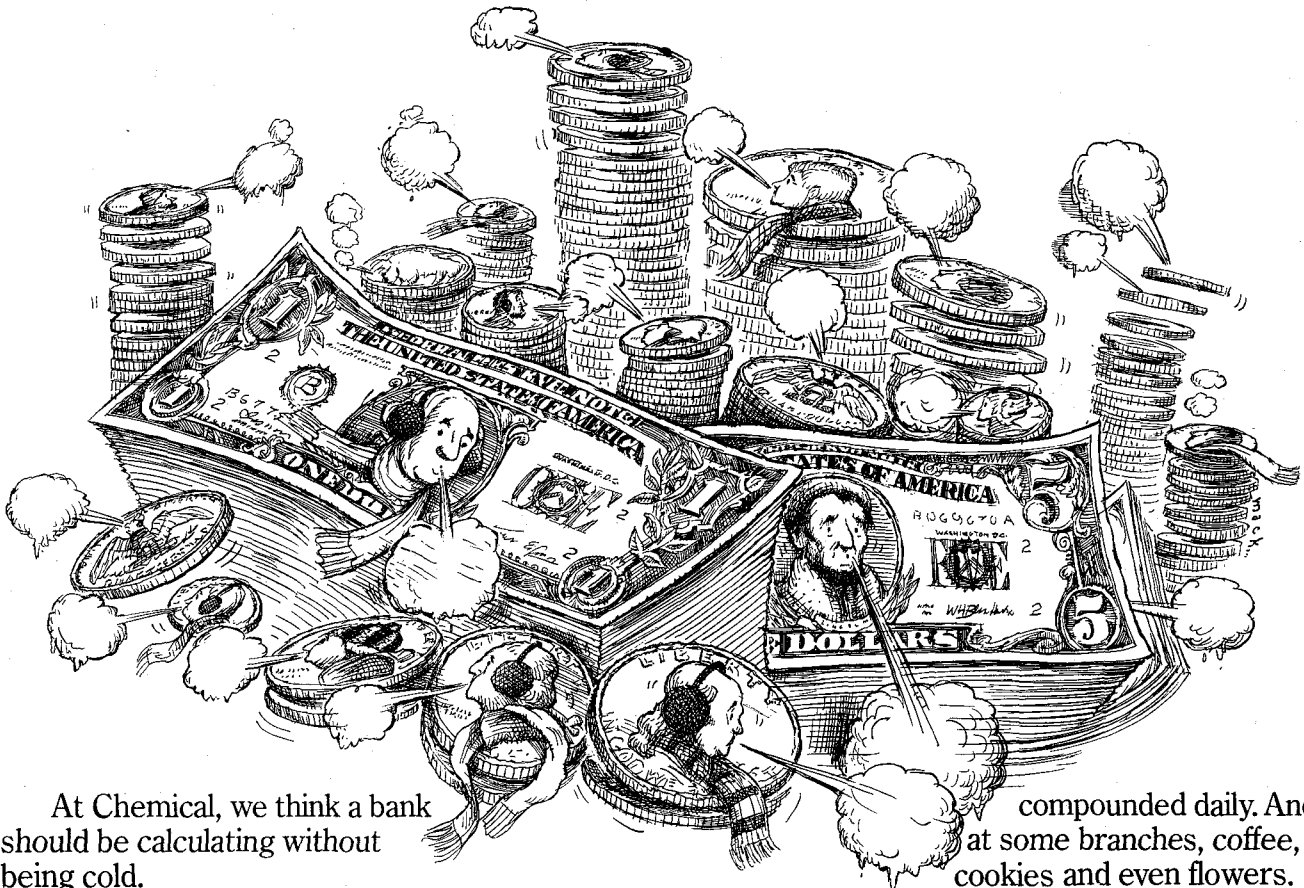
Though the New York Times does a fine job of covering Milanese fashions, creeping kudzu, and the bread revolution, in addition to all the local news, it has somehow managed to overlook the Aesthetic Realism story. The Aesthetic Realists do not like this, and they are doing something about it.

According to Deborah Tarrow, head of the Aesthetic Realism press and media committee, "The Times has refused to print the story that 123 homosexuals have changed [to heterosexuality] through Aesthetic Realism. The men are dying to tell this to people." So eager are they that the Aesthetic Realists, who number fewer than 200, have disrupted the

Times city desk with more than 65 calls a day from people demanding that the story be run. As of last week, all incoming calls were suspect, and the desk was refusing any information on the whereabouts of editors and reporters. What is more, the Aesthetic Realists have gone into the streets, holding vigils in front of publisher Punch Sulzberger's home and those of other top Times officials.

When asked his opinion of the organization's tactics, one Times editor dismissed them with a terse "Crazy." This seems a simplistic appraisal of Aesthetic Realism, which exists to propagate the belief that "the only way to like the world is to see it aesthetically." And have a nice day.

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compounded daily. And, at some branches, coffee, cookies and even flowers.

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And this one: "Your tellers are always friendly and have a smile... At some banks the tellers act like they are doing me a favor in cashing my check."

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It seems that maybe people feel it's about time a bank started treating them like people.

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A TALE OF TWO JUDGES (Continued)



Double standard: There's one rule for Fuchsberg (far left), another for Breitel (center).

Court of Conflicts

When we left the feud between Chief Judge Charles Breitel and his old enemy on the New York State Court of Appeals, Associate Judge Jacob Fuchsberg, three weeks ago, the worst Breitel could be accused of was a bad case of spite.

Breitel had convened a special Court on the Judiciary to investigate Fuchsberg's finances to prevent his colleague from succeeding him on the bench. When that didn't work, Breitel ordered the court to look into Fuchsberg's use of law professors to help draft his opinions—a practice routine in the courts. But the Court on the Judiciary has turned up more information than Breitel asked for—and it can't be to his liking.

When Breitel convened that special court, he spoke of the "embarrassment" that newspaper accounts of Fuchsberg's finances had caused the Court of Appeals. It turns out, however, that Breitel knew all along that members of his court held New York City securities when eleven cases affecting city finances came before it, and did nothing. Moreover, when Breitel created the special panel to investigate only Fuchsberg last September, he ended a Commission on Judicial Conduct inquiry that, court sources say, would have examined conflicts of interest of all Court of Appeals members.

The story begins back in September

1975, when two early cases affecting city finances, *Sgaglione v. Levitt* and *Wein v. New York*, were working their way up to the Court of Appeals. During a conference preceding the Sgaglione case, Fuchsberg notified the chief judge that his "substantial" holdings in city notes might disqualify him from the case. At the conference, according to testimony accepted by the court, another Court of Appeals judge—unnamed in the record—disclosed that his investments might also bear some looking into for conflicts.

By the following January, when the Wein case came before the court, Fuchsberg twice informed the chief judge that he felt uneasy about sitting on the case. "Judge Breitel told me [Fuchsberg told the Court on the Judiciary] that since these were not stocks, but were bonds, he did not think that would be a reason for disqualification. In fact, he said there was a rule to this effect." Fuchsberg checked it, and there was such a rule in the judicial canons.

But when Fuchsberg still insisted that he would feel "more comfortable if [he] did not sit," Breitel sidestepped the issue. "Suppose we put it to the lawyers [arguing the case]," he suggested.

Breitel did ask Leon Wein, a Brooklyn Law School professor who was arguing his own case before the court, how he felt about the sitting judge holding New York City notes. Wein said he

felt sorry for him. This caused "titters" in the court—but no concern for impropriety. "I thought it was suspicious," Wein recalls, "but a lot of things about this matter were hard to explain."

By persuading Fuchsberg not to disqualify himself, Breitel had forced a judge to sit on a case in which he had openly declared a conflict—an act considered a high point of indiscretion on any other court in the land. "It seems incredible," says one member of the Court on the Judiciary, "that no court member pointed out to Fuchsberg that what he was doing was wrong. Breitel certainly knew it—but we weren't investigating Breitel."

Breitel's indignation over Fuchsberg's personal finances is even harder to explain in the light of a curious letter Fuchsberg received on March 16, 1977. It was from Hyman Gamso, a clerk of the State Supreme Court, and it outlined the repayment plan the Court of Appeals had ordered after holding unconstitutional the city's moratorium on redemption of its notes. Fuchsberg had disqualified himself from the case (and received no other correspondence or documents) precisely because the notes he held would be covered by the repayment plan. Despite this, Gamso sent Fuchsberg the same letter every other judge on the court received—including copies of redemption forms that Fuchsberg could use to cash in his notes. The letter had been sent at the suggestion of none other than Breitel.

"We were surprised to see that letter," said one Court on the Judiciary member, "but it was probably just a mistake, an oversight."

But it was an oversight that leaves behind at least the appearance of an impropriety. As Fuchsberg's lawyer, Herbert Wachtell, said on the record: "Here was the chief judge saying to Judge Fuchsberg, 'Please be sure to put your city notes in for public redemption.'"

To date, Breitel has not seen fit to present his side of the story, and this may be wise. For if he was forced to respond to this record, he would have to explain another questionable action.

When Breitel bypassed the Commission on Judicial Conduct last September, its staff had reportedly begun sifting through a list of city noteholders to see if any other Court of Appeals judges had the same conflict Fuchsberg had



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been accused of. Said Hyman Gamsco, who supplied that list from the records of his court, "The only purpose I could see in that request was that the commission was going to look for conflicts of other judges."

Another court source said, "I was told that correspondence from the commission informed Breitel that the investigation was going to look into the finances of all the judges on that court."

This is an investigation that probably would have shown the chief judge himself to be responsible for allowing rampant conflicts on his court. And it probably would have forced Breitel to explain some embarrassing items, such as his encouraging Fuchsberg not to disqualify himself and the March 1977 letter from Hyman Gamsco.

And it's an investigation that might have led to charges of impropriety throughout the entire court system. Plenty of judges hold city notes, as Court on the Judiciary member Joseph A. Suozzi noted. The standards against which Fuchsberg was disciplined, Suozzi wrote, expose "all appellate judges of this State who continue to hold . . . City securities . . . to similar charges of impropriety." Even former Chief Judge Stanley Fuld says he owned \$10,000 in city bonds while sitting on the court. Breitel made sure that none of these charges would be made by restricting the panel to an investigation of Fuchsberg alone.

But even the Court on the Judiciary members thought Breitel's attempt to censure Fuchsberg for accepting the help of law professors was going too far. As one member of the court said, "Until this case came up, I had never heard of the canon [applying to outside help by law professors]. No judge had."

Former Chief Judge Charles Desmond spoke to this charge—and the entire proceeding—when he urged the Court on the Judiciary to end its investigation before entering formal charges against Fuchsberg. "Judge Fuchsberg is being accused of something that is being done by others on the Court of Appeals and in other courts."

Fortunately for Breitel, the court accepted Desmond's advice. A full and open airing of the Fuchsberg matter would have opened up the court—and Breitel—to more ridicule and more serious charges.

Breitel still isn't talking. Nor is he allowing any copies of the embarrassing Court on the Judiciary file outside the walls of his Albany courthouse.

Judicial discipline is a fine idea, Charles Breitel seems to be telling us by his silence—as long as it applies to everyone but the chief.

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OPENINGS THIS WEEK

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

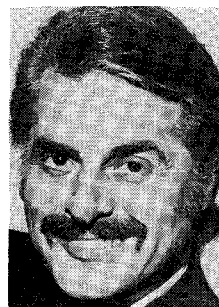


Fannie Flagg makes her New York stage debut in Jack Heifner's new comedy, **Patio/Porch**, with Ronnie Claire Edwards. It opens April 13th at the Century Theater, 235 West 46th Street. It's about four Texas women in a small town on the hottest day of the year. Directed by Garland Wright. Telephone number: 354-6644.



Ann-Margret as Lady Booby, **Peter Firth** as her footman, in **Joseph Andrews**, a bawdy 18th century film based on the Henry Fielding novel, and directed by Tony Richardson. Others in the cast are John Gielgud, Karen Dotrice, Michael Hordern, Beryl Reid, and Hugh Griffith. Opens April 14th at the Waverly.

Johnny Desmond, one of the finest song stylists to emerge from the Big Band era, returns to the **Rainbow Grill** on the 65th floor of Rockefeller Center (with a glorious view), April 17th for a two-week stay. He performs nightly (except Sunday, at 9:15 & 11:30 p.m. Call PL 7-8970 for reservations. Thru 4/15, Tommy Sands entertains.



MOVIES AROUND TOWN

April 11 through 18

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *That Obscure Object of Desire*.

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Casey's Shadow*.

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0161). *Straight Time*.

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman*.

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 4/11, *Ugetsu*; *Ballad of the Narayama*. 4/12, *L'Avventura*; *Knife in the Water*. 4/13, *The Conversation Piece*; *Senso*. 4/14, 15, *Duck Soup*; *Monkey Business*. 4/16, *Smiles of a Summer Night*; *A Lesson in Love*. 4/17, *The Naked Nights*; *Secrets of Women*. 4/18, *The Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family*; *Bride of the Andes*. 4/19, *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser*; *Nosferatu*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 4/11, *Tristana*; *The Garden of Delights*. 4/12, *Bitter Sweet*; *Brief Encounter*. 4/13, *M*; *Mad Love*. 4/14, *The Thin Man*; *After the Thin Man*. 4/15, *The Story of Adele H*; *The Marquise of O*. 4/16, *David Copperfield*; *Oliver Twist*. 4/17, *Kamouraska*; *My Uncle Antoine*. 4/18, *Olympia*.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Coming Home*.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *September 30, 1955*.

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *An Unmarried Woman*.

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *1900*.

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 4/11, *That Cold Day in the Park*; *The Long Goodbye*. 4/12, 13, *Between the Lines*; *I.F. Stone's Weekly*. 4/14, 15, *Pound*; *Chafed Elbows*. 4/16, 17, *Pather Panchali*; *Aparajito*; *The World of Apu*. 4/18, *M*A*S*H*; *Brewster McCloud*. 4/19, 20, *Carrie*; *Pretty Poison*. 4/21, 22, *Lolita*; *Baby Doll*.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Goodbye Girl*.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-2720). *The First Time*.

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Pretty Baby*.

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *The Big Sleep*.

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Saturday Night Fever*.

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Word Is Out*.

Embassy I, 46th & Bdway (757-2408). *The Last Survivor*.

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *Straight Time*.

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Annie Hall*.

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose*.

Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). *Straight Time*.

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Coma*.

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *The Turning Point*.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Coma*.

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point*.

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars*.

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Fury*.

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Rabbit Test*.

Loews State I, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Rabbit Test*.

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *The Amsterdam Kill*.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *House Calls*.

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Coma*. II. *Straight Time*. III. *Saturday Night Fever*.

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *An Unmarried Woman*.

New Directors/New Films, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). *The Baker's Bread*, 4/11 at 6 p.m. *Mother and Daughter*, 4/11 at 8:30. *The Bus*, 4/12 at 6; 4/14 at 9:30 p.m. *Torre Bela*, 4/12 at 8:30; 4/16 at 6 p.m. *Paul Paulandré and the Main Actor*, 4/14 at 6; 4/15 at 8:30 p.m. *Scenic Route*, 4/15 at 6; 4/17 at 8:30 p.m. *Foul Play*, 4/16 at 8:30; 4/19 at 6 p.m. *Chuquigato*, 4/18 at 6; 4/19, at 8:30 p.m. *The Far Road*, 4/17 at 6; 4/18 at 8:30.

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *That Obscure Object of Desire*.

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 4/11, *A Special Day*; *Roseland*. 4/12-18, *A Hero Ain't Nothing But a Sandwich*; *The Shootist*.

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman*.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*.

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 4/18, *Saturday Night Fever*.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa*.

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Julia*. II. *The Turning Point*. III. *The Goodbye Girl*. IV. Thru 4/11, *Sebastiane*. From 4/12, *A Little Night Music*.

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). Thru 4/11, *Crossed Swords*.

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 4/11, 12, *Macao*; *Out of the Past*. 4/13-15, *Suspicion*; *Notorious*. 4/16, 17, *Roberta*; *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*. 4/18, 19, *The Big Sky*; *Wagon Master*.

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Straight Time*. II. Thru 4/11, *Cabaret*. 4/12-18, *Hello, Dolly!*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Annie Hall*. II. *The Turning Point*.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 4/11, *The Goodbye Girl*. From 4/12, *The Lacemaker*.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Judge and the Assassin*.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 4/11, *Saturday Night Fever*. 4/12-20, *Coma*; *Hospital*.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety*.

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 4/12, 13, *Brute Force*; *The Naked City*. 4/14, 15, *Hound of the Baskervilles*; *Sherlock Holmes & the Woman in Green*. 4/16, 17, *Virgin Spring*; *Devil's Wanton*. 4/18, *It's Raining in Santiago*. 4/11, *Mandabi*; Antonio Das Mortes.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 4/12, *Written on the Wind*; *Madame X*. 4/13, *Chinatown Nights*; *A Star Is Born*. 4/14, *No One Man*; *Swing High, Swing Low*. 4/15, *The Lone Wolf Returns*; *Meet Nero Wolfe*. 4/16, 17, *Cocktail Hour*; *My Woman*. 4/18, *Victory*; *Bird of Paradise*. 4/11, *Lady in a Jam*; *Invitation to Happiness*.

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Rabbit Test*.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The Goodbye Girl*.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Coma*.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *That Obscure Object of Desire*.

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Joseph Andrews*.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

L'Avventura—Michelangelo Antonioni's epochal film, jeered at at first, then recognized as a landmark in intellectual filmmaking. The problems, real and imaginary, of the leisure class are examined by an artist who is also a Marxist, but an artist first, and the visual and verbal elements of a movie have seldom fused so perfectly to convey ennui, failure, despair made more poignant by the sumptuous natural and man-made surroundings, masterly performances and photography. 4/12, Bleecker St Cinema.

Between the Lines—Joan Micklin Silver's film, about the takeover of a Boston underground weekly by an establishment newspaper tycoon, is meant to be a tale of deradicalization; how a group of idealistic, journalistic kids decline into indifference. But, like *Hester Street* (her first film), it lacks a point of view. We feel neither a sense of loss for nor do we laugh at these kids: only the casting (John Heard and Jill Eikenberry) is excellent. 4/12, 13, Cinema Village.

Cabaret—A very effective Bob Fosse musical from the Broadway hit, with brilliant cinematography and ingenious direction, and visually persuasive recreation of pre-war Berlin at its wicked worst. Unfortunately, only Joel Grey's performing is up to snuff; all the other performances, including Liza Minnelli's, must be strenuously overlooked, which is not always easy. Thru 4/11, RKO Cinerama II.

Carrie—Brian De Palma's horror movie with grandiose aspirations to social satire. Attempts at humor are never successful and come almost when one is

inclined to be moved by somebody's plight, so that the nonjokes yield authentic bad taste. The plot crawls with self-contradictions and improbabilities, and the bad characters are ludicrous while the good ones are saccharine. 4/19, 20, Cinema Studio.

Casey's Shadow—A genial adventure film about quarter-horse racing starring Walter Matthau as a dopey Cajun trainer and Alexis Smith as a sleek owner. The children are all splendid in a film that should gladden the hearts of the family-film audience and Equus-fixated adolescents in particular. Baronet.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Coma—Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Greenwich, Trans-Lux 85th; Fine Arts; St Marks Cinema.

Coming Home—Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietnam that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Cinema I.

Crossed Swords—What little levity manages to survive in this plodding adaptation of Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* is provided (with a little help from George C. Scott) by the English veterans: Rex Harrison, Oliver Reed, Harry Andrews, and David Hemmings. But our own Richard Fleischer paints a heavy canvas. Thru 4/11, Radio City Music Hall.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

The First Time—Claude Berri's latest series of autobiographical films, this one starring Alain Cohen as the teen-ager, and Charles Denner and Zorica Lozic as his parents. Columbia II.

The Fury—Brian de Palma's thriller about telepathic troublemakers combines B-movie sleaze with A-movie elegance in a nerve-shattering but irresistibly funny horror film. Levitation and blood gushing from human orifices like geysers are but two of the outrageously unreal effects in a film that should be a smash with youth-and-inner-city audiences. Starring Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgrass. Loews Cine.

The Goodbye Girl—Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Trans-Lux East; Quad.

A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich—Story of a 13-year-old heroin addict (Larry B. Scott) living in the urban black ghetto of Los Angeles with his mother, his grandmother and his mother's lover. With Cicely Tyson and Paul Winfield. 4/12-18, Olympia.

High Anxiety—The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/homage to Hitchcock is to the Master of Sus-

pense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton.

House Calls—Howard Zieff's furious and funny comedy is a middle-aged romance starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson as the cautious, one-step-at-a-time lovers. Matthau and Jackson have never been more charming. They bring out in each other a quality of shy vulnerability that is downright erotic. Art Carney is hilarious as the beacon of incompetence of a Los Angeles hospital that is a monument to malpractice. Loews Tower East.

The Judge and the Assassin—Philippe Noiret, Michel Galabru, and Isabelle Huppert in the story of an army sergeant who shoots his fiancée and then attempts to kill himself. This is only the beginning, lest you think we have given away the story. Directed by Bertrand (The Clockmaker) Tavernier. 68th St Playhouse.

Julia—Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Quad.

The Lacemaker—Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude (The Invitation and The Wonderful Crook) Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. From 4/12, 72nd St E.

A Little Night Music—Hal Prince's direction of the Broadway musical (music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; book and screenplay by Hugh Wheeler) undercuts the pattern of overlapping lives and musical motifs of the original. The cast—Elizabeth Taylor as the grand dame of the theatre, Len Cariou as the aging Lothario, Lesley-Anne Down as his wife, and Diana Rigg as her old school chum—never intermingle with any fluidity in this static and dim echo of Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*. From 4/12, Quad.

Lolita—Stanley Kubrick brings considerate technical expertise to this film, which, nevertheless, is a total betrayal of a book that not even today's Hollywood would dare to make as written. Under the circumstances, one can admire the acting of James Mason and Peter Sellers, the cinematography of Oswald Morris, and a few effective scenes. But the screenplay, credited to Nabokov, jettisons all the satirical and maniacal intensity and unconventionality of the novel. 4/21, 22, Cinema Village.

M—Probably the finest film made by Fritz Lang (1931). The story of a child murderer pursued simultaneously by the police and the underworld, this early sound film has everything: suspense, horror, humor, irony, humanity—even sympathy for the psychopath—and generally stellar direction and acting. The three principal performances, by Peter Lorre, Gustaf Grundgens, and Otto Wernicke, could hardly be bettered. A rare case of a film *noir* turning into a work of art. 4/13, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Madame Rosa—Simone Signore stars in the title role as a Jewish concentration camp survivor and former prostitute, who, in her later years, is raising the children of young prostitutes. Based on Emile Ajar's novel, the film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi. Plaza.

The Marquise of O...—Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. 4/15, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

1900—Bertolucci's film is a chronicle of the peasant-landowner struggle from 1900 to 1945 as it transpires on the estate of the aristocratic Berlinghieri family. Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu are fine, but as attractive as they are, to sit four and a half hours for their dorsal view (preferable to the frontal view displayed in an embarrassing sex scene) is too high a price to pay. Cinema Studio.

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. Coronet.

Rabbit Test—Imogene Coca, Billy Crystal, George Gobel, Paul Lynde, Roddy McDowall, in a comedy about the world's first pregnant man, co-authored and directed by Joan Rivers. Loews State I; Loews Orpheum; 34th St E.

Roseland—James Ivory's new film is set in the venerable ballroom, and, thanks to Ruth Praver Jhabvala's sharp screenplay, what could have been cheerlessly maudlin becomes cheerfully maudlin. Broadway actress Helen Gallagher, as the gracefully tough dance instructor, is the revelation of the film. Thru 4/11, Olympia.

Saturday Night Fever—As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York Magazine* piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. St Marks Cinema; thru 4/18, Playboy.

September 30, 1955—This is the date of James Dean's death, and the film is about an impressionable college student (Richard Thomas) and six of his friends, all of whose lives are affected by the death of their film idol. Directed by James Bridges, the cast includes Susan Tyrrell and Collin Wilcox. Cinema II.

The Shootist—John Wayne gives a surprisingly effective performance. If at the age of 69, after 47 years in the movies, he can have truly learned his trade, there is hope for every one of us, no matter how slow a study. However, the film remains superficial, cliché-riddled, and torn apart by conflicting aims of abiding by and debunking its genre. 4/12-18, Olympia.

A Special Day—Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Thru 4/11, Olympia.

Straight Time—Dustin Hoffman gives a fascinating performance as a small-time hoodlum in a grim and funny film that is just this side of depressing. Or perhaps just the other side. The supporting cast of Theresa Russell, Harry Dean Stanton, Gary Busey and M. Emmet Walsh keep us from noticing the plot holes in this L.A. caper film. 86th St E; Beekman; Festival; Bay Cinema.

That Obscure Object of Desire—Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin*. New Yorker; UA East; Art.

The Turning Point—Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; RKO 86th St I; Quad.

An Unmarried Woman—Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Murray Hill; Cinema III.

The Virgin Spring—Perhaps not one of Bergman's best (the script is not by him), but as loving and compelling a re-creation of life and death in the Middle Ages as you are likely to get this side of *The Seventh Seal*. For whatever it is worth, the film also contains the most harrowing rape scene ever, but Janus Films seems to have both censored and uncensored versions in distribution, and cuts in the work of a master really hurt. 4/16, 17, Thalia.

Word is Out—Stories of some of our lives made by the Mariposa Film Group, six San Francisco-based documentary filmmakers, presenting conversations with 26 gay men and women from a variety of age groups, cultures, lifestyles, and geographic backgrounds. Eastside.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, April 11

Diversions and Delights—Vincent Price stars in a play by John Gay about the life and times of Oscar Wilde, directed by Joseph Hardy. Previewing tonight, opening tomorrow. Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

The Mighty Gents—A new production of Richard Wesley's play about a former youth gang in Newark who are now in their 30's. Directed by Harold Scott, cast includes Richard Gant, Brent Jennings, Mansoor Najee-ullah, and Dorian Harewood. Previewing now prior to a 4/16 opening. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ambassador Theater, 219 W 49th (CO 5-1855).

CURRENT

The Act—Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Thru 7/1. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie—*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two—Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line—Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of 42nd St. Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage—Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Dancin'—Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet

through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like intermecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile and tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Deathtrap—Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula—Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini—Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game—A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease—Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!—A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés*, she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8;

mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

A History of the American Film—Five archetypal movie characters ricochet thru American history and movie history as baffled orphans of the film. Gary Bayer, Maureen Anderman, Swoosie Kurtz, April Shawhan, and Brent Spiner are the stars in Christopher Durang's comedy, with music by Mel Marvin, directed by David Chambers. Tues thru Fri at 8; Mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. ANTA, 245 W 49th (246-6270).

I Love My Wife—Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I—Angela Lansbury is performing as Mrs. Anna, and Michael Kermoyan as the king, taking on the roles while Yul Brynner and Constance Towers are on vacation 4/11-30. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show—A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!—Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

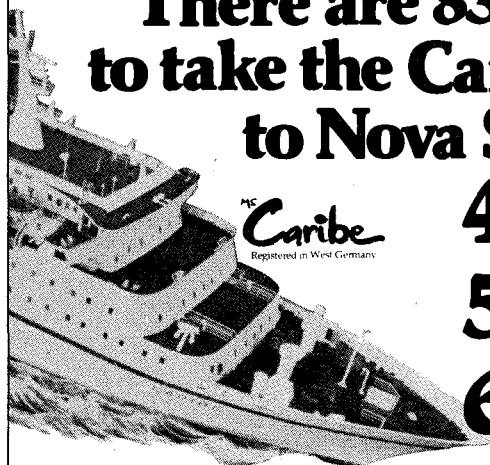
On the Twentieth Century—Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Paul Robeson—Phillip Hayes Dean's portrait of a great man has been composed with shrewdness and wit, and is played by James Earl Jones in a manner that is big in body, heart, and mind. Jones invests his part with all anyone could ask for. Every virtue is here, yet never cloying, sanctimonious, humorless. There is always a sense of fierce dignity behind the occasional ironies—of something, above all, tart, down-to-earth, saltily human. Thurs at 8; Sat at 2 & 8; Sun at 5 p.m. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Same Time, Next Year—Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Mon thru Wed; Fri & Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

13 Rue de l'Amour—This is not the best of Georges Feydeau, but there is a supply of joy even in the lesser works of this madcap master. Nobody would be able to summarize the plot. You must accept the fact that the play is a sandwich; a hilarious, meaty second act between two somewhat dry slices of bread by way of a first and third. Even there you will find some hearty laughs. Basil Langton has picked some interesting players, chief among them Louis Jourdan, and he has directed some suitably fancy business at a condignly punishing pace. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

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Timbuktu!—The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

A Touch of the Poet—At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish inn-keeper comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz—Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (C17-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory—Eugene O'Neill's *Welded*, 9:30 on Fri & Sat, 4 p.m. on Sun, 4/21, 22, 23. \$3. A double bill: Lucille Fletcher's *Sorry, Wrong Number*, and Tennessee Williams's *I Can't Imagine Tomorrow*, at 7:30 on 4/21, 22. *Sing Melancholy Baby*, by Michael Devereaux, 4/14-16, 19-23 at 7 p.m. 4/15-22, a show also at 10 p.m. \$3. 330 E 56th (486-1431).

"AGE IS UNNECESSARY"



Gregg Almquist and David Schramm in The Acting Company's production of *King Lear*. Other plays in the repertory are Brecht's *Mother Courage*, David Mamet's *The Duck Variations*, and Elinor Jones's *The Other Half*. Thru 4/23. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (247-0394).

American Theater Experiment—The Richard Wright/ Paul Green version of *Native Son*, thru 4/12 at 7:30, in repertory with Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*, thru 4/16, at 7:30. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

Apache Fog—Backstage musical revue, with Dick Mazza, Steve Serner, and Bill Frank. 4/16, at 7 & 9:30. The Brook. 40 W 17th St (982-2386).

The Best Little Whore House in Texas—A new musical with book by Lawrence King and Peter Masterson, based on a true story published in 1973. Music and lyrics by Carol Hall; directed by Peter Masterson and Tommy Tune. With Henderson Forsythe, Delores Hall, J. Frank Lucas, and Louise Quick. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m.; Sat at 7 & 10 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m. Entermidia Theater, 12th St & 2nd Ave (475-4191).

A Bistro Car on the CNR—A musical revue whose music must have been found on a trash heap, and whose cast tries to make a virtue of impersonality, deserves short shrift. Playhouse, 359 W 48th (541-9820).

The Bright and Golden Land—A play by Harry Granick, directed by Leon Gochman. Wed thru Sun, thru 4/16. \$2.50. Vandam Theater, 16 Vandam St (675-0498).

Catsplay—Robert Gerring, Helen Burns, and Jane Cronin in Istvan Orkeny's play, directed by Lynne Meadow. Wed thru Sun at 7:30, Sat & Sun mats at 3 p.m. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Clash By Night—A revival of the 1941 Clifford Odets play, directed by Stephen Zuckerman. Fri thru Mon, thru 4/15. \$3. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

The Club—It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. All the roles are played by women. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Comedy Faces of '78—Cabaret, starring The First Amendment, Comedy Troupe, Seborn Westbrook, and others. At 8 & 10:30 p.m. Thurs thru Sat, thru 4/29. \$4. Actors Plyhse, 100-7th Ave So (242-9657).

Cops—A play written by Terry Curtis Fox, directed by Richard Schechner, set in an all-night diner in Chicago where cops hang out, which suddenly becomes the setting for a shoot-out. Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8; Sat at 8 & 10. \$4, \$5, \$6. The Envelope, 35 Wooster St in Soho (966-3651).

Covenants: An Evening of Tennessee Williams—A new piece made up of poems, songs, and plays by Williams rarely or never before seen on stage. Tues thru Thurs from 4/18. \$3. Cupping Room Cafe, 359 West Bdway (JU 2-4240).

Da—A brazenly and rewardingly autobiographical work by Hugh Leonard, it takes place in the head of a 40-year-old playwright who comes back to the Dublin of his long languishings for his foster father's funeral. It is a charming, mellow, saucy, and bitter-sweet boulevard comedy. The entire cast is delightful—even the accents are credible. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Sun & Sat at 3. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

David and Lisa—James Reach's play from the book by Theodore Isaac Rubin and the screenplay by Eleanor Perry; directed by Geraldine Teagarden. 4/14, 15, 16. \$2.50. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9821).

The Death and Resurrection of Mr. Roche—Thomas Kilroy's drama set in present-day Dublin. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/16. \$3. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

Double Bill—Robert Heide's *Suburban Tremens* and *Increased Occupancy*. Thurs at 8; Fri & Sat at 10 & Sun at 4:30, Thru 4/23. \$3. Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Drama Committee Repertory—Gogol's *Chichikov's Journey*, Sat at 8 & 10:30, thru 5/14. Arthur Reel's *Possession*, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8 p.m. 4/13-5/14. Strindberg's *Comrades*, Sat at 2:30; Mon & Tues at 8; 4/17-5/30. \$3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Enemy—Rob Maugham's play, directed by Michael Diamond. Thru 4/23. \$3. AMDA Studio, Ansonia Hotel (787-5300).

An Evening of One-Acts—Arthur Kopit's *Chamber Music*; James A. Barone's *Shenanigans*; Conrad Seiler's *Why I'm a Bachelor*. 4/14-16, 21-23, 28-30, at 8 p.m. 4/16, 23, 30 at 4 p.m. \$2.50. Trinity Lutheran Church, 168 W 100th (865-2453).

Family Business—A play by Dick Goldberg about the sibling rivalry in an all-male Jewish family living outside of Boston. Directed by John Stix. From 4/12. Astor Place, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks—Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fourth Wall Repertory—Ken Krauss's *Don't Stand in the Doorway*; Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru 5/27, *On the Wall*, a comedy revue; Fri & Sat at 11:30 p.m. thru 5/27, Provincetown Plyhse, 13 MacDougal St (254-5060).

The F. M. Safe—A contemporary comedy set in a Puerto Rican neighborhood in New York concerning

the trials and tribulations of a liquor store owner and his wife. Jaime Carrero is the author, the director is Alba Oms, and it stars Miriam Colon. Tues thru Thurs at 7:30 in English. Fri & Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 & 7:30 in Spanish, 4/11-28. \$5. Puerto Rican Theater, 304 W 47th (354-1293).

Gallows Humor—Jack Richardson's play, directed by Stuart Howard. Fri thru Sun, thru 4/23. \$3. Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E 90th (289-3402).

Garden/Park—An evening of two musical one-acters by Joseph George Caruso and Anthony Manno. 4/15-30. \$3. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

A Girl Starts Out—A tragedy in four parts with texts by George Eliot and Andrea Dworkin. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. 4/14-5/14, exc. for 4/28, 29, 30. Eden's Expressway, 537 Bdway (677-2652).

Godspell—"Back by Popular Demand." Wed at 2; Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 2 & 8 p.m. \$6. Thru 4/29. Lamb's Ministries, 130 W 44th (575-0300).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore—John Ford's classic tragedy, directed by Allen Schoer. Wed thru Sat, thru 4/22. at 8 p.m. \$3. Walden Theater, 1 W 88th (874-7995).

James Joyce is Leaving Paris—Directed by Robert Ravan, and written by Tom Gallagher, play is about the last years of Joyce's life. Thurs thru Sun, at 8 p.m. 4/14-30. \$3. NY Stageworks, 15 W 18th (242-3967).

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Pinter's *The Birthday Party*; Sartre's *No Exit*. Ben Jonson's comedy, *Volpone*, from 4/14, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. Bowery Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Julius Ceasar—William Shakespeare's tragedy, directed by Frank Dunlop, performed by the BAM Theater Company, thru 4/23. Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4123).

Leonard Melfi Trio—In *Lunchtime*, *Halloween*, and *Birdbath* all revolving about encounters of love, sex, and anarchy in the Big Apple, play as follows: The first two (which appear as a double bill), 4/13-16. *Birdbath*, 4/21-23, 4/28-30, 5/5-7, 5/12-14. Theater XII, 94 St Marks Pl (473-9054).

Lackland—A play by Bill Bozzone set at an air force base in 1966. Wed thru Sat thru 4/15. \$2. West-Park Theater, 165 W 86th (877-1671).

A Life in the Theater—David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

The Life of Galileo—Bertolt Brecht's play, starring Laurence Luckinbill. Tues thru Sat \$7, \$5. Thru 4/23. Havemeyer Hall (Main Gate of Columbia at Bdway & 116th) (280-3870).

Livin Fat—Judi Ann Mason's comedy of events in a poor black southern family that comes into a lot of money. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 4, thru 5/14. \$5. Billie Holiday Theater, 1368 Fulton St, Bklyn (636-0919).

The Mandrake—The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninvetively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsuited but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Millionaire—George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/23. \$3. West Side Repertory Theater, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Moliere in Spite of Himself—Adapted and directed by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Moliere's tragic/comic theatrics in the court of Louis XIV as seen through the eyes of the Soviet playwright. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sat mat at 2 p.m. Thru 4/29. \$6, \$5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

Moon Cries—A play by Midge Maroni, taking place in the American midwest during the depression. Wed

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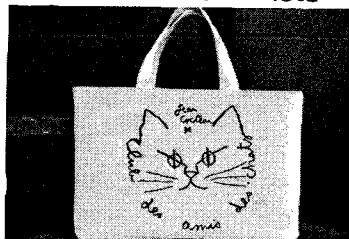
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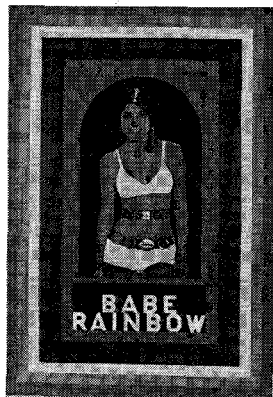
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thru Sat at 8 p.m. 4/19-5/6. \$3. Little Church
 Around the Corner, 11 E 29 St (679-7174).

Monsieur de Pourceaugnac—Moliere's play, directed
 by Jerry Heymann, music by Howard Harris, lyrics
 by Tony Schuman. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru
 April. \$3. Hartley House, 413 W 46th (246-9885).

Of Men and of Angels—Two one-acters by Martin
 Halpern, directed by Paul Austin, starring Mitchell
 Jason, called *Total Recall* and *What the Babe Said*.
 Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 4/13-16; 20-23; 27-30.
 \$2.50. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

The Neon Woman—A new comedy by Tom Eyan,
 directed by Ron Link, and starring Divine. Tues thru
 Thurs & Sun at 9:30; Fri at 10 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10
 p.m. \$10. Hurrah, 36 W 62 (586-2636).

Norman Beim Triple Bill—A *Queen's Revenge*; *The
 Failure*, and *The Deserter*, directed by the author.
 4/17-20, 24-27; 5/1-4. \$3. The Troupe, 335 W 39th
 (244-9699).

Pageant in Exile—A dramatic musical on Byron &
 Shelley by Randy Wilson, directed by Larry Carpen-
 ter. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. \$2. Westside
 Airlines Terminal (corner of 10th Ave & 42nd) (947-
 4224).

Pantaglieze—A play about the individual's struggle
 against the machinery of modern times, by Michel
 de Ghelderode, directed by Andrew Loucka. 4/13-
 30, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. \$2.50. Little Theater, 5
 W 30th (564-0692).

The Passion of Dracula—Stefan Schnabel in a totally
 new version of the Count's adventures (vastly
 preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall
 and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry
 Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

The Poetry of Gene Conlon—With Robert Elston,
 Craig Mason, Nan Whitehead. Music: Susan Reed,
 Dan Bredean. Thurs thru Sat, 4/20-22 at 8 p.m.
 American Renaissance Theater, 112 Charlton St
 (929-4718).

A Prayer for my Daughter—A pair of sordid police-
 men question and torture a couple of homosexuals
 guilty of a pitifully sleazy murder. The play, by
 Thomas Babe, moves along at a good clip and is
 constructed with considerable know-how. Robert
 Ackerman has directed appropriately. Public/An-
 spacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead—A rewrite of James Kirk-
 wood's play about a series of disasters that befall a
 New York actor, directed by Robert Nigro. Tues
 thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30.
 Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

Royal Repertory—GBS's *Candida*; David Guerdon's
The Laundry. \$3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave
 (GR 5-9647).

Runaways—A new entertainment, written, composed,
 and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about
 growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes,
 despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in
 all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair
 to excellent. The performances, both by the four
 professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and
 neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many
 cases, enchanting. Martinson Hall/Public Theater,
 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Safe House—Nicholas Kazan's play, directed by Jona-
 than Alper. An examination of the conflict that arises
 when two old comrades from Berkeley meet— one
 now a fugitive, the other a therapist. Wed thru Sun
 at 8, thru 4/30. \$3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E
 73rd (472-0600).

The Sins of Scaramouche—An improvisational
 commedia dell'Arte fable, directed by Gary Beck.
 Fri thru Sun, thru 5/7, at 8 p.m. \$3. New Lincoln
 Theater, 210 E 77th (288-1073).

Spanish Theater Repertory—*Bodas de Sangre* by
 Lorca; *Te Juro Juana Que Tengo Ganas* and *El
 Censo* by Carballido; *Cien Veces No Debo*; *Los
 Japoneses No Esperan* by Talesnik; *Jardin de
 Otono* by Diana Raznovich, directed by Rene Buch,
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The Taming of the Shrew—Shakespeare's comedy,
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The Star Without a Name—A play by Mihail Sebastian, directed by Al Asermely, about a schoolteacher and a socialite and their momentary escape from the Rumanian society of the 30s. 4/13-15, 20-22, 27-29, at 8 p.m. 4/16, 23, 30 at 2 p.m. Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Drive (864-2929).

The Taming of the Shrew—J.P. Duffy's roaring 20s version of the Shakespeare play. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/30. \$5. RML Theater, 648 Bdway (244-4270).

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney's play, written when she was 18, about an English working-class girl and her troubles, directed by Robert Dorfman. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. 4/13-15, 20-22, 27-29. \$2.50. Priory Theater, upstairs from the Promenade, 2162 Bdway (228-0900).

Tatyana Repina—Anton Chekhov's play, Fri thru Mon at 8 p.m. Thru 4/17. \$3.50. Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq So (GR 7-0351).

Three From Cafe Cino—Lanford Wilson's *Home Free*; Robert Patrick's *Preggin and Liss*; Tom Eyen's *The White Whore and the Bit Player*. 4/13-30, Thurs thru Sun. \$3. 18th St Plyhse, 145 W 18th St (868-3330).

Too Late for Yogurt—Three psychotic episodes by Harry Koutoukis. Fri thru Sun at 7:30 p.m. thru 5/1. \$3. Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St (691-2260).

Triple Bill—Beckett's *Act Without Words*; Pirandello's *The Man With the Flower in His Mouth*, and Sharon Dennis's *Room*. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru 5/6. \$3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

The Truth About the Truth—Harold Stuart's work, directed by Norman Jacob. 4/13-16 at 8 p.m. \$2.50. Theater Genesis, St. Marks Church-in-the-Bowery, 10th St at 2nd Ave (533-4650).

23 Skidoo—A presentation by "Le Plan K," an avant-garde theater company based in Brussels. 4/12-16 at 8 p.m. Washington Square Church, 135 W 4th St (868-3370).

The Twilight Dinner—Lennox Brown's play, directed by Douglas Turner Ward. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 3:30 & 8:30; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. 4/11-5/14. St Marks Plyhse, 133 Second Ave (OR 4-3530).

Vanities—Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground (*The Group*, *Grease*, etc.), but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Venture Theater—*Sim*, a comedy by William Osborn. Saturdays at 8 p.m. \$4. *Desmond*, based on Kafka's story about an ape. Sundays at 4 p.m. \$3. 230½ 8th Ave (924-4791).

The Wager—Mark Medoff's play in which three men and one woman test the limits of their relationships to one another. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/16. Drama Ensemble, 108 Wooster St (925-9016).

Waiting for Teddy—By Joel Ensana, directed by Bill McComb, about a shopping-bag lady who meets a famous politician on the Boston subway. 4/17-21, 24-28, Mon thru Friday at 1:15 p.m. Bring your lunch. Quag Lunchtime Theater, mezzanine level of Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

When the Sun Goes Down—Michael Shurtleff's play. Mon thru Fri, 4/10-14 at 1:15 p.m. \$1.50, bring your lunch. Quag Lunchtime Theater, mezzanine level of Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd St (221-9088 between noon and 1 p.m.).

The Winner Goes Home—Comedy-drama about three sons' efforts to come to grips with an unconventional father. By Lyla Hay Owen. Fri thru Sat at 8; Sun at 4:30, Mon at 8. Thru 4/15. \$3. The Townhouse, 124 W 60th (243-2226).

Woman to Woman—Three one-act plays by Michael Shurtleff. Mon thru Thurs, thru 4/13, at 8 p.m. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

New York Ticket Service

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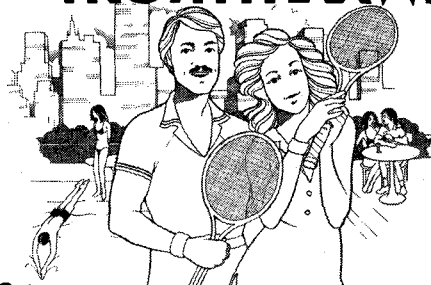
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Chateau Madrid—48th St & Lex. "Latin Fantasy," featuring Susy Lemans, Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

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Comic Strip—1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana—10 E 60th. singer/actress/dancer Mira Christian, 10 p.m. & midnight. Dancing to the music of the Irving Fields Trio Tues thru Sat, 8 to 4 a.m. (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco—10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club—666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club reminiscent of the 30s. Thru 4/17, Arthur Prysock. Cotton Club Revue and Orchestra. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dionysos—304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Jimmy Weston's—131 E 54th. 4/10-5/27, jazz great Dorothy Donegan plays piano nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails—1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

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Once Upon a Stove—325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Thursdays at 8:30, an all-female comedy revue. Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

L'Oubliette—2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

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Rainbow Room—65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays). (PL 7-9090).

Reflections—40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roseland—239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Warren Covington and his orchestra alternate for dancing with the Ramon Argueso band. Don Glasser Orchestra. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (CI 7-0200).

Shepherd's—Park Ave & 56th. Thru 4/15, Phil Flowers and the Inner Connection (421-0900).

Sibi—151 E 50th. Charlie Byrd, great jazz guitarist with his trio here thru 4/15, 10 p.m., midnight, and 2 a.m. nightly (except Sun) through (753-3429).

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1ST WEEK

April 4	April 5 **	April 6	April 7	April 8	April 9	April 9
	Les Patineurs Brouillards† Pas de Deux Rodeo	Moves L'Air d'Esprit† Touch Me Pineapple Poll	Brouillards La Vivandière* Pas de Deux Jazz Calendar	Les Patineurs L'Air d'Esprit As Time Goes By Cakewalk	As Time Goes By Monotones The Moor's Pavane Pineapple Poll	Brouillards L'Air d'Esprit Touch Me Jazz Calendar

2ND WEEK

April 11	April 12	April 13	April 14	April 15	April 16	April 16
Kettentanz Pas de Deux Monotones Cakewalk	Moves La Vivandière* New Araiz Ballet† Pineapple Poll	Brouillards Pas de Deux The Moor's Pavane Jazz Calendar	Romeo and Juliet	Romeo and Juliet	Romeo and Juliet	Romeo and Juliet

3RD WEEK

April 18	April 19	April 20	April 21	April 22	April 23	April 23
Romeo and Juliet	Moves Suite Saint-Saens† Touch Me Rodeo	New Araiz Ballet La Vivandière* Parade Kettentanz	Moves Suite Saint-Saens Pas de Deux Rodeo	Suite Saint-Saens Touch Me Parade Facades	Les Patineurs New Araiz Ballet L'Air d'Esprit Cakewalk	Kettentanz Pas de Deux As Time Goes By Rodeo

4TH WEEK

April 25	April 26	April 27 ***	April 28	April 29	April 30	April 30 ***
Les Patineurs New Araiz Ballet La Vivandière* Trinity	The Dream As Time Goes By L'Air d'Esprit Facades†	Agnes de Mille in Conversations About The Dance	Les Patineurs Monotones The Dream	Brouillards Pas de Deux New Araiz Ballet Trinity	Kettentanz Brouillards Touch Me Facades	Suite Saint-Saens New Araiz Ballet Pas de Deux Trinity

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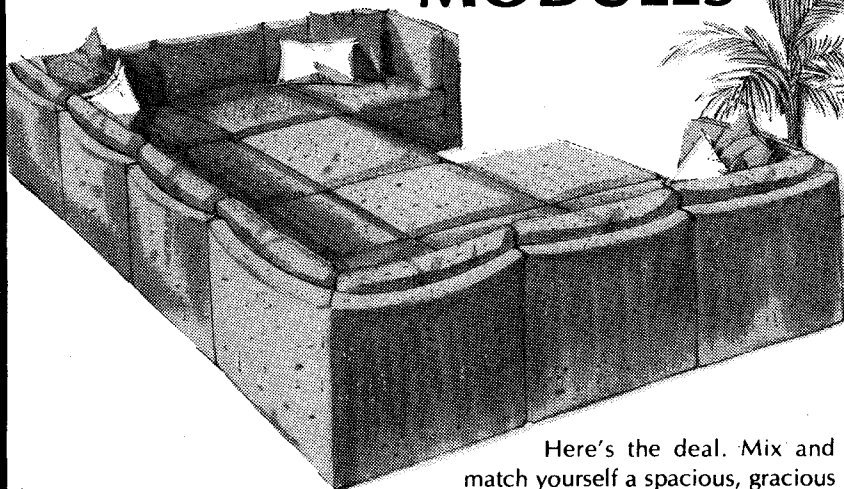
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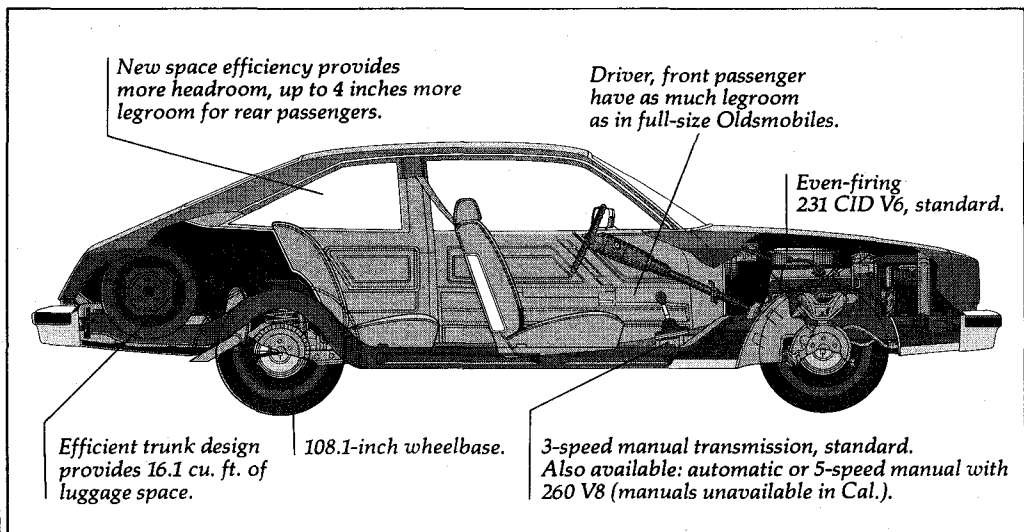


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There's a lot of News in Olds today.

Sundays. 4/11, trumpeter Randy Reinhart, clarinetist Sam Margolis, and trombonist Dick Rath sit in. 4/16, the Scott Hamilton Quintet (265-8277).

Gregory's—First Ave at 63rd. There have been a few interesting changes in personnel: the Al Haig trio on Monday nights now includes former Gillespie-guitarist Al Gafa, while the compleat bebop guitarist Chuck Wayne leads his own trio on Tuesdays. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Hopper's—452 6th Ave. Drummer Joel Morello and his jazz quintette, Mon thru Sat, 9:30, 11:30, and an extra 1 a.m. show Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Irish Pavilion—130 E 57th. Pat Conway trio with Pat Mahon on accordion and Pete Cannata on bass guitar playing and singing country, Irish, light rock. Also singalongs. Wednesdays from 8 to midnight thru 5/3 (759-9041).

Jazzmania—14 E 23rd. As special guest, 4/14-15, the Jazzmania All-Stars welcome a remarkable flutist named James Newton, about whom you will be hearing much (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fri 5:30 to 8, Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's—1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, the young repository of classical jazz piano pieces, stride orthodoxies, and arcane as well as pop Ellington, works with Ellingtonian bassist Aaron Bell, whose tone and time is flawless, and drummer Shelton Gary Thursdays thru Saturdays; on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, drummer Sonny Greer, who introduced Ellington to Harlem and vice versa (744-2540).

Marty's—1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub—211 E 55th. 4/11-5/6, jazz violinist Joe Venuti. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II—61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardio entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels—227 E 67th. Pianist Ed Linderman does right by show tunes. Mon thru Sat, from 8:30 on (794-2331).

Oliver's—141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11 Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

Onde's—160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Larry Paine from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's—39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory—224 E 53rd. Early American decor, regional American food, and the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Red Blazer Too—1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Wed, the Original Traditional Jazz Band. Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Sacred Cow—228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil—88 7th Ave So. 4/11-15, John Clark Quintet. 4/16-17, Ben Aronov Quartet. 4/18, 22, Jack Wilkins Quartet (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway—32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Diana Macris. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Village Gate—Bleecker & Thompson. 4/14-23 (Monday off) the Phineas Newborn Trio (475-5120).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Jazz: Anthony Braxton Quartet/Bill Connors, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), 4/14-15 at 9:30 & midnight.

Don Rickles, Westbury Music Fair, 4/10-13 at 8:30, 4/14 at 8 & 11:30, 4/15 at 7 & 10:30, 4/16 at 7:30.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Elvis: The Legend Lives, Palace Theater, Bdwy at 47th St. (757-2626). Tues-Thurs at 7:30, Fri & Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, April 11

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Joseph Fuchs & Arthur Balsam, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Vocal Chamber Ensemble, Mannes College of Music, at 2.

Leroy Jenkins Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.

Student String Quartet, Mannes College of Music, 5.

Wednesday, April 12

Alfred Brendel, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

M.I.T. Symphony Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Inti-Ilmiani, Town Hall, at 8:15.

New Hungarian Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Mardee Reed-Ulmer, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1



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Pamela Sklar & Richard Shirk, 53rd St. Y (988-6172), at 8.
Student Recitals. Mannes College, at 2, 5 & 8.

PROMISING NEWCOMER



Singer **Lee Horwin** will make her first concert appearance in New York City on Wednesday, April 12 at 8 in the NYU Loeb Student Center (566 LaGuardia Place). Appearing with Miss Horwin will be jazz singer/guitarist Eddie Hazell and Bernie Taylor and Lou Slingerland (598-3757).

Guarneri Quartet & Vermeer Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Puli Toro, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (826-4578), at 5:30.

Thursday, April 13

Margaret Price, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Barbara Cook, Town Hall, at 8:15.
Seth Kimmelman, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Guarneri Quartet & Vermeer Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Guillermo Rios, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Mannes Percussion Ensemble, Mannes College, 5.
Leroy Jenkins Ensemble, Latimer Gardens Sr. Center, 34-30 137th St., Queens (360-8209), at 1:15.
The Imposters, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 9 & 11.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Engel Day Center, 241 W 72nd St. (682-6567), at 2.
The Friends of Mozart, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.
Faculty Chamber Ensemble, Mannes College, at 8.

Friday, April 14

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.
Mary O'Hara, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Union College Men's Glee Club/Betty Allen & Robert Johnson, Town Hall, at 8:30.
League-ISCN Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Rebecca Penneys, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
David Bromberg & Maria Muldaur, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Guarneri Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Columbia University Jazz Band/Don Hahn, Wollman Auditorium, BdwY at 115th St. (280-6497), at 8.
Ralph Votapek, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.
Concert Party, St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (752-4907), at 8:30.
Symphonic Band, NY School of Printing, 439 W 49th St. (489-1959), at 7:30.
James Newton, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.
Student Recitals, Mannes College, at 2, 5 & 8.
David Sills, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.
Leroy Jenkins Ensemble, Lutheran Church, 250 Blake Ave., Bklyn (360-8209), at 7:30.

Saturday, April 15

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Qawwali Musicians From Pakistan, Carnegie Hall, 8.
Collective Black Artists, Town Hall, at 8.
Waverly Consort, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Leonard Rose, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Kevin McCarthy, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Ear Food, Environ, 476 BdwY (580-8762), at 8.
James Newton, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.
The First Water, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Student Recitals, Mannes College, at 12, 5 & 8.
New York Mandolin Orchestra, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.



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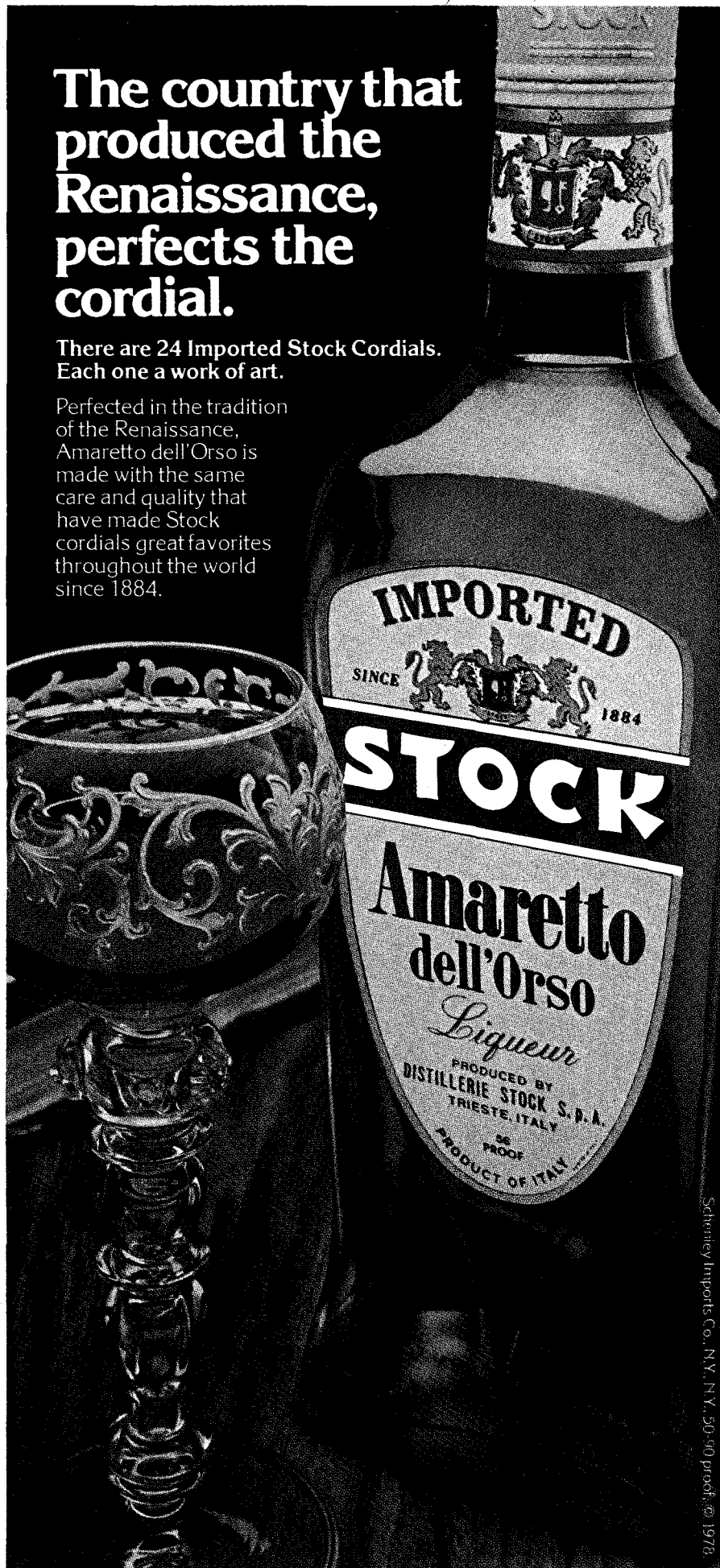
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Sunday, April 16

American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Alicia de Larrocha, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.
Philharmonic Virtuosi of New York, 92nd St. Y, 3.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Ian Shapinsky, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 3.
Student Recitals, Mannes College, at 2, 5 & 8.
Edison Machado & Boa Nova, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 2.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Dreiser Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Bronx (682-6567), at 2:30.
Parnassus Trio, Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (264-4451), at 2.
Times Trio, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 3.
André Watts, Brooklyn College, at 3.
Chamber Music, Schimmel Center at Pace, 1 Pace Plaza (285-3715), at 3.
Atlantic Woodwind Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Mikhail Sheyne, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Jewish Festival, Town Hall, at 7.
Bill Withers, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Suzuki International Children's Concert, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Margaret Birkeland, New-York Historical Society, at 2:30.
Kazuko Hayami, Bronx Museum, at 2.
Cleveland Quartet, Hunter College Playhouse, Lexington Ave. at 69th St. (682-3900), at 3.
Deborah Vowler, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Al Cohn/Zoot Sims Quintet, Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. (369-8040), at 5.
New York Sinfonia Orchestra, St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St. (864-5907), at 4:30.
Michael Canick, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Cantilena Chamber Players, Guggenheim Museum, at 3.

Monday, April 17

Orquesta Sinfónica de Maracaibo, Carnegie Hall, 8.
School District #10 Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2 & 7.
Gordon Minette, Mannes College, at 8.
Primavera String Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Margaret Newman, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Karen Ottenstein, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.
Arthur Thompson, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.

Tuesday, April 18

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 8.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Michael Newman, Mannes College, at 8.
Ruth Laredo, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Max Pollikoff, Town Hall, at 8.
Phyllis Bryn-Julson/Donald Sutherland, Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. (254-8553), 8.
Paul Epstein, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), at 8.

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 4/11 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Troyanos, Jones, Kraft, Domingo. I **Pagliacci** with Stratas, Domingo, MacNeil, Monk. Conductor: Levine; director & designer: Zeffirelli. Wed, 4/12 at 8: **Don Giovanni** with Tomowa-Sintow, Harwood, Peters, Milnes, Burrows. Conductor: Pritchard; director: Graf; designer: Berman. Thurs, 4/13 at 8: **Tosca** with Kubiak, Giacomini, Quilico, Capecchi. Conductor: Conlon; director: Schenk; designers: Heinrich & Reppa. Fri, 4/14 at 8: **Die Frau Ohne Schatten** with Rysanek, Schröder-Feinen, Dunn, King, Berry. Conductor: Böhm; director: Merrill; designer: O'Hearn. Sat, 4/15 at 2: **Cavalleria Rusticana** and I **Pagliacci** (Same cast as 4/11). Sat, 4/15 at 8: **Tosca** (Same cast as 4/13).

NEW YORK CITY OPERA NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 4/11 at 8: **Die Fledermaus** with Rogers, Rolandi, Griffith, Hensel. Conductor: Minde; director:

Freedman; designers: Evans & Aldredge. Wed, 4/12 at 8: **The Merry Widow** with Sills, Fowles, Titus, Price. Conductor: Rudel; director: Capobianco; designer: Toms. Thurs, 4/13 at 8: **The Saint of Bleeker Street** with Malfitano, Walker, Soviero, Di Giuseppe. Conductor: Kellogg; director: Rizzo; designers: Salzer & Luiken. Fri, 4/14 at 8: **The Merry Widow** (Same cast as 4/12). Sat, 4/15 at 2: **Carmen** with Freni, Daniels, Norman, Fredricks. Conductor: Effron; director: Auerbach; designer: Varona. Sat, 4/15 at 8: **Mefistofele** with Hernandez, Walker, Hill, Ramey. Conductor: Rudel; director: Capobianco; designers: Mitchell & George. Sun, 4/16 at 1: **The Marriage of Figaro** with Brinkeroff, Malfitano, Wallis, Holloway. Conductor: Rudel; director: Copley; designer: Toms. Sun, 4/16 at 7: **Il Barbiere di Siviglia** with Rolandi, Price, Elvira, Shaulis. Conductor: Mauceri; director: Eddie-man; designer: Evans. Tues, 4/18 at 8: **The Merry Widow** with Daniels, Haley, Hensel, Price. Conductor: Walser; director: Capobianco; designer: Toms.

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Lucia Di Lammermoor*, 4/15 at 7:30, 4/16 at 2:30.
Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *Les Huguenots*, 4/15 at 7:30, 4/16 at 3.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *H.M.S. Pinafore*, 4/12 at 2 & 8:30, 4/13-14 at 8:30, 4/15 at 4 & 8:30, 4/16 at 4.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

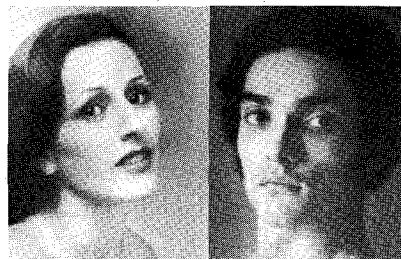
Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
 METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Mon, 4/17 at 7:30: *Theme and Variations*; *Firebird*; pas de deux; *Push Comes to Shove*. Tues, 4/18 at 8: *La Bayadère*; *Sphinx*; *Firebird*.

JOFFREY BALLET
 CITY CENTER

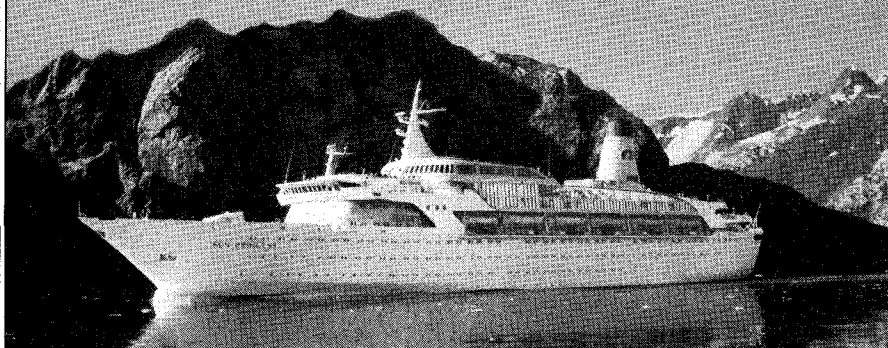
BACK AGAIN



Ingrid Fraleigh and Gary Chryst headline the Joffrey Ballet's spring season at the City Center Dance Theater (131 W 55th Street). The company is presenting five new works, including two world premieres and a New York premiere during the engagement. Thru April 30 (246-8989).

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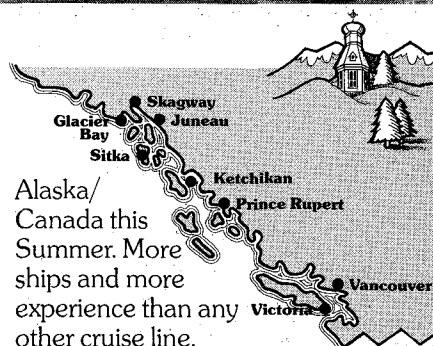
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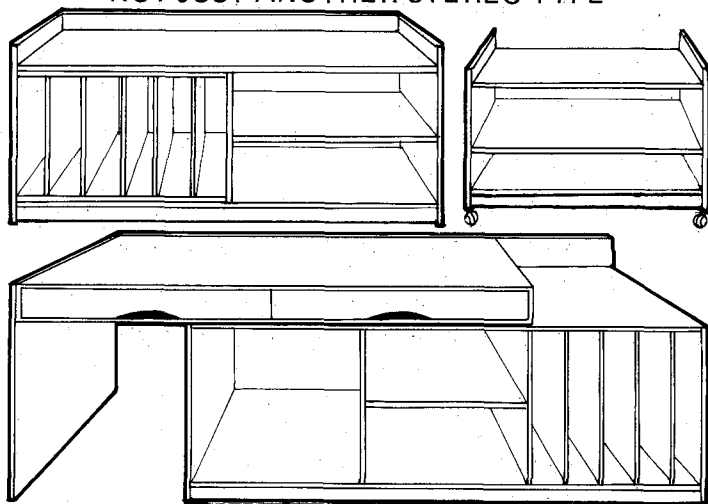
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Tues, 4/11 at 8: *Kettentanz*; pas de deux; *Monotones*; *Cakewalk*. Wed, 4/12 at 8: *Moves*; *La Vivandière*; new Araiz ballet; *Pineapple Poll*. Thurs, 4/13 at 8: *Brouillards*; pas de deux; *The Moor's Pavane*; *Jazz Calendar*. Fri, 4/14 & Sat, 4/15 at 8: *Romeo and Juliet*. Sun, 4/16 at 2 & 7:30: *Romeo and Juliet*. Tues, 4/18 at 8: *Romeo and Juliet*.

ELIOT FELD BALLET PLYMOUTH THEATER

Tues, 4/11 at 8: *The Real McCoy*; *The Gods Amused*; *Mazurka*; *The Consort*. Wed, 4/12: No performance. Thurs, 4/13 at 8: *Harbinger*; *Impromptu*; *La Vida*; *The Consort*. Fri, 4/14 at 8: *The Consort*; *The Gods Amused*; *Santa Fe*; *A Footstep of Air*. Sat, 4/15 at 2:30: *Excursions*; *Impromptu*; *La Vida*; *A Footstep of Air*. Sat, 4/15 at 8: *Harbinger*; *At Midnight*; *Intermezzo*. Sun, 4/16 at 2:30: *The Real McCoy*; *Impromptu*; *La Vida*; *Excursions*. Sun, 4/16 at 7:30: *The Consort*; *At Midnight*; *A Footstep of Air*. Mon, 4/17: No performance. Tues, 4/18 at 8: *Harbinger*; *The Gods Amused*; *La Vida*; *Intermezzo*.

OTHER

Carol Conway Dance Co., Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 E 71st St. (832-6842), 4/14-15 at 8.
Judith Hook Dance Co., Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (855-3242), 4/14-15 at 9.
Nancy Meehan Dance Co., NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3067), 4/13-16 at 8.
Marleen Pennison & Dancers, Performing Space, 117 Hudson St. (966-0978), 4/14-15 at 8.
Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929): Joyce Trisler Danscompany, 4/12-15 at 8, 4/16 at 2.
Mitchell Rose Dance Co., ATL, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 4/13-16 at 8.
Transition, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (598-3757), 4/13-14 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Pat Adams**—Large scale paintings and small works on paper, thru 4/29. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).
Don David/Alfred B. Thomas—Studies on paper of the Oregon coast/Photos of abandoned houses, 4/15-5/11. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).
Jean Dupuy—Objects using lenses and conceptual works on paper, thru 5/2. Goodman, 38 E 57th (755-3520).
Ken Greenleaf—Wall and floor sculptures of pieced together wood and aluminum, thru 4/20. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).
Joseph Konzal—Aluminum constructivist sculpture, thru 4/22. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).
Harold Lehr—Environmental sculpture, thru 4/22. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).
Richard Lindner—Eight large oils, watercolors, and pastels, thru 5/6. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).
***Agnes Martin**—Recent watercolors created in New Mexico/Black and white prints of the 70s including *Close*, *Dine*, *Kelly*, others, thru 4/22. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).
***Robert Andrew Parker**—Watercolors, 4/15-5/5. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).
***Philip Pearlstein**—Seven large canvases of the female model, thru 4/29. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).
William Pehrehudoff—Recent paintings, thru 4/20. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).
Richard Pousette-Dart—Drawings, thru 4/22. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).
Gregorio Prestopino—Vibrant pastorals with nudes, thru 4/22. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).
Jeffrey Schiller—Large welded steel sculptures, thru 4/29. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).
Susan Shatter—Watercolors and drawings, 4/15-5/4. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).
***Antoni Tapies**—The metaphysical in rich earthy-textured canvases, thru 5/6. Jackson, 521 W 57th (586-4200).

Neil Welliver—Watercolors, thru 4/22. Alexander, 20 W 57th (757-3721).

Jack Youngerman—Form drawings from 1964 to 1968, thru 4/22. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

H. Amiard (1878-1962)/**George Oberteuffer** (1878-1940)—Oils, pastels, and watercolors, thru 5/10. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Charles Arnoldi—New paintings, thru 4/27. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (535-3940).

Peter Bardazzi—Paintings, 4/12-5/13. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Leland Bell—Recent paintings, 4/15-5/6. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Willard Boepple—Large welded steel pieces and smaller works, thru 4/29. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (RE4-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

David Lee Brown—Recent stainless steel sculpture, thru 4/21. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Gretna Campbell—Summer and winter landscapes, thru 4/26. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Dennis Clive/John Hegerty—Ceramic trucks/Recent figurative works, thru 4/29. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).

Lucian Freud—Paintings, thru 4/29. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

Klaus Fussmann—Forceful still lifes, apparitionlike scenes, thru 4/22. Lefebvre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Ilse Getz**—Paintings and constructions, thru 4/15. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

***Howard Hussey**—Cut-paper elements, painted and re-assembled into invented landscapes, thru 4/29. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

***Paul Jenkins**—Clouds in acrylic on canvas, pigments on paper, collage on wood screens, and bronze sculpture, thru 5/13. Gimpel, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Irving Kaufman—Paintings, thru 4/22. Rehn, 655 Mad Ave (PL3-4694).

Mary Kelsey/Kikuo Saito—Color works by both, thru 4/29. O'Reilly, 35 E 67th (988-4370).

Rita and Leon Krier—Architectural drawings and watercolors, 4/15-5/15. Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Sat 12-6.

David Levine—Satirical drawings and watercolors, thru 4/28. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Elsie Manville—Light-filled still lifes, thru 4/22. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

Mercedes—Fantasy landscapes, thru 4/28. Canty, 50 E 78th (794-9855).

Morales—Drawings, including intimate genre, thru 4/19. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).

David Phillips—Sculpture, drawings and proposals for environmental works, thru 4/29. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Paul Pietka—Recent paintings, thru 4/29. Kerr, 49 E 82nd (628-1200). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 10-5.

George Rickey—Drawings for his kinetic sculpture, plus a self-portrait, thru 4/29. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (RE4-7302). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Robert Sarsony—Recent works, thru 4/22. Christopher, 766 Mad Ave (737-3224).

Barbara Schwartz—Charcoal imprints, thru 4/20. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).

Joan Semmel—Recent paintings, thru 4/27. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Keith Sonnier—Graphics, thru 4/29. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

***Utamaro** (1753-1806)—Woodblock prints, drawings, and illustrated books, including nature studies, domestic scenes, and the courtesans, 4/14-6/17. Ronin, 605 Mad at 57th (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6, Thurs til 8.

Kay Walkingstick—Layers of black paint around underlying colored arcs, thru 4/22. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

SoHo

Cicely Aikman/Bob Berlind—Winter from the window and Maine summers/City windowscapes and heads, thru 4/20. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

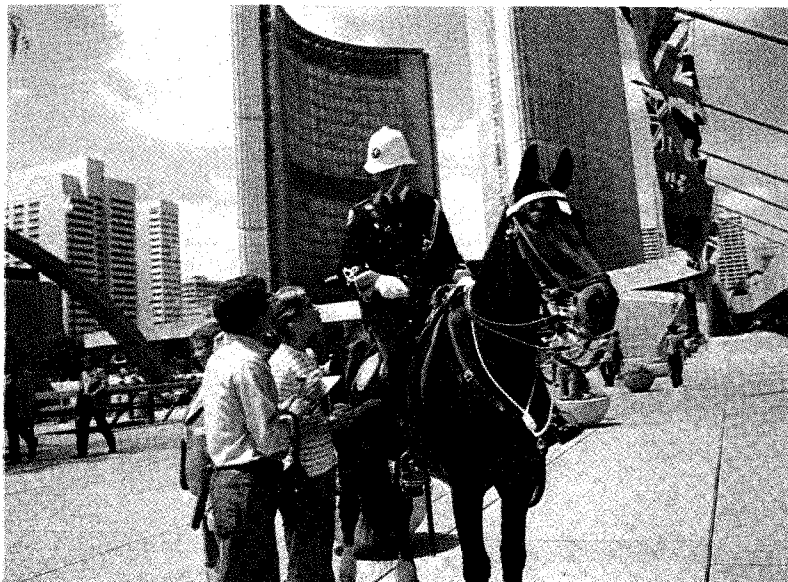
Shirley Bach/Ethel Herst—Paintings by both, thru 4/23. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

***Bill Barrell**—Potholes, a city's decay, thru 4/30. Apollo, 104 Greene (431-3388).

***Rachel Bas-Cohain**—Large scale sculpture, thru 5/3. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Jorge Bellandria/George Greenamyre—Venezulean works/Sculpture, thru 4/22. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

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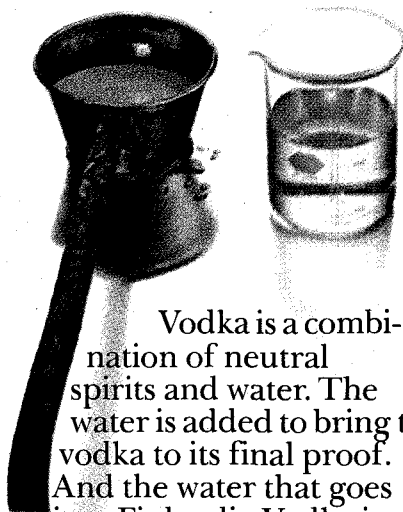
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- Dara Birnbaum/Glenda Hydler**—Works, thru 4/27. Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin (925-4671).
- Janet Braun-Reinitz**—Boxes and collages, thru 4/23. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (730-9369).
- Bruce Brooks/Cyrrilla Mozenter/Mark Saltz**—Gestural abstractions/Oil and wax on plywood/Thick acrylics, thru 4/25. 415 W Bdw (857-1984). Sat 11-6.
- Tony Buonagurio/Warren Robinson**—Ceramic robots/Illusionistic mixed media paintings and sculpture, thru 4/20. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdw (966-2520).
- *Sam Cady/Mary Heilmann**—Meticulous depictions of everyday objects on shaped canvases, 4/15-5/6/ New paintings, 4/22-5/6. Solomon, 392 W Bdw (925-1900).
- Eddie Earl Cato**—Urban views in oils, landscapes in gouache, thru 4/19. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.
- Stephanie DeManuelle**—Life-size portraits, interiors, and landscapes, thru 4/19. Bowery, 135 Greene (477-9879).
- Mary Dritschel/Vince O'Leary**—A multi-media installation /Light piece synthesis photos, thru 4/23. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).
- *Audrey Flack**—Photo realist vanitas series dealing with WW II, Marilyn Monroe, and gambling, thru 5/4. Meisel, 141 Prince (677-1340).
- Lillian Frantin-Edwards**—Richly patterned New Mexican views, thru 4/28. Lotus, 81 Spring (226-6664).
- Gwyn Gershon/St Stanley Posteck**—Collages/Rope Art, thru 4/30. Le Figaro, 184 Bleecker (677-1100).
- *Charles Ginnever**—The "Hellenic Series," steel parallelograms exploring space and illusion, thru 4/22. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).
- Louise Kruger/Therese Schwartz**—Wooden figures and animals and wall pieces/Drawings of the square, thru 4/27. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).
- Stephanie Brody Lederman/Michael A. Smith**—Works on paper/Photos of the western landscape, thru 4/29. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).
- *Juanita McNeely**—The figure in an undefined space, thru 4/19. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sun 12-5.
- Cynthia Mailman**—Cross-country landscapes viewed thru a car window, thru 4/26. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.
- Jeffrey Maron**—Balanced monumental steel compositions, thru 5/4. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131).
- Molly**—Photographic pieces, thru 4/27. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.
- *John Okulick**—Large boxlike wood constructions filled with rocks, straw, twigs, plus gallery artists, thru 5/4. Hoffman, 429 W Bdw (966-6676).
- Sylvia Rutkoff**—Paintings, thru 5/6. Key, 130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6.
- Karen Shaw**—Conceptual works dealing with numbers and language, thru 4/19. 112 Workshop, 112 Greene (226-8971).
- Shaw Stuart**—Box sculpture, including surreal tea sets in mixed media, thru 4/26. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).
- Robert Swaine/Alan Uglow**—Colorist grid systems/ Six large oil chalk on paper drawings, thru 4/29. Caldwell, 383 W Bdw (966-6500).
- William M. Witenberg**—Watercolors on paper, thru 4/29. Bayard, 456 W Bdw (477-3804).

OTHER

- *Nancy Graves**—A 5,000 pound bronze fossil sculpture, thru 4/30. Hammarckjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).
- Sylvia Plimack Mangold**—Recent paintings and drawings, thru 4/22. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).
- William Midgette**—Paintings of NYC, thru 4/24. US Court House, 40 Center St. Mon-Fri 9-5.
- Saul Ostrow**—Large colored pen and ink drawings, thru 4/22. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).
- Wallace Putnam**—Wild expressionist "Castaneda" series, thru 4/28. NYU, Loeb Center 566 LaGuardia (598-2027).
- Norman Rockwell**—Oils and signed graphics, thru 4/29. Studio 53, 424 Park Ave (688-1300).
- Jack Whitten**—Recent paintings, thru 4/22. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).
- Jacqueline Wray**—Tulip drawings and walled garden paintings, thru 4/25. Interart, 549 W 52nd (246-6569). Mon-Fri 2-8.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Esman**—29 W 57th (421-9490). Architectural drawings by Cook, Fuller, Kahn, Vreeland, others, 4/13-5/13.

***Hammer**—51 E 57th (644-4400). Children in 19th century European and American works, including Bouguereau, Fuller, Renoir, others, 4/11-29.

Sumers—50 W 57th (541-8334). Landscapes and figures by forgotten early 20th century German printmakers, thru 4/29.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***ACA**—25 E 73rd (628-2440). American flower paintings from 1850 to 1950 including, Demuth, O'Keeffe, Rosen, Stella, others, thru 4/22.

Adler—21 E 67th (249-2450). Three American impressionists of the Old Lyme School: Abrams, Ebert, and Burr, thru 5/6.

African Tribal Arts II—37 W 53rd (582-5056). Beasts of the African bush in sculpture from Benin, Ghana, Mali, thru 4/30.

Elements—766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Glass sculpture, wall panels, boxes by Fritz, Ingber, Taylor, others, thru 5/20.

French Institute—22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 11-8, Fri 11-5:30, Sat 11-1:30. French picture postcards from 1889-1919, thru 5/5.

***Hirshi & Adler**—21 E 70th (535-8810). American genre in the Victorian Era, including Winslow Homer, Eastman Johnson and contemps, thru 5/6.

***L'Isis**—667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

***Knowlton**—19 E 71st (794-9700). Anthony, Bear-champ, Buonagurio, Isaacs, Saar, others, plus small works by Bluemner, Stienberg, others, thru 4/29.

NY Academy of Sciences—2 E 63rd (838-0230). Mon-Fri 9-5. Six artists with a scientific point of view, thru 4/21.

***Sabarsky**—987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists Dix, Feininger, Heckel, others, thru 4/29.

***Spaced**—165 W 72nd (787-6350). Plans and elevations of city churches and country houses in London in the early 18th century, thru 4/28.

***Wildenstein**—19 E 64th (TR9-0500). Mon-Sat 10-5. Master works from the Chrysler Museum, Norfolk, 4/13-5/13.

SoHo

Buecker & Harpsichords—465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Ten years at this co-op, including works by Admiral, De Niro, Reiner, Wexler, thru 4/29. Wed-Sat 12-5.

OK Harris—383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Sculpture by Krugman & Siler; paintings by Saari; photoworks by Souza; environmental sculpture by Wiener, thru 4/22.

Soho Center—114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Sculpture by Reiland and Saganac, thru 4/22.

Ward-Nasse—131 Prince (925-6951). Drucker's expressionist life, collages by Klein, figurative abstractions by Pekie, geometric color-fields by Richardson, thru 4/20.

OTHER

African-American Institute—833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Tapestries from Senegal by thirteen artists, thru 6/10.

AIGA—1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:45. Graphic art design winners, 4/19-30.

Biv—245 W 19th (243-6080). Tues-Sat 12-6, Sun 2-6. Chelsea artists, including Archipenko, de Crefft, King, Sleigh, others, thru 4/28.

F.I.T.—7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Twenty-five years of work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Harkness House—4 E 75th (794-0200). Fluorescent pigments, metal sculpture, thru 4/17.

Noho—542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Paintings, sculpture and environment pieces from the "Holocaust Haggadah" by Sandy Relis, thru 4/30.

Pratt Graphics—160 Lex at 30th (685-3169). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 1-5. Life and customs of Edo shown in woodblock prints from 17th to 19th century Japan, thru 5/4.

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 WESTCHESTER: White Plains: 51-53 Mamaroneck Avenue

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 Paramus: Fashion Center
 Princeton-Lawrenceville: at the Quakerbridge Mall, Rt. 1
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Songwriters' Hall of Fame—One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Waldman—231 E 58th (838-2140). Mon-Sat 9:30-6. 19th and 20th century embroideries from the Palaces of Gujarat, India, thru 4/30.

Weyhe—794 Lex Ave (TE8-5478). Drawings by Grosz, Hartley, Rivera, others, thru 4/29.

Photography

***Ansel Adams**—The early years, thru 5/6. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***Micha Bar Am/Harold Edgerton/Frank Rinehart**—Begin and Sadat by this Mid-East photojournalist / High-speed, freeze frame shots / American Indian portraits, thru 4/22. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Edouard Denis Baldus** (1815-1882)—Detailed studies of Parisian cathedrals, civic buildings, the Louvre and the railroad, 4/14-5/13. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

***Harry Callahan/Joe Deal**—Providence, R.I., plus ten years of color studies/Modern urban panoramas, thru 4/22. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Daniel Canedi—Mysteries des Pierres, thru 5/15. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

J.J. Castro—Venezuela in black-and-white, thru 5/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Lawrence Cherney/Raymond Jacobs—People in Mexico and North Africa/Las Vegas, drag shows, and the circus, thru 4/30. Washington Irving, 126 E 16th (982-3950). Daily 1-6.

***Columbia**—Low Memorial Library (280-5573). Mon-Fri 9-5. The Beaux-Arts architecture of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago commemorating Columbus by Charles Arnold, thru 4/14.

***Tim Gidal/Walter Rosenblum**—Europe of the 30s/ NYC, Haiti, and Gaspé from 1938 to 1977, 4/12-5/14. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Jay Maisel—Dye-transfer prints, thru 4/21. The Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776). Tues 10-5.

***Elaine Mayes**—Subtle nature studies, others, thru 4/29. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Carl Purcell—The world in color from Hyde Park to Bangladesh, thru 4/29. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Soho/Stieglitz—34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Nature by Brown, rapid transit by Firestone, others plus aerial landscapes by MacLean, thru 5/2.

Andre Villers—Portraits of Picasso, Miro, Arp and works from the Art album "Diurnes", thru 4/30. French Cultural Services, 972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Paul Weissman—Lower East Side street people, 4/13-5/8. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5.

Asia House—112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Daily 10-5, Thurs till 8:30, Sun 1-5.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Personal Visions, Places, Spaces*: Works which stress the individual vision; thru 4/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Look Again*: Decorative arts from the permanent collection; thru 5/31.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Willem de Kooning in East Hampton*: His first major museum exhibition in a decade; thru 4/23. *American Sculpture*: from the permanent collection.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Warburton Avenue*: The architecture of a neighborhood;

thru 4/30. *The Photographer at the Museum*: Color photographs of works of art in some of the world's great museums; thru 4/30.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *Munkacsí—Spontaneity and Style*: The first retrospective of the work of Martin Munkacsí; thru 4/30. *Future Scientific Place and Other Spaces*: Lynne Cohen's photographs of the decorated interiors of public spaces and private dwellings; thru 4/14.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair*: A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Fifteenth-Century Italian Drawings*; thru 5/15. Irwin Untermyer Collection: 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30. *Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century*; thru 5/7.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. Exhibition celebrating the 500th anniversary of Oxford University Press; thru 5/7. Exhibition of French and English flower books and drawings from the 15th to the 19th century; thru 5/14.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 10-4, Sun 12-5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *In Loving Memory*: New York City tombstone rubbings; thru 4/30. *Frozen Motion*: The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space*; thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *New Standpoints, 1940-55*: Photos by various artists taken on American streets and characterized by extreme graphic economy; thru 4/30. *Mexican Art*: Engravings, prints, paintings, and drawings by Posada, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera; thru 6/25.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small*: Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Street Kids*: Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 8/1.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Wed-Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Duane Hanson's Sculptures*; thru 4/16. Exhibition dealing with the formal properties of color photography; thru 4/23. **Whitney Museum Downtown**, 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. Chicago Cubs: 4/10-12 at 2.

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Chicago White Sox: 4/13, 15 & 16 at 2; vs. Baltimore Orioles: 4/17 at 8, 4/18 at 2.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). Playoff games to be announced.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522). Playoff games to be announced.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). Playoff games to be announced.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. Tulsa Roughnecks, 4/16 at 2:30.

CANADA

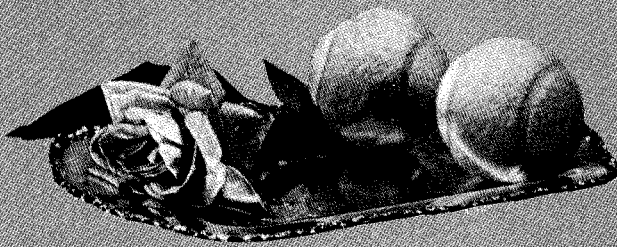


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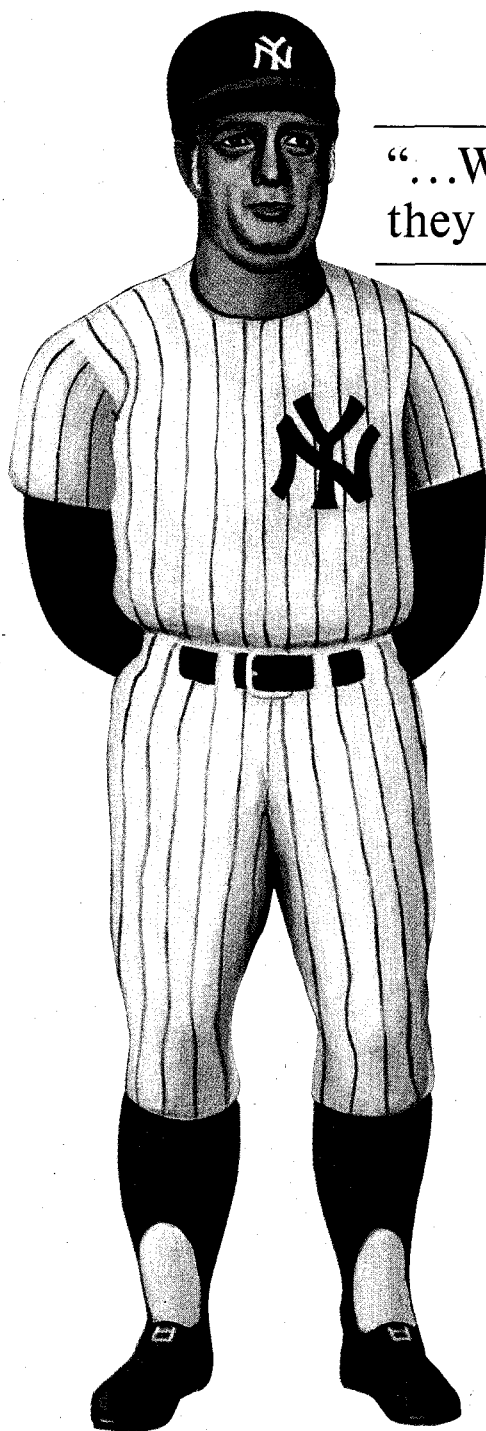


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At Play in the Fields of Steinbrenner

By Sidney Zion



“...With the Yankees, it’s a triple question: Will they win again, fight again, do both again?...”

It says in the *New York Yankees 1978 Media Guide* that Alfred Manuel “Billy” Martin (manager) “enjoys American History, with special interest in the Civil War.”

Anyone with a passing interest in the history of the 1977 Yankees would likely think this a piece of heavy-handed humor, since Billy Martin last year field-marshaled one of the fiercest civil wars in the annals of baseball. But the guidebook is all facts, it doesn’t kid around, and the outstanding recent fact it records is that the team survived its own clubhouse to emerge as champions of the whole world.

The Yanks had not owned this awesome title—which they once picked up in October almost as a matter of divine right—since 1962. And yet the victory was nearly overshadowed by the great battles that dominated the sports pages—and sometimes page one—all season: Billy Martin vs. Reggie Jackson; George M. Steinbrenner vs. Billy Martin; Thurman Munson vs. Reggie Jackson; Thurman Munson vs. George M. Steinbrenner; Ed Figueroa vs. Billy Martin; Lou Piniella vs. Billy Martin; Roy White vs. Billy Martin; and Ken Holtzman vs. Nearly Everybody.

But that was last year. The hot question now is this: Will the Yankees repeat? While this question is asked annually of every champion, it has a double meaning when applied to the Yanks, and even a triple meaning. Will they win again, will they fight again, will they do both again?

In an effort to dope these issues out, I spent three days and nights in Fort Lauderdale during the last week of

March, hanging around the Yankee clubhouse and the bar at the Galt Ocean Mile Hotel, the “Winter Home of the World Championship New York Yankees.”

Of course, three days with or without nights hardly seems long enough to figure anything out. But baseball fans come armed with arrogance. And I’m not simply a baseball fan; I am a Yankee fan, and not just a Yankee fan but a degenerate Yankee fan, and that way since age six, circa 1939. So it’s not three days and nights, it’s closer to 40 years.

And anyway, even if not all that time, so what? In the winter I went to Cairo for four days and three nights and on the first day a veteran journalist asked me, with a snarl: “What do you expect to learn in four days and three nights?” I said, “As much as anyone has learned in 3,500 years.”

Of course, I expected more from Fort Lauderdale. In the event, I got more, although not what I expected.

First, I expected to see Sandra Dee and 400,000 kids on the beach; by the time I arrived—the Tuesday after Easter Sunday—most of the kids were back on the campus and no Sandra Dee.

Next, I expected to see George M. Steinbrenner, the principal owner of the Yankees, as soon as I got to town. But Steinbrenner was on a plane to Tampa. Steinbrenner is almost always on a plane going somewhere. The Yankee press office did not tell me he was leaving, but then the Yankee press office never knows when George is flying off. Well, I caught up with him



“...Ballplayers, unless they're mavericks, don't have much to say. 'How's the arm, Don?' 'Good.' 'Did it bother you at all?' 'No'...”

later—in Fort Lauderdale.

Finally, I expected to spend most of my three days and nights schmoozing with the ballplayers. This was my secret reason for going down to spring training in the first place. I had a pass to the clubhouse and I stood around looking at them quite a lot, and of course I stood at the bar of the Galt Ocean Mile Hotel rubbing shoulders with some of them. But I did not exactly schmooze with the ballplayers.

The reason is that unless you are a regular sportswriter, the Yankees are suspicious of you and therefore don't like to say much more than “We're gonna be all right; my arm feels fine; I'm ready.” For all I know, all ballplayers are this way with strange journalists, but I suspect the Yanks are more this way, owing to the civil war, when uncautious words—spoken even to favored newsmen—got many of them into hot water.

I went over to Jim Beattie, who was sitting alone in front of his locker. Jim Beattie is a hot young pitcher. The management is high on him; it says he'll make it big someday. I told him that, and Beattie said, “Thanks.”

I also said hello to Reggie Jackson, since Reggie Jackson is reputed to be an open guy and a good talker. But as soon as I told him who I was, he said: “I'm afraid of you; I won't talk to you.” “But you never met me,” I said. “I'm afraid of *New York Magazine*,” he explained.

It seems that *New York Magazine* ran something last year on Reggie Jackson that Reggie Jackson didn't like. *New York* also did a piece on George Steinbrenner, which George Steinbrenner considered a hatchet job. Reggie Jackson knew about this piece too, and told me so. But I'm a Yankee fan, I said. Reggie Jackson walked away.

If a politician did that to me, I'd drop everything and investigate him until I had enough to put him in Dannemora. But I didn't even get mad at Jackson, and when he got up to the plate the next night I screamed for him to hit it into the ocean.

On the face of it, this entire episode ought to prove that I would be the world's worst sportswriter. Instead, it indicates I'd be a pretty good one—i.e., at least nothing out of the ordinary.

With few exceptions, sportswriters do not stir up trouble in the clubhouse; they go along with the party line. I never thought I'd do that, but

after those few days with the Yankees I wouldn't book it.

To appreciate how difficult it is to do it differently, one must spend some time around a ball club. Leonard Schecter used to tell me about it, but until I was there I didn't really understand what he meant.

Schecter, who died a few years ago, was a great sportswriter for the *New York Post* in the 1950s and 1960s and a man of much wisdom and courage.

Lenny defied tradition by simply writing the truth about baseball. He told it as he saw it, following no line but his own. If a player was mean-spirited, Lenny wrote it; if he was a drunk, Lenny said so; if a manager was stupid, he put it in the papers.

For five years, nobody talked to Schecter, including his fellow sportswriters.

Of course, Lenny got the best stories, and after watching the writers interview players last week it was clear why he did. Ballplayers don't have that much to say, unless they are mavericks, and mavericks don't last long in the big leagues unless they are great.

So, after Don Gullett pitched three strong innings against Minnesota, the interview around his locker went like this:

“How's the arm feel, Don?”

“Good.”

“Did it bother you at all?”

“No.”

“Were you satisfied with your showing?”

“I can do better, but for my first time out I was satisfied.”

“Billy says he wants you to only throw 90 pitches a game; how do you feel about that?”

“I'll go along with whatever Billy wants; he's the manager.”

The next morning all the *New York* newspapers ran this big story.

While Don Gullett is said to be less exciting than most players, the interviews generally go in that direction. Except they didn't go that way last year in the Yankee clubhouse, and even with the relative calm that has settled over the team this spring, they don't always go that way now.

Why? What happened? How did the Yankees, in their first world-championship season in fifteen years, manage to conduct open warfare in the newspapers?

I wondered about that all summer; it was so odd, bizarre. Did we suddenly have a pack of Lenny Schecters run-

ning around the Yankee lockers? Were all sportswriters playing Seymour Hersh? Here they were attacking management, the *owner*, and when had they ever done that?

When Mike Burke ran the Yankees for CBS, from 1965 to 1972, the team compiled its most dismal record since the pre-Babe Ruth era. Yet the *New York* writers never laid a glove on Burke—they continually *praised* him—and hardly a word was written about the blistering fan antipathy toward the management.

Then George Steinbrenner comes to town and in five years the Yanks are on top of the world. And every day Steinbrenner is attacked in the *New York* papers.

For a time, I thought the difference was strictly personality; the writers liked Burke, who knew just how to butter them, and didn't like George, who seems to think butter is for putting on burns.

But while this may have something to do with it, it's not the answer. The fundamental difference is that Burke, his manager, and the team were as one. If that meant—as it surely did—that the fans had to suffer losers, so what?

The average sportswriter doesn't worry about the fans; he has to worry about the people he lives with, the people who provide him with the news, his livelihood. As long as those people stick together, the writers stick with them—and the news we get is the news they want us to get.

Steinbrenner, because he wants only to win, couldn't care less about family unity. Indeed, when I finally caught up with him in Fort Lauderdale—he showed up for a night game against the White Sox—one of the first things he told me was that he didn't want too much sweetness and light around the team.

“A schooner doesn't make many knots in a calm sea,” he said. “Of course,” he added, “I'm not looking for a tornado like last year.”

The tornado last year had the effect of splitting Steinbrenner from the clubhouse. The writers, who live in the clubhouse and not in the owner's box, quite naturally sided with the clubhouse—and in so doing sliced George six ways to Sunday.

They did not do this to M. Donald Grant while he dismantled the Mets—until he unloaded Tom Seaver and nearly brought on a civil war in the streets. Even then, Grant didn't fare so

"...A Yankee is called out at the plate and Steinbrenner doesn't like it. He calls Lee McPhail, president of the American League..."

poorly, and already they are writing about the "young, rebuilding Mets."

But Steinbrenner gets no credit in the papers—although he does fine with the fans—for building what may well be a new Yankee dynasty. Instead, he is taken to task for "buying" the championship—as if that were a crime, on a par with the felony rap he took in connection with the financing of Nixon's 1972 campaign, a transaction the writers seldom fail to recall.

The charge that the Yankees were store-bought, "the best team money can buy," wouldn't bother me even if it were true. Once the free-agent market for players opened, the only disgrace would have been to stay out of it, which the Mets did with results we continue to witness.

But the claim is essentially false; the Yankees were made principally on brilliant trades concocted by Steinbrenner and Gabe Paul, who this year moved from the Yankee front office to head the Cleveland Indians.

"Except for Reggie Jackson and Munson, the entire lineup in the last game of the series last year was made up of guys we traded for," Steinbrenner said the other night in his make-shift box overlooking first base at Fort Lauderdale Stadium.

With that, he grabbed my pen and wrote out that lineup on a piece of scrap paper, as follows:

CF	Rivers	trade
2B	Randolph	trade
C	Munson	homegrown
RF	Jackson	free agent
1B	Chambliss	trade
3B	Nettles	trade
LF	Piniella	trade
SS	Dent	trade
P	Torrez	trade

True, there were a couple of free agents not in that lineup—Catfish Hunter and Gullett. But there were others who came in trades or from the farm system: Dick Tidrow, Ed Figueroa, Ron Guidry, Paul Blair, Roy White, Sparky Lyle, Cliff Johnson.

Last winter, Steinbrenner went into the free-agent market and came up with Rich Gossage and Rawly Eastwick. Together with Sparky Lyle, this could give the team the greatest bull pen in baseball history.

At the ball game in Lauderdale, Steinbrenner—with his new president, Al Rosen, the old Cleveland star—raved on about how smart he was to have picked up Eastwick.

"They all bad-mouthed him, said he lost a foot off his fastball. But that's baloney. We clocked him; the kid is great. And he's an all-American boy. Right, Al?"

Al Rosen didn't look up. "He'll be an all-American boy if he wins," Rosen said.

When Eastwick got pasted, Steinbrenner got grumpy. "He's not pitching hard enough, Al. Christ, he can pitch harder than that. Why isn't he throwing smoke? He's got smoke!"

Watching Steinbrenner operate during a game lends a certain credence to another big beef tossed up against him by the press. "He sticks his nose in the dugout; he ought to let the pros handle the game," they say.

At Yankee Stadium, Steinbrenner's box looks directly into the Yankee dugout, and he's been known to get on the phone when a player is laughing while the team is losing or lazying when he shouldn't be lazying—which to George is never.

He is very tough on overweight players. "Cliff Johnson came to camp 25 pounds too heavy," Steinbrenner told me. "I had him doing wind sprints all day, every day. I sat right here in this box and watched him. Now he's okay, now he's down to 217."

(As if he had lost the weight himself, Steinbrenner leaned back in his chair, gave a boyish grin, and said to Rosen: "Al, we haven't been to the ice cream place for two nights. The guy's gonna miss me. I think I can use a banana split." Then to me: "My car drives itself to Baskin-Robbins; it can't help itself. And I've got Rosen hooked. You know what he likes? Get this—Al Rosen eats chocolate peanut-butter sandwiches.")

With that, Steinbrenner jumped up roaring. A Yankee was called out at the plate and he didn't like the call. He pulled over one of his handful of phones and rang Lee MacPhail, the president of the American League, who was sitting in a field box.

But MacPhail didn't answer.

"He doesn't know how to open the box, damn it."

Back to the phones, and in a second a kid arrived and George gave him a key and told him to show MacPhail how to open the phone box.

"Did you like that call at home?" he asked MacPhail.

A voice came dimly through the receiver and George looked hurt.

"What do you mean I never call you

when I like a decision? Look, we have films, we film every game, I'd like you to see it. And what about that call at first last inning?"

Steinbrenner is very upset about umpiring and now heads a major-league committee looking into all aspects of the problem.

"We don't pay 'em enough to start with, and we don't train 'em. They get trained at independent schools, which we have no control over. You know what they tell 'em there? They tell 'em not to take any gaff from ballplayers, and if they give any just get even with 'em next time. Can you believe that?"

I can believe anything about umps, but I told Steinbrenner that the one thing I can't believe is his assertion that he will no longer have much to do with running the team, that he'll leave it in Rosen's hands.

"I know you don't believe it, nobody does, but it's true," he said, his round face innocent as a baby's.

The trouble is, he told me the same thing last year over a drink at Elaine's, but as everyone knows, Steinbrenner was all over the team last year. And it didn't hurt the team.

For example, he pressed Martin to slot Reggie Jackson in the cleanup position, and to replace Roy White in left with Lou Piniella. Martin did not relent until August—and it worked, the team took off.

Steinbrenner took a lot of heat—in and out of the clubhouse—for signing Jackson. He paid Reggie more than any free agent had received up to that time, and this, plus Jackson's controversial nature, was the main source of the civil war. Martin was against the deal from the outset, and Thurman Munson, the team captain, was put off both by Reggie's salary and by some statements Jackson made about him. The players backed Martin and Munson, and so did most of the press. Steinbrenner, naturally, supported Reggie all the way.

Events have gloriously justified the purchase, and George is proud of it. He loves the big right fielder, who apparently can do no wrong in his eyes.

So, the other night, Reggie went up against the wall for a ball—but the ball came off the wall for a double.

"Could he have caught it, Al?" Steinbrenner asked.

"It dropped right out of his glove," Al Rosen said.

For the first time all evening, George Steinbrenner didn't answer. ■

Angela Davis Keeps the Faith

By Orde Coombs

In the rearview mirror I could see the green Oldsmobile gaining on me as I drove along Eastern Parkway in the summer heat of '72. At Nostrand Avenue, the car drew alongside, and I noticed the black man beaming, his hands tapping the dashboard. He signaled me to roll down my window: "They set Angela free," he said. "Goddamn, they set her free!"

"I'm not pessimistic about change in this country. I'm convinced that this country will one day be socialist."



I felt my pleasure start in some hidden place as I turned on the radio to hear that the black communist, Angela Davis, had just been cleared of the charges of kidnapping, murder, and conspiracy in Santa Clara County, California. At the next light, I beeped my horn at the black woman in her mid-night-blue Volkswagen:

"Angela's free," I said. "She got off. She beat the feds." She pushed her tortoiseshell-framed glasses securely on her nose before she smiled, and then she honked her horn to pass on the word. Suddenly, all along Eastern Parkway, on a Brooklyn Sunday, horns were sounding as black people registered approval of Angela Davis's victory.

It did not matter that her politics seemed beyond them. They only knew that J. Edgar Hoover had named her one of the ten most-wanted criminals in the United States, and that Richard Nixon had proclaimed her guilt on television. It did not take much imagination, then, for them to understand that since *their* enemies wanted her dead, her life was worth saving. A friend who worked passionately for a local defense committee said that he did not care how much she worshiped Marx, all he knew was that Davis was "black, beautiful, and brilliant and that her very existence was a stave driven into the heart of the nigger stereotype."

When her face stopped appearing in the media, I continued to wonder about her. Could she, as a symbol of the commie threat, move around without harassment and fear? Had she mellowed in her political certainty? And what kind of America did she foresee

if communists came to power here?

Earlier this year, when I knew I was going to see her, I told a few black friends at a dinner party on West 89th Street and was surprised at the tenor of their respect for her. Jules Taylor, a Yale graduate and Egyptologist, seemed to reflect the mood of the group when he said: "The entire Third World is heading toward socialism, but we American blacks have not acknowledged our responsibility to work for a system that can work for us. Angela Davis accepted that responsibility very early."

Peter Bailey, a former *Ebony* editor, said that he had only one problem with Angela Davis: "I regard the Russians as white racists, and I have no more faith in them than I do in the garden-variety American. But I do know that there is no way black people can make it under capitalism. We can only survive by using economic programs that are socialist or collectivist." A young doctor who had been sitting quietly in a corner suddenly perked up: "Look around at the conditions black people still have to deal with. Things may look good for some of us, but for most blacks it's the same heavy shit. Is that all they can expect under capitalism?"

With his question still in my ears, I make my way to the San Francisco Art Institute on Chestnut Street and wait for the black woman whose name elicits applause in the Soviet Union but heavy silence from most of her countrymen.

I see her before she sees me; she lopes

through the dark archways and comes into the San Francisco sunlight. I move across the small Spanish courtyard and I notice how tall and thin she is and how her Afro is now flecked with reddish tints. As she comes closer, I see the gold ring in her left nostril, and for the first time I see close up the gap-toothed smile that beamed from posters along Havana's streets. I look for some posturing, some bravado, but there is only shyness and a tinge of uncertainty, as if she were still at Brandeis and I had suddenly moved in her direction at a mixer.

"You must excuse this car," she says, pointing to a beat-up maroon Alfa. "I'm thinking of selling it. The lock on the trunk doesn't work. It has trouble starting. I want to get a good secondhand Mercedes, but I'm so broke at the moment."

"I thought you'd be driving a Volkswagen," I say.

"I like the feel of a powerful car," she says, excusing this bow to capitalist plenty. "I like driving."

As we chat, I glance around for the disheveled woman with the oversize black bag who had leaned against a column and stared at me with icy concentration while I waited for Angela Davis, and who had been joined, two minutes later, by an equally unkempt man who took up a position diagonally across from me. These were Davis's bodyguards. I was sure of that. They

were checking me out. But neither the young woman nor the man had followed us.

"Where are your bodyguards?" I blurt out.

"What bodyguards?"

"Your security people."

"I don't have any," she says, and her eyes note my incredulity. "Years ago, I came to the conclusion that in order to live a good life and make some intellectual and political contributions to the society, I had to rid myself of paranoia." I say nothing. She plunges on. "Look, anyone who is in a movement that is considered a threat runs risks. But I can't function with security people around me, and I don't think that those of us who are trying, politically, to change this country should always assume a stance of frightened militancy. We must relate to people, react to them, not be afraid of them."

"And the maddies?" I ask, still remembering the slits that were the young man's eyes.

"You just do your best to avoid them," she says. A shrug of the left shoulder completes the sentence. Her right hand moves to a pack of Gauloises. Is she putting me on? What am I to make of this untoward beatitude? How can a black "La Pasionaria" be without passion?

We are at the Sea Witch in Ghirardelli Square. Davis is going to tell me what her life has been like since June 4, 1972, when she knew that she would not have to waste her years in jail. She chooses a table that gives her a full view of the door, and when she does that, I remember that Malcolm X always warned revolutionaries to watch where they sat in restaurants. Her red-and-black shoulder bag rests at her side, and I am sure that there is some "protection" inside. (I am wrong about that too.) We order shrimp and salad and wine, and as she rubs the red tablecloth, she says: "I have traveled a lot and I have continued to protest against the injustices in America. All my honoraria go to the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression. I am very active in the Communist party. I teach. I write. I speak out."

She tells me that contrary to what many people may think, the college campuses are very active today. "Students are not unaware of the ills of this society. They have not retreated into a mindless search for materialism. They have begun to question deeply the values of this society. There is a deep consciousness of the possibility of Marxist solutions to our problems. Then, too, the feminist movement is causing everyone to redefine him- or herself. I'm involved with a group called Women for

Racial and Economic Equality. We are strong in the East and in the Middle West. It is a multi-racial group and our focus is the working woman. You see, I'm not pessimistic about change in this country. I know that it won't be easy and so I'm here for the long haul, but I'm convinced that this country will one day be socialist."

I ask her if her ideas still get her into trouble with the law, and she says that "the concentrated effort to destroy me has stopped." But there are still scary moments. "Once at Adelphi University, I had just started to speak when all the lights went out. Someone had pulled the switch, and the campus police didn't know what to do. I panicked because I know what this government is capable of doing if it thinks it can get away with it. We have always spoken out about the criminal activities of law-enforcement people. Nobody believed us. Now with the release of FBI files, everyone can read about a new horror story every day."

"What about your own files?"

"I haven't bothered to ask for them."

We are in the Doris and Harold L. Zellerbach Quadrangle, a modern concrete addition to the San Francisco Art Institute. The white-and-pastel city sprawls below. Marin County, which wanted her life, is to the right, and in the distance stands Alcatraz, forlorn in its inactivity. Davis is in denim culottes. A flowered blue blouse is tied below her breasts. She wears a blue sweater under that, and to complete the look, long, black boots. She is a revolutionary with style. She is ebullient this afternoon, for her lecture is on the "Myth of the Black Rapist" and her classes in the World Studies section of the institute are well attended.

About 70 students are in the room. Most of them are white. I count a few blacks, some Chinese, some Chicanos. She strides in, adjusts the microphone, and starts: "Rape is the fastest-growing crime in America. Black women have, historically, been rape victims and so one would expect that they would have profound interest in the growing anti-rape movement in this country. Yet they are reluctant to become involved because fraudulent rape charges have always been used as a weapon of terror against black men."

A blonde puts up her hand and wonders if Davis would explain. "During slavery," she says, "there was no development of the notion of the black man as rapist. During the Civil War, white men, fighting far from home, thought nothing of leaving their wives alone with black men. And there was not one authenticated case of rape of a white woman by a slave during this period.

"I have no bodyguard. In order to live a good life and make some intellectual and political contributions, I had to rid myself of paranoia."



“Having grown into a
movement, my life is
tied up with struggle.
But I try to find joy in
personal existence
because it’s necessary
to energize oneself.”



After the Civil War, however, the ruling class found it necessary to reassert the old economic and political stranglehold in the face of black strivings. The myth of the black rapist was started.

"Rape is a direct result of the continuing notion of male supremacy in this country. It operates on many levels, and its main objective is control."

Davis opens up the lecture to questions and then asks one of her own: "Are there any women in this class who have *not* been raped or threatened with rape?" Only *one* hand goes up in this class, although 38 young women are present. I am amazed, but no one else in the class seems to be.

Early evening in east Oakland. I am standing in front of a squat and simple brown house. A working-class dwelling without pretensions. I walk to the door expecting, at least, the barking of a German shepherd. Silence. There are no security frisks. The living room is a mélange of odds and ends. A battered brown Leatherette chair is in one corner and a brown-and-white Mexican blanket covers a couch that used to be comfortable. There are books everywhere, and the mandatory component set. It is a graduate student's room. (Davis still does not have her Ph.D.; the FBI destroyed her thesis, but she is working on a book on racism and sexism for Random House and this will form the basis of her dissertation.) But

"I love children. But I have to find the man to whom I would make a commitment. There has to be a sense of union."



the walls in the dining room tell another story: There are pictures of George Jackson, of Angela in the fields of Cuba, of Angela with Fidel, of Fidel leaping from a tank and into battle during the Bay of Pigs invasion. And then there are the symbolic gifts: from the people of Vietnam and East Germany and Bulgaria. A picture of Lenin guards the telephone. The décor is a testimony to socialist solidarity.

Davis is relaxed tonight. We are going to a party given by some of her old friends, and so for the first time since we've met there are glosses on her cheeks and lips. She is wearing a thin, pink blouse and black trousers, and the brandy that she is drinking is giving an edge, a sharpness, to her tongue.

"Aren't you tired of being a symbol? Don't you just wish you could walk away from it all?"

"Yes," she says. "Oh, yes. I think about it all the time."

"Then why don't you?"

"Because I know that however pleasurable it may be to lie back and satisfy my own subjective desires, I could not do it for a long time. It is a question of having grown into a movement, of having my life tied up with struggles. People made so many sacrifices for me when I needed them that I could never not honor those sacrifices. But I spend some time trying to find joy in personal existence, because it is necessary to energize oneself."

"And what about children?"

"I love them. I've never given any indication that I did not. But I have to find the man to whom I would make a commitment."

"Why be bothered with a commitment? If you like children, why not find someone just to be the father of your child?"

Davis blushes. The woman who scorns the wrath of capitalists becomes a schoolgirl hearing a dirty joke.

"I guess I'm a little reactionary in that area," she says. Finally: "Artificial insemination doesn't interest me. Having sex just for the purpose of having a child is not for me. There has to be a commitment. A sense of union."

We talk about her fourteen months in prison. "Being encapsulated like that distorts your perspective, your reactions, your emotions. Twenty times a day, I argued with the matrons. I had to constantly defend my dignity. I couldn't figure out if I should fight their little repressions or just turn around and say nothing. My reactions were so exaggerated. And my writing was governed by the immediacy of the experience. I could only write theoretical pieces in jail. I could not find the distance to write anything personal."

She tells me that although I might

not know it, a radical political base is being created among some black and white union members. She says that many working-class families are no longer encouraging their children to look for jobs because they know that there are no jobs. "Things," she says, "are simply falling apart. Workers can compare how they are doing now with how they were getting along two years ago. Among black people the problem is atrocious. Twenty-five percent of all blacks live below the poverty line in this country, and a whole number of others are treading the line. Every black knows of hardworking people who just can't make it. Working people—black, brown, and white—are no longer influenced by cries of American exceptionalism. Or by fears of communism."

"It's a new day," she says, passion suddenly modulating the timbre of her voice. "Since I joined the Communist party in 1968, there have been enormous changes. Recently, I was invited to speak at a black church in Muskegon, a small town in Michigan. I went as a representative of the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression, but because I am a communist, the rulers of the town tried to bring pressure on that small church to cancel my appointment. Ten years ago, they would have. Now I got a standing ovation. Contrary to what one reads, people have been changed, forever, by the struggles of the sixties."

And what about Russian racism, I ask. "It is grossly exaggerated," she says. "Of course people are human and vestiges of racism take a while to wipe out. But it is *not* endemic to the system. In fact, I was speaking to Ousmane Sembene, the Senegalese playwright, the other day, and he denied the veracity of these reports of Russian racism."

I mention, wearily, *The Gulag Archipelago*, the Stalinist purges, the dissidents, Soviet Jewry, Russian repression.

"If I were to make a statement about repression in the Soviet Union, it would get front-page coverage, and it would be distorted. I find it curious, and I think you should too, that people know more about repression in the Soviet Union than about repression here. The Alliance works hard to publicize the case of the Wilmington 10, and Amnesty International has listed them as political prisoners, yet many people still do not know they exist. I won't pretend that there are no problems in socialist countries. I do know, however, that under America's system of government, repression is inevitable."

A Berkeley night with soft rain and quiet streets. The party is going strong by the time we get there. There is much

hugging. Most of the people are black, well educated, and on the left. Some are communists, and the party is being held at the home of the daughter of William L. Patterson, who, in 1951, along with Paul Robeson, petitioned the United Nations on behalf of black Americans with the document "We Charge Genocide: The Crime of Government Against the Negro People."

One woman comes up to Davis and says, "I have admired you for so long, I just want to touch you," and Davis pulls her quickly into her embracing smile because she still does not know how to deal with adulation. No one dances, although the music is good and loud. Jollity. Quick catching up about friends. Sensible food. Bourgeois manners in a Berkeley neighborhood. As I leave, Bert Small, who was Angela Davis's doctor and visited her every week in her California jails, hands me a poster. "Take that back to New York with you," he says. It is his poetry: "Hey Soweto, we hear you./Shake your chains sleeping giant./Wake up to rattle the world."

The rain clears up as Angela Davis drives me across the Bay Bridge to San Francisco. We are both silent, for there has been much wine, but suddenly a newsbreak on the radio about Cuban troops in Angola perks her up: "Even Barbara Walters had to grudgingly admit to the rapid strides the Cuban

"Many people think this system can no longer work for them. But without a movement all is chaos and contradictory response."



people have made under Marxism. The capitalist press can no longer deny the facts, so it has begun to say: 'Yes, they have made strides, but they are not free.' It seems to me that they are free, from capitalist exploitation."

I ask her what a communist America would be like, and she tells me that that scenario is not for her to visualize, but "I will say that the most pressing needs of people will be taken care of. There would be no unemployment. Health care and education would be improved. Racism checked. And because the United States is such a technologically advanced country, the time one needs to do a particular job will be reduced. There would be more leisure time, more creative time for everyone." And which communist country is close to her Marxist view, which one is her model country? "There are no models. Only common characteristics among the countries. The economy is not run for profit but to take care of needs. Really each country has a separate history and each must find its own Marxist way."

Davis smiles a half smile. "I don't want to give you the impression that people are flocking to the Communist party, because that is not happening. We have to go and talk to people. I have friends who I know socially and if I don't bring up the subject of communism, they never do. When I do, however, they usually say: 'You know I was wondering why you never asked me if I was interested in joining the party.' They want to listen. They want to learn. And so recruiting happens. We don't sit back and wait for people to come to us. But it is possible, now, to approach a whole number of people who a few years ago would have been unapproachable."

I begin to talk about the futility of creating the "socialist new man" in America, and she stops me. Harshly. "The new person," she says. "We are in a new historical era and one has to be always conscious of all the forms of male supremacy in language." It is obvious that I am not ready. For anything. And Davis drops me in front of my hotel. "You'll find," she says as the old Alfa sputters, "that many Third World people, many black people, no longer think that this system can work for them. They are groping. But they need a movement, otherwise all is chaos and contradictory response." The Alfa starts. The light changes. The revolutionary disappears into the early-morning murkiness of San Francisco.

Back in New York I find myself thinking of the futility of Davis's optimism in the face of what I see around

me: a lumpen proletariat so leaden, so beaten, that it might be easier to organize the cresting of seawater. But her assertion of some new black awareness that capitalism can no longer sweeten their lives intrigues me. I call Ellis Haizlip, a black producer at Channel 13, a man whose finger stays on the pulse of black New York. I ask him about Angela Davis. "She is an incredible force in the liberation of a lot of people's minds. But the political component of her beliefs worries a lot of black people. They know that they have not reaped the fruits of this system, but they are uncertain that they will under a system that is really unknown to them. What allowances will be made for our history, our differences, our style under communism? I don't know. But, yes, people are growing tired of this American treadmill."

I have lunch with Vertamae Smart-Grosvenor, a writer, in whose West Side apartment musicians and black bohemians talk into the night. "I admire Angela Davis," she says. "And yes, she is right. It is obvious that too few have too much in this country. Black people have worked all their collective lives in America, and we can no longer work our way out of the crap we're in. I know Sweden, and I know that it is dull, but I do know that as a system socialism is better."

While blacks debate their growing interest in socialism, Angela Davis gets her life together. She is teaching a course in feminism at San Francisco State College. A film, *Angela Davis: The Web*, opened in Paris in January to rave reviews and last month it was shown at the Museum of Modern Art. I think of Davis's first exposure to a Paris in which Algerians feared for their lives. She had gone there to find a respite from American racism, to whet her appetite for new possibilities. She found, instead, that "the new places, the new experiences . . . turned out to be the same old places, the same old experiences with a common message of struggle."

How will these struggles end for black people? Peter Bailey tells me that "all our generation can really do is to weaken the chain of racism that surrounds us. If each succeeding generation does that, one day the mother will snap. The American system will be no more." But what will replace it? And will it bring any sweetness to the people of the sorrow songs? I don't know. But I do know that some black people have begun to laugh, with guffaws tipped in gall, at the latest, sad, halfhearted attempts to make "black capitalists" out of them. And I know that Angela Davis thinks the gall will spread.



The Fuller Brush Man Cometh

By Beverly Solochek

“...For 38 years, Mr. Schwartz has been working the Upper West Side. The blocks between 84th and 88th streets are his. All his...”

Mr. Schwartz runs down West 85th Street carrying his brown-vinyl satchel. A middle-aged woman spots him from across West End Avenue and approaches, waving. “Mr. Schwartz,” she says finally, jabbing a sleekly gloved finger at him, “I need brushes for my kitchen. You know me?”

“Of course I know you,” he responds. “You’re 16B.” He nods toward her building. “I looked for you the other day, but you weren’t there.”

Irving Schwartz the Fuller Brush man has just made another sale. “I do a lot of business on the street,” he says, heading west.

Mr. Schwartz is one of 400 salespeople working in New York for the 71-year-old company. For 38 years, the balding, diminutive, 63-year-old salesman has been taking the train from his home in Flatbush to the Upper West Side, where the blocks between 84th and 88th streets from Central Park West to Riverside Drive are his. All his.

Long ago, he stopped using his thick record book of names and apartment numbers. By heart Mr. Schwartz knows which theater director sleeps till two every afternoon, which maid will be in on what afternoon. By heart he knows who ordered the strawberry room freshener; who, the pine; and when they’re likely to run out. Even now, with people moving in and out of apartments at a pace unimagined years ago; with restaurants and Irish bars giving way to “donut shoppes”; with shoe stores transformed into *bodegas*—even now, Mr. Schwartz knows his district.

As recently as fifteen or twenty years ago, the Fuller Brush Company used

full-timers almost exclusively. In 1960, there were about 125 full-time salespeople spread throughout the five boroughs. Now there are only around 50. The switchover from full- to part-timers—mostly women who live in or near the apartment complexes to which they are assigned—has come largely because of the working wife. Nobody is home anymore. So most of the full-timers who remain are holdovers like Mr. Schwartz.

Back then, Mr. Schwartz recalls, the full-timers would meet each morning in a district office, and, before going out on the streets, they would sing pep songs. No, he doesn’t recall the lyrics. They’ve vanished along with the daily meetings and songfests. Which Mr. Schwartz regrets. “You really felt like going out and selling,” he says.

But Mr. Schwartz retains his enthusiasm. And since he’s had the same turf for so long, he has a large and stable group of loyal customers—not infrequently two generations of the same family. The local merchants, fry cooks, the building supers, doormen, maintenance men, elevator operators—“the boys,” he calls them—are long-established friends and customers. His home phone is available to anyone who wants to order after dark. And some do. “The psychiatrists,” he says. “I hate to disturb them during the day, they concentrate so hard. Some call me at midnight for orders.”

The Fuller Brush Company had sales that totaled over \$70 million in 1977, including its industrial and international divisions. In 1977, New York City sales were \$2.3 million. That’s \$700,000

less than they were in 1960. But Sy Ansbacher, the Fuller district manager who not only supervises the New York City crew but also 800 salespeople in the suburbs, points out that during the same period suburban sales grew from \$2 million to \$4.6 million.

Ironically, brushes only make up 14 percent of the company’s business these days. “There’s no repeat business on items that last 20 to 25 years,” Mr. Ansbacher says.

Indeed, seven of the company’s “ten most wanted” products eventually empty out—the pre-laundry stain spray, the foot spray, the mothproofers. Still, a few nonevaporating items make the “top ten” list. Like the chrome-finish “non-slip” pants hanger (\$2.49) that Mr. Schwartz sold by the dozen to Joel Grey before he moved from the district. Or the standard wet mop and household broom.

Despite the shrinking city sales record, the Fuller Brush strategy is to stay in New York City and go stronger where possible. “In all fairness, we cannot operate in all sections,” says Mr. Ansbacher. He mentions Brownsville and parts of the Bronx, where he himself used to peddle door-to-door.

Fuller Brush representatives—who are in business for themselves—keep about 40 percent of their sales, turning the rest over to the company, from which they purchased the goods. Mr. Schwartz will not reveal how much he makes. But on the average, according to Mr. Ansbacher, part-timers take home \$80 a week, and full-timers pocket about \$250.

With hustle, they do a little more,

of course. "You keep moving," says Mr. Schwartz, who tries to spend no more than five minutes with a customer. One exception: a Riverside Drive psychiatrist, now dead, who scheduled a twenty-minute session with him every few months when reordering. "He'd say, 'Y'know, it's nice to talk to you once in a while. You get so tired of people with problems.'"

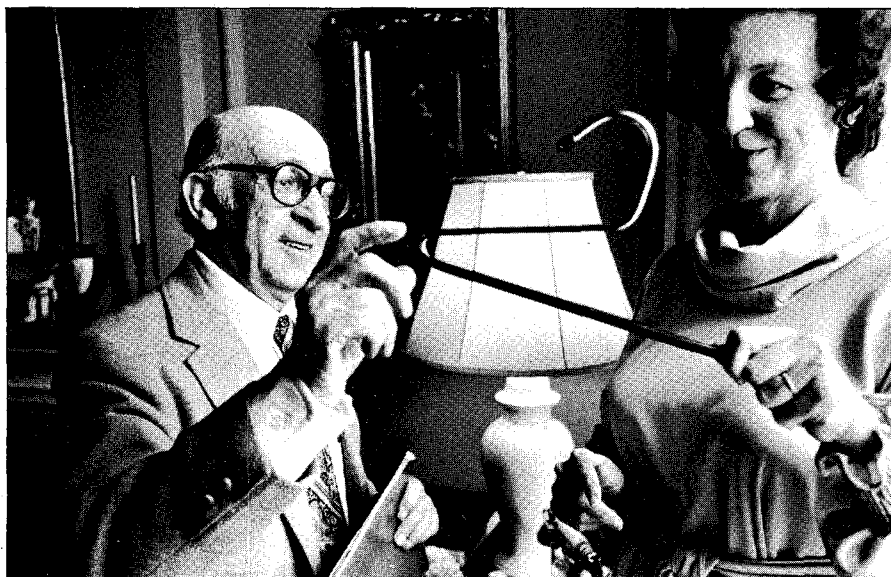
But here he is now in a Riverside Drive co-op, and an elegant elderly woman whose maid is out greets him at the door. In less than five minutes, Mr. Schwartz has taken an order for mothproofing, inquired after her injured leg, determined which college her visiting grandson—whom he knows by name—will attend, and pleasantly refused an invitation to have coffee. It is a successful visit. Later in the day, he will stop off in the basement storage he rents in a nearby building, pick up the mothproofing, and deliver it.

According to Mr. Ansbacher, most of his salespeople have no problems getting into New York City buildings because "there is no security." And where it exists, the company often tries to hire the supers as salespeople. One or two Central Park West buildings that went co-op briefly barred Mr. Schwartz, among other solicitors, until old-time customer-tenants complained to the boards of directors.

Mr. Schwartz is doubling back now to a small West 85th Street building to deliver some wet mops. The matron, whose front hallway is adorned with a Ben Shahn oil, clutches at her housecoat and says, "I buy from Mr. Schwartz because I like him so much."

And Mr. Schwartz returns the compliment. Only once did he have any trouble here, he says. That was years ago when the cops picked him up on West 84th Street between Amsterdam and Columbus, at the time "the worst block in the city." Why would the cops pick up this gentle, friendly man? Well, he explained, here he was, you see, a well-dressed man in a hat, who carried a big bag and kept popping in and out of tenement doorways. "They thought I was selling heroin," he says, looking hurt even now.

But it bothers him to dredge up this nasty memory. Mr. Schwartz instead prefers to report that he can count on one hand the people who have stiffed him in all these years. He'd rather rhapsodize about the people of his district or New York City itself. "It's so nice to walk through the city," he says. "I'm tempted to send tapes, you know, sounds of the city, to my grandchildren who live in Israel." Then, "They say New York is a jungle," he says softly. "But I don't find it so. It's no baloney: I find people are wonderful." ■



The pitch: Master salesman Irving Schwartz—whose average sale is \$8—calls on...

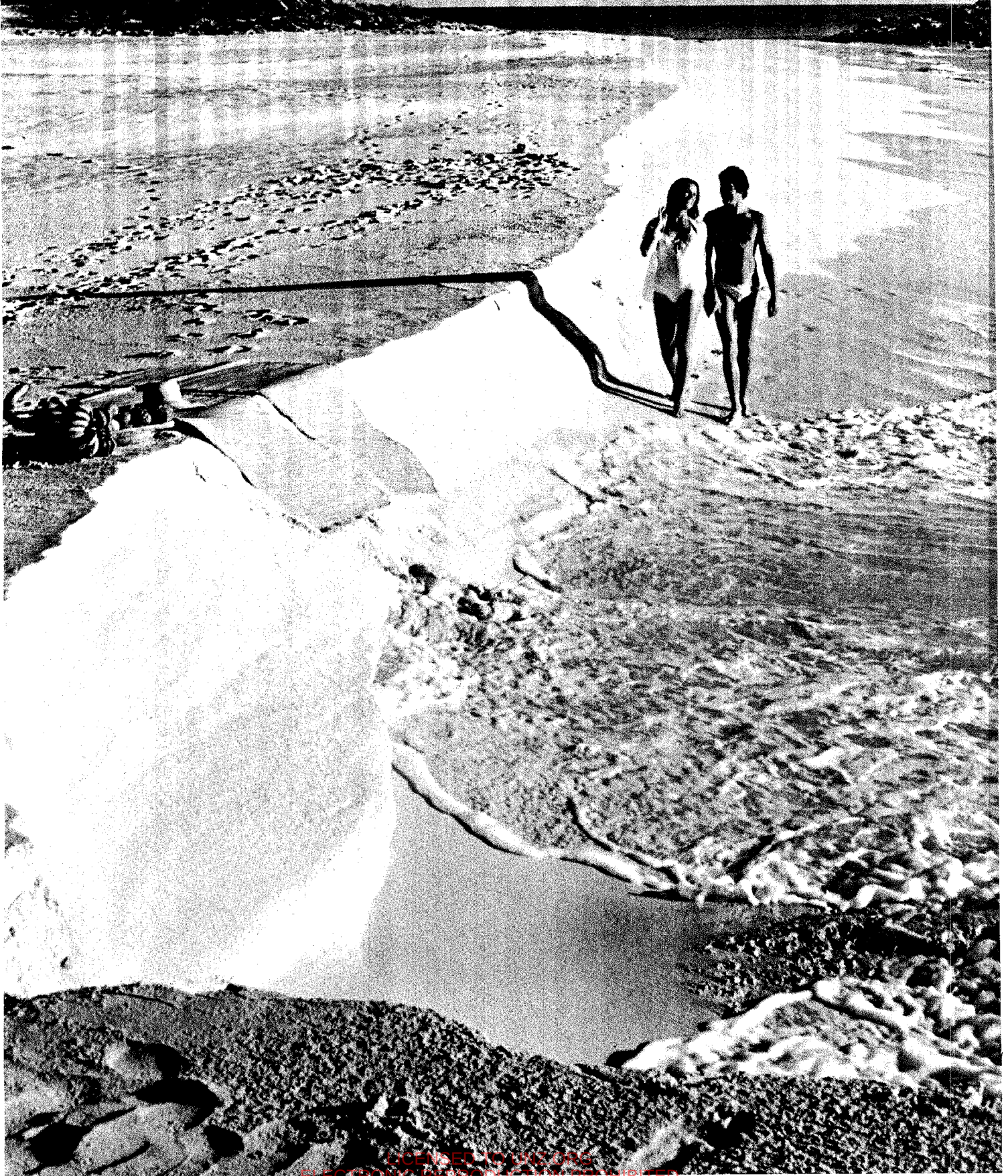


Mrs. Jeannine Shanley, a customer for fourteen years, and sells her one of his top...



items: a chrome-finish "non-slip" pants hanger (\$2.49), which she sorely needs.

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Great Expectations

By Donald G. Sullivan

A dozen years ago, the homesteaders discovered SoHo. First a few pioneers settled into the top floors of warehouses and factories, turning a decaying commercial district into a live-in community. Then more loft builders followed, and eventually the boutiques and bars and galleries and restaurants came too. Now space colonists are replicating that experiment in new and equally unlikely places, sectors of New York for which they have great expectations. Consider, for example, how they are transforming the four neighborhoods on these pages.

New Options: The Financial District

Narrow lanes opening into miniature parks, sailboats docked at the end of a street, old churchyards and eighteenth-century taverns alongside towering skyscrapers—the financial district could be a wonderful place to homestead. Stretches look like side streets in Florence or London. But at 5 P.M., a stark—indeed, eerie—solitude closes down over Wall Street. Only an estimated 2,500 people have chosen to settle in amid the nighttime peace—or is it loneliness?—of the streets below City Hall.

But things are changing. A former

Water Street office tower already boasts doormen and other amenities once reserved for uptown. Converted five-story warehouses and industrial buildings are located in legal zones along Nassau, Cliff, and Front streets between Beekman and Pine, where prices for lofts range from \$325 per month, for 1,200 square feet, to \$1,250, for more than 4,000 square feet. Converted-office apartments are cheaper than their uptown cousins at this takeoff stage of development, although minimum rents are about \$450 for a one-bedroom flat. The lucky settler will find good views,



The discreet charm of the Financial District: At street level, the narrow lanes downtown (here, South William Street and Mill Lane) resemble Dickens's London. As some 2,500 settlers have found, the area has all the necessities for living—except schools.

high ceilings, innovative layouts, and more space than he'd get in a traditional apartment building.

Shopping abounds along Fulton Street, Nassau Street, and adjacent side streets. Although schools are absent from the area, there are other necessities for living: a supermarket and other service stores in a large housing co-op north of Wall Street, a good transport system, a branch of the Whitney Museum, and ten parks. A promising living environment indeed.

Dressing Up the Garment Center

By day, the sidewalks are as frenzied as the bazaars of Cairo and Tangier. Evening brings a somber, if not gloomy, tranquillity. By night, these blocks are strikingly forlorn, depressing, and dark. But here and there, at the windows of

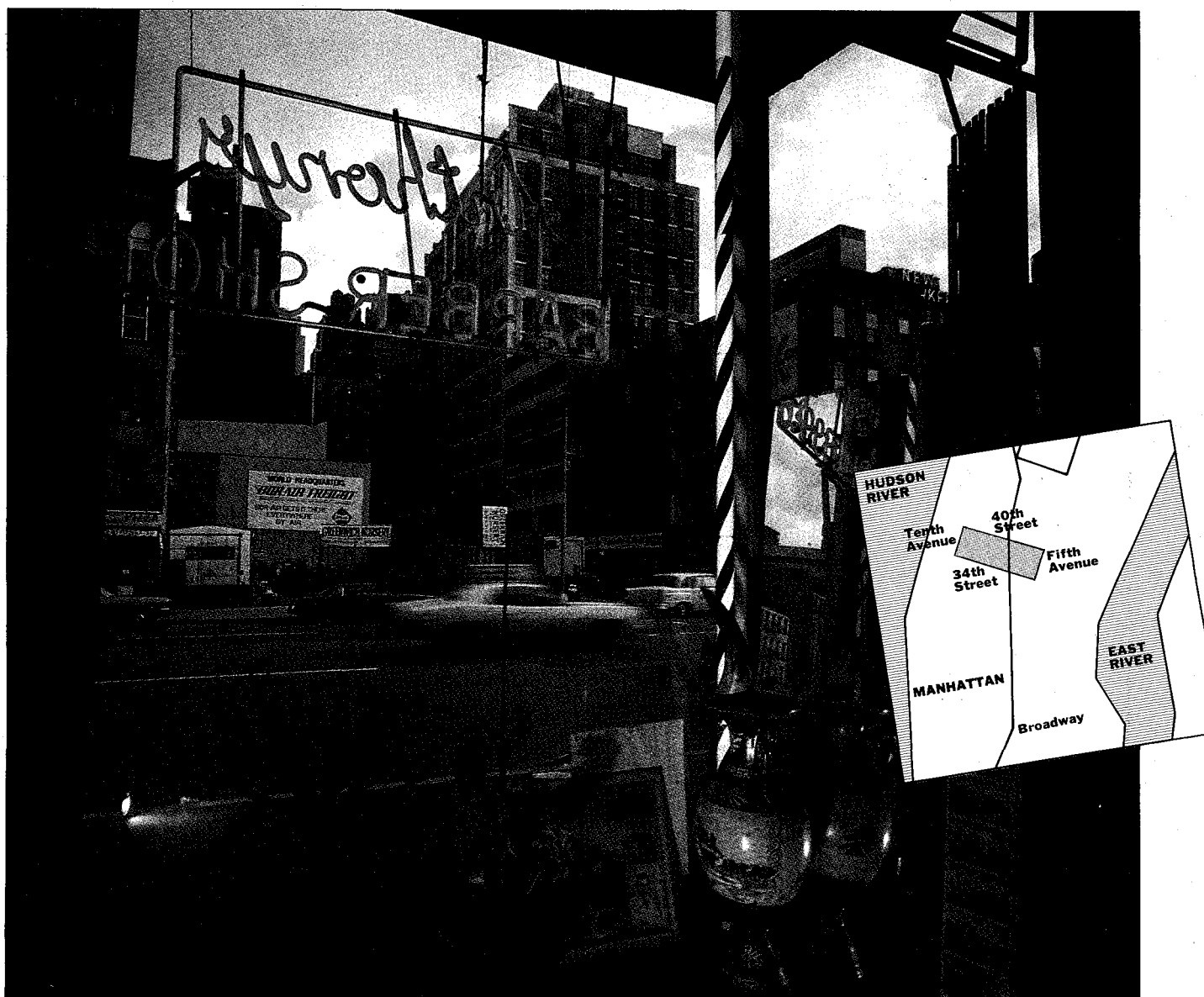
button shops and blouse factories, are those signs of colonization familiar to loft watchers: English ivy and grow lights. The West Thirties from Fifth Avenue to Tenth are slowly turning residential, particularly the upper floors of those formidable ziggurats flaunting terraces with river views. Sixth Avenue addresses listing at \$3-to-\$4-per-square-foot rentals have been advertised as "Office With Residential Convenience" (translation: apartment), while rents for lofts are \$3 to \$5 per square foot. Several co-ops are under way.

The neighborhood might not look particularly like home, but the necessities for living are in place: hardware and drug stores, four schools, two synagogues and a church, restaurants. A four-block strip of ethnic vegetable and meat markets turns Ninth Avenue into

a mecca for serious cooks. Still, it takes a farsighted homesteader to recognize this area's potential; so far, about 75 householders have been that forward-looking. Most of them have moved into 50-year-old factories near Ninth Avenue and some fine commercial buildings between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

Recently there has been a ferment of grand plans for renewing the district. The McAlpin Hotel will be converted into apartments in the next few years, and an office-apartment tower is expected to emerge—sometime—from a lot at Sixth Avenue and 36th Street.

It might take 50 years for the Garment Center to become high fashion, but today's residents have high ceilings, low rents, and the extraordinary convenience of living a stroll away from the varied delights of midtown Manhattan.



Unlikely haven—the Garment Center: At 38th Street and Ninth Avenue, ancient tenements frame the 1920s loft buildings characteristic of the area. A few forward-looking artists have moved into massive ziggurats like those at center.

Historic Williamsburg

Spectacular views, turn-of-the-century architecture, and a river-town feeling are going for moderate prices on the Brooklyn side of the Williamsburg Bridge—but only to the intrepid. This neighborhood—along and near the East River from the navy yard to Grand Street—is tough, and some of the streets surrounding it can be very mean. But still the pioneers are moving in, turning this manufacturing area into Brooklyn's newest renovation zone.

Cross the bridge from Manhattan. The Williamsburg side resembles a vast czarist panorama. Polished-stone rotundas of local banks and the Ukrainian Orthodox cathedral frame the roadways fanning out from the bridge exit. Rows of brownstones, local shops, and some raunchy tenements flash by as you turn onto Broadway, the incubation

boulevard of the lofters. There, from the bridge plaza to the East River, an estimated 150 artists and artisans have already carved out their homesteads in a swath of buildings constructed a century ago, when this was a fashionable watering spa and a commercial center for the Victorian elite.

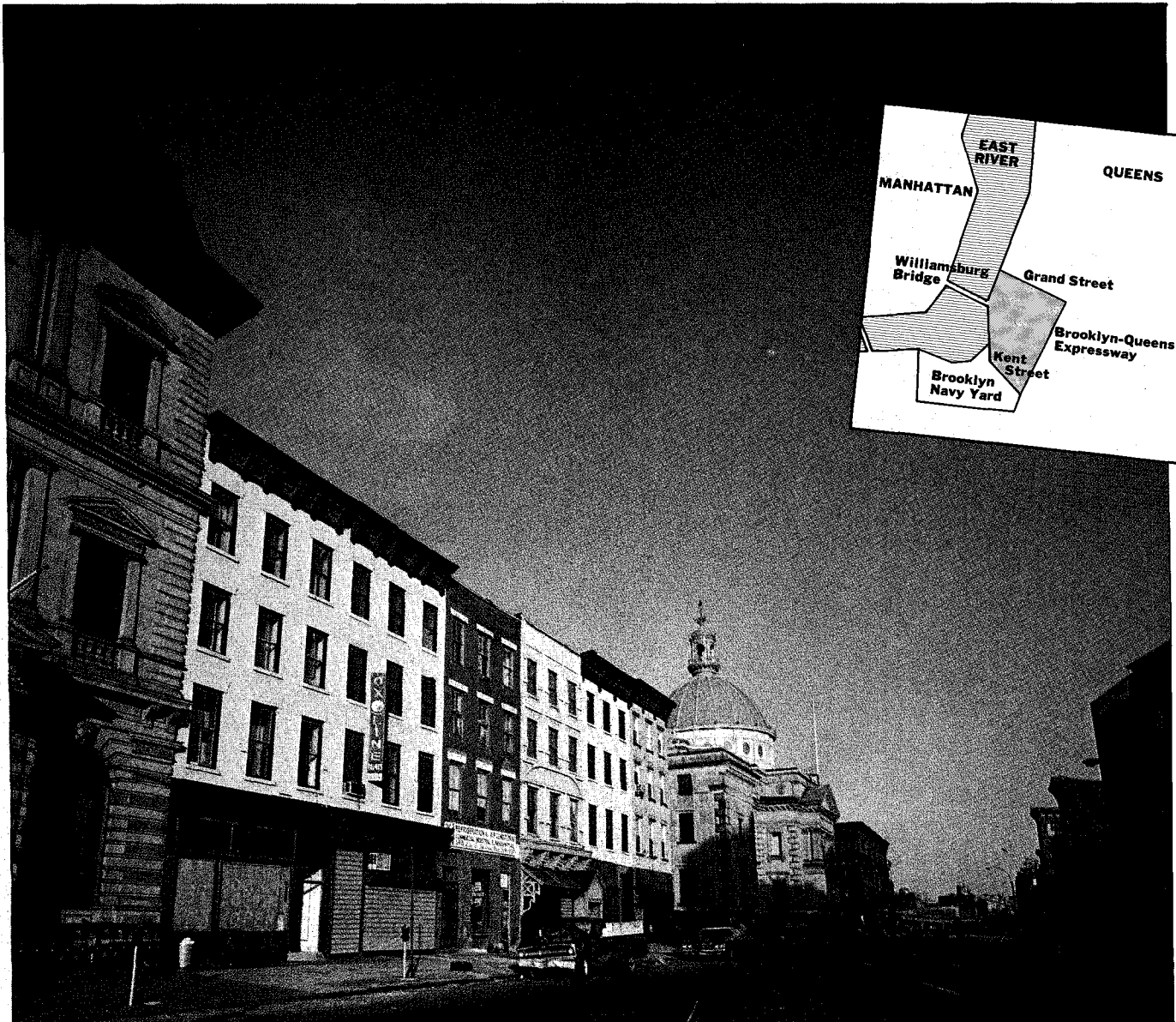
Several renovations are under way near the riverbank. Prices vary, depending on the block and whether or not the building affords river views. Vacancy rates in loft buildings are fairly high, which usually means that landlords are willing to negotiate.

A former factory with terraced lofts of 5,000 square feet is being rented at \$850 per month; a few blocks in from the bridge, three-story commercial buildings—handsome brick walk-ups—are for sale in the \$8,000-to-\$12,000 range. The district is zoned for manu-

facturing, however; those who want to transform lofts legally (see the article on page 65) must look for commercial structures that meet the building code or join with local leaders in fighting for a change in the interpretation of zoning laws—as the SoHo artists did.

The streets of Williamsburg are a tapestry of storefront yeshivas, *bodegas*, churches, walk-ups, and an occasional cultural center. For fancy dining, there's the Peter Luger Steak House on Broadway, a neighborhood fixture for 100 years. And, at the Marcy Avenue subway station in downtown Williamsburg, the tightly knit communities of Hasidic Jews, Puerto Ricans, and Poles come together to display their foods.

Any substantial transformation of the neighborhood will take years, but community groups seem well organized and determined to upgrade the area.



Transformation zone: Landmark-designated banks and Victorian mercantile buildings stretch along Brooklyn's Broadway (above) from the East River to the Williamsburg Bridge plaza. Some 150 space colonists have turned those factories into home.

The Bowery Panhandle

On Skid Row, spinach-salad bistros are slowly replacing the soup kitchens. Nowadays, the terms "conversion" and "salvation" mean, very often, the salvaging of living space. Not that the homeless men have disappeared—it's just that they are being joined by explorers looking for cheapish lofts and willing to put up with dismaying surroundings to get them. America's archetypal end-of-the-line offers one of the remaining concentrations of affordable space within walking distance of the Village and that mother lode of loft living, SoHo.

In a skillet-shaped area along the Bowery and Third Avenue from Canal Street to 14th, pushing west to Broadway, settlers are finding that rents for converted industrial buildings range from \$3 to \$4 per square foot for raw

space, up to \$700 per month for lofts with everything they need to make a factory a home—heat, bathrooms, kitchens, flooring, wiring. The area is zoned for commercial as well as manufacturing uses, and a special amendment in the law permits artists to live in industrial buildings. Several hundred "artists" have already moved into those buildings, although 86 of the 107 conversions are considered illegal because of building-code violations.

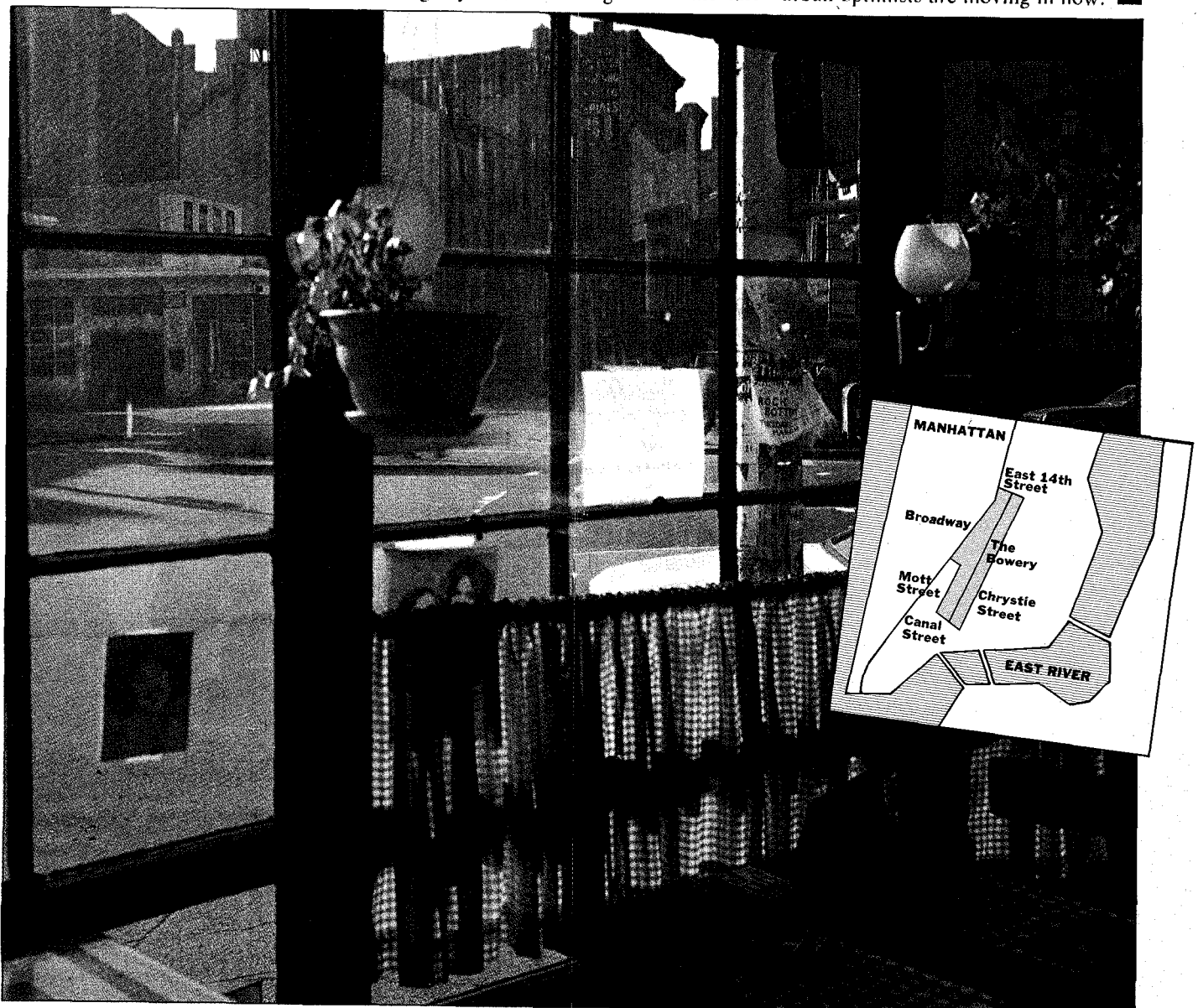
The townscape is diverse—a mixture of nineteenth-century cast-iron warehouses, massive brick factory buildings, and low-rise tenements (also undergoing renovation). The district is more airy and open than other transformation zones—the streets are wider, the buildings lower. And the stretch from Bleeker Street to Astor Place looks vaguely like something out of the last

century: here and there Federal townhouses and handsome landmarks such as Cooper Union, the Astor Library, and an 80-year-old firehouse.

The neighborhood offers definite rewards. The markets of Orchard Street, Little Italy, and the East Village are all within easy walking distance. Small food and service stores can be found along the side streets, and mass-transit connections are excellent.

But the rest of the area is grim. The streets nearest the Houston Street–Bowery intersections are home to thousands of alcoholics, addicts, and drifters. Angry residents are demanding that the city close the men's shelter on East 3rd Street, a magnet for the city's derelicts.

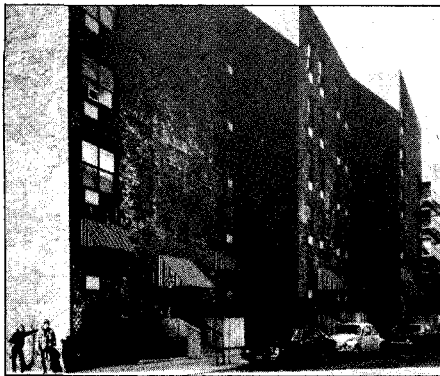
From the looks of it, the Bowery has a distance to go before down-and-out is replaced by up-and-coming. But the urban optimists are moving in now. ■



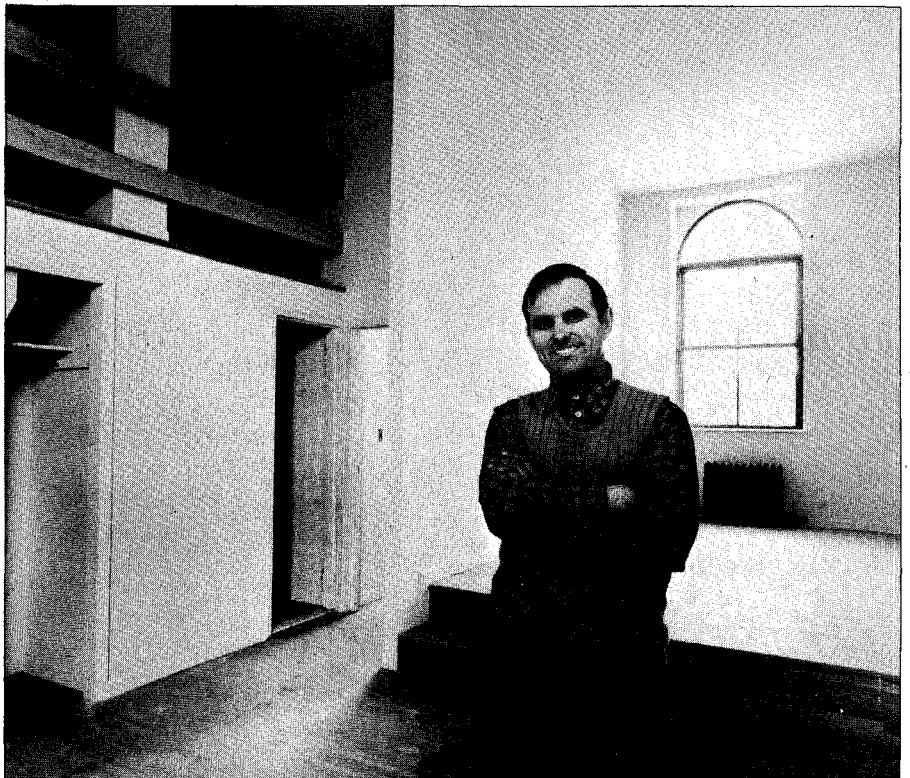
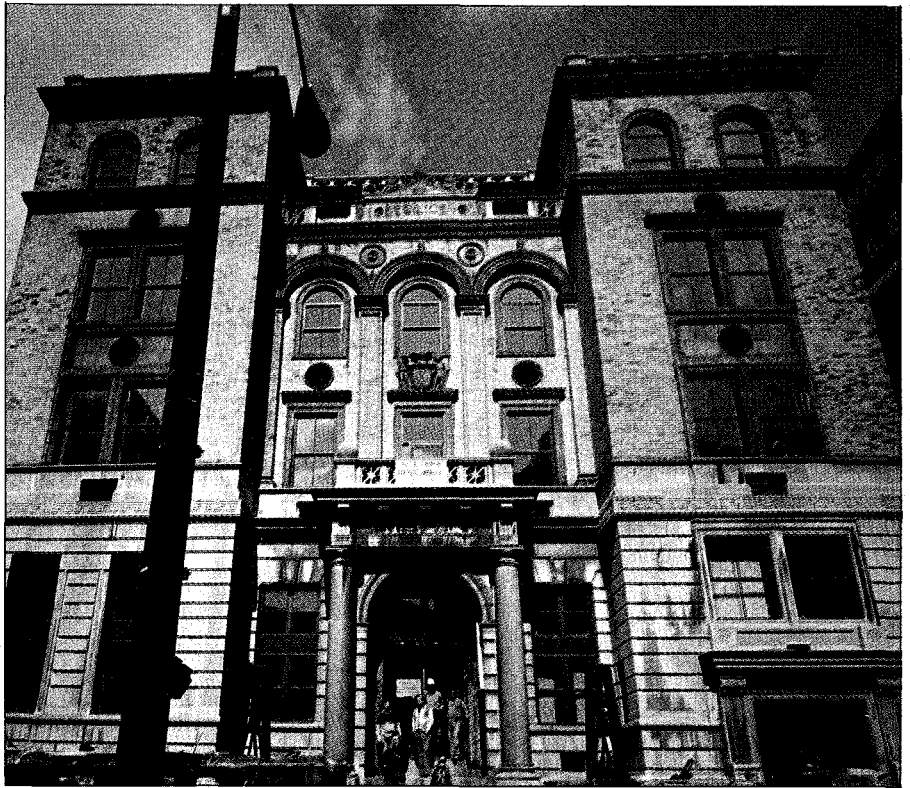
This, too, is salvation: At Bond Street and the Bowery (seen, above, from the inside of the Tin Palace restaurant), a gas station sits next to Federal architecture which jostles Italianate factory buildings being converted into lofts by residential pioneers.

How the West Village Was Won

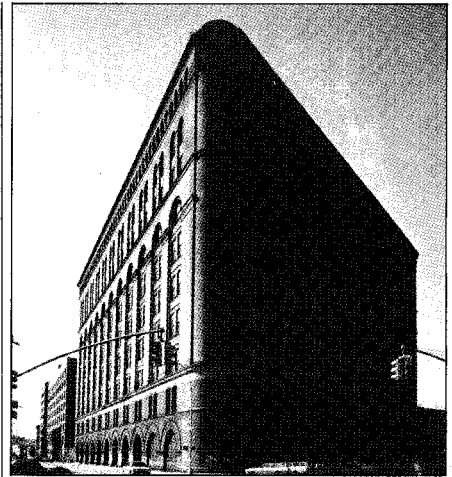
By Suzanne Stephens



Saving the far-west Village wasn't easy. A commercial strip from Hudson Street three blocks over to West Street, and from Bank Street seven blocks south to Morton, has long sat in a crumbling stupor of dilapidated factories and warehouses. In the early sixties the city wanted to clear it and build a clump of middle-income high-rise apartments, but advocacy planner Jane Jacobs and others foresaw a destructive impact on the neighborhood's human scale. They finally persuaded the city to build a low-rise brick version (above), the West Village Houses, which has floor-through apartments overlooking grassy courtyards. Then it took thirteen years to get the 420 rental units through the city approval process and also through construction. The housing helped crystallize a West Village renaissance that had begun hesitantly with the Westbeth artists' housing project in 1967. Following the lead of Westbeth—itself converted from the old Bell Laboratories on Bank Street—and spurred on by a recent city tax-abatement program, developers are fast transforming the area into a residential enclave. Stables, mercantile buildings, storage warehouses, and a customhouse and post office are all turning residential. The apartments, like those on these pages, will have high ceilings, large windows, solid walls, and more character than the normal high-rise eggcrate—and will preserve neighborhood scale.



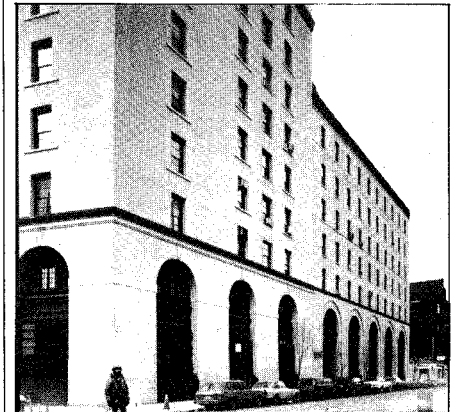
New York's Finest: Back in 1895, when police stations were palaces and Teddy Roosevelt was commissioner of New York City's Police Department, architect John du Fais designed the ornate precinct building at 135 Charles Street (top). Now the late-Renaissance Revival building is being turned into 45 rental apartments with sleeping lofts, high windows, and thirteen-foot-high ceilings. Builder-owner Slavko Bernic (above) picked up the station house for \$215,000 at a city auction and asked architect Frank Farinella to design the apartments so that the cornices, columns, coping, string courses, and other festoonery on the façade of the nonlandmark building would survive. The rehabilitation—a particularly outstanding example of the architectural heritage being saved by the West Village renewal—should be completed by June. It will contain a variety of multilevel apartments renting for \$325 to \$600 a month.



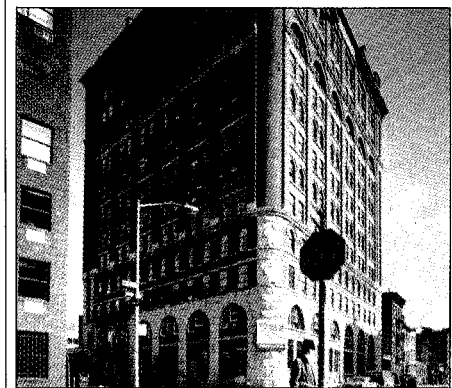
Conversion to come: The ten-story Federal Archive Building on Christopher Street, a Romanesque Revival landmark, was once a customs inspection house. If the federal government approves, architects Beyer, Blinder & Belle will turn the 1892 structure into five floors of shops and theaters, as well as 260 apartments.



Warehouse work-over: The decidedly industrial look of this old storage warehouse at 505 Hudson Street (top) belies the luxurious spaces being carved out inside. Architects Grafton W. Potter and Robert Mars Golder (shown left and right, above, with Vincent Molinari of Al-Ev Construction) are transforming the 1890s building (which they own with Jerome Kreitchmer and Austin Laber) into 24 one- to three-bedroom co-ops. Ceilings are eleven and twelve feet high; living-room windows are often as high, and they are eight feet wide at least. Views in two directions are common. On top of that, almost every apartment has a new fireplace, and fifteen of the flats open onto private balconies or gardens. The asking price: \$42,000 to \$92,000. For those who want something older and more intimate, the architects have taken over the 1832 brick buildings next door and are restoring and converting them. All units share a rear garden.



Transformed: The Towers, a late-nineteenth-century storage warehouse at Greenwich and Charles streets, was converted into 158 apartments three years ago. The stepped-down building, with its large arched openings, is fully occupied.



In progress: Arches, high windows, and the granite and orange brick characteristic of the 1890s storage warehouses in the area should draw occupants to Shepherd House at Washington and 10th streets. The 144 apartments, designed by Bernard Rothzeit, will be ready in June.

Factory Facelifts

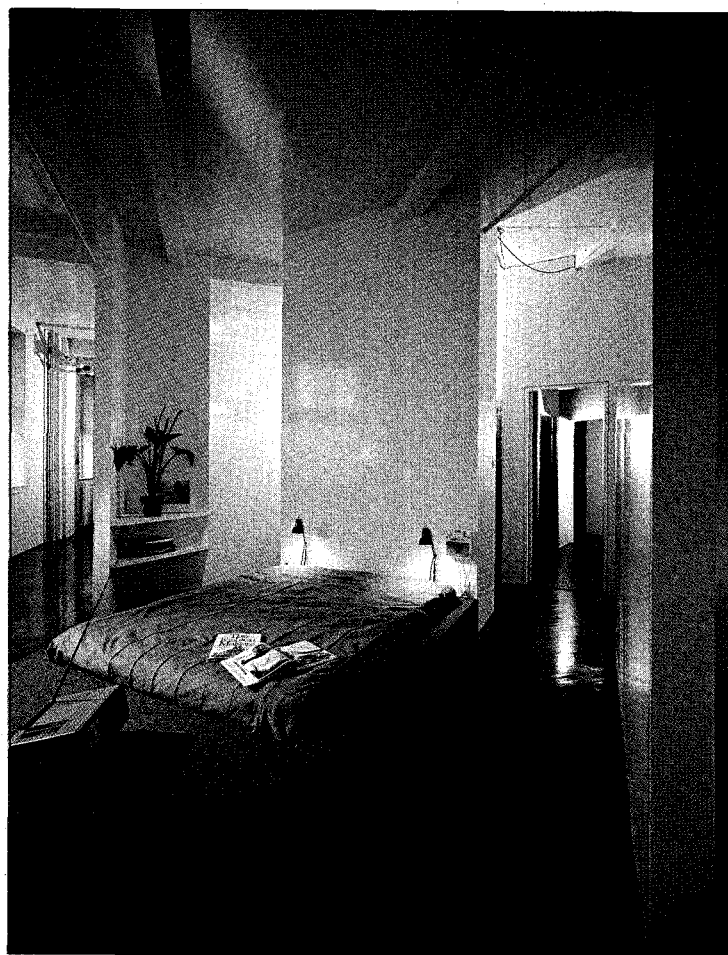
By Peter Carlsen

As the new urban pioneers expand into the uncharted areas of abandoned manufacturing buildings, they are creating new kinds of residential spaces. What they preserve from the structures' former incarnations are vast, uncluttered expanses, high ceilings, and rooms bathed in light.

Here are two transformations: On these two pages, a die-cutting factory that has become a gleaming, airy residential setting; overleaf, an abandoned carpentry shop that has been opened to the light with two dramatic skylights.

Kevin Walz (below right, with his wife, Barbra) has fashioned a home out of a loft covering a quarter of an acre, surrounded by eighteen windows. "My first priority was to avoid the sense of

intimidating hugeness which this kind of space can induce," he says. So he constructed a central core of open-ended rooms encompassing kitchen, bedroom, dining room, and storage space, plus two completely enclosed areas for the bathroom and darkroom. This arrangement provides both privacy and the flexibility that is one of the virtues of large-scale living. It also divides the floor into two separate spaces. The southern exposure is a living-and-dining area; the northern end is divided into studios for Kevin, an interior and graphic designer, and Barbra, a photographer. The result is a wide-angled world that is remote from the city even as it is a part of its ongoing renewal.



Die Factory Transformed



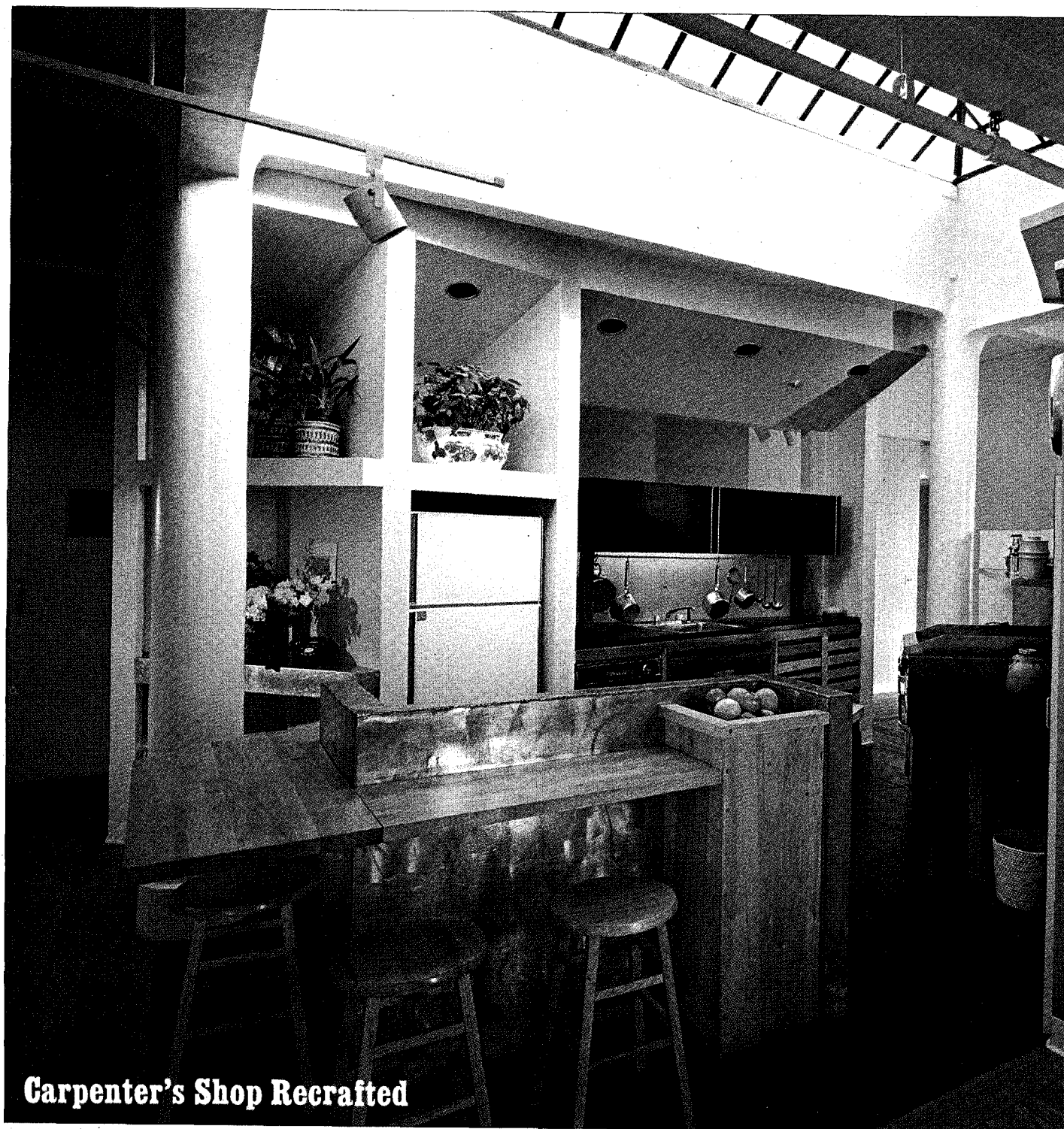


Partners in space: Kevin and Barbra Walz live and work in a former die-cutting factory in Chelsea. Their bedroom (far left), a sober and elegant combination of privacy and openness, is hidden behind a diagonal wall, which prevents its being seen from the living area.

Flooded with light: The living-and-dining area (above) is painted in high-gloss white enamel; the floors are seven-year maple stained a shiny black. Sheetrock covers the walls of the central core area, and the platforms are plywood under industrial carpeting. Visible on the right is

the kitchen, balancing the bedroom, just glimpsed on the left. "I can make as much of a mess as I want in the studio," says Barbra, "then walk into the front and not see any of it. And of course it's very handy when I have lots of people arriving to be photographed. While I was in the studio

shooting a magazine feature on the costumes for *The Wiz* [the movie], there were models and wardrobe people milling about the living room—and nobody got in anybody's way." This kind of harmony is obviously one of the by-products of combining working and living in one span of space.



Carpenter's Shop Recrafted

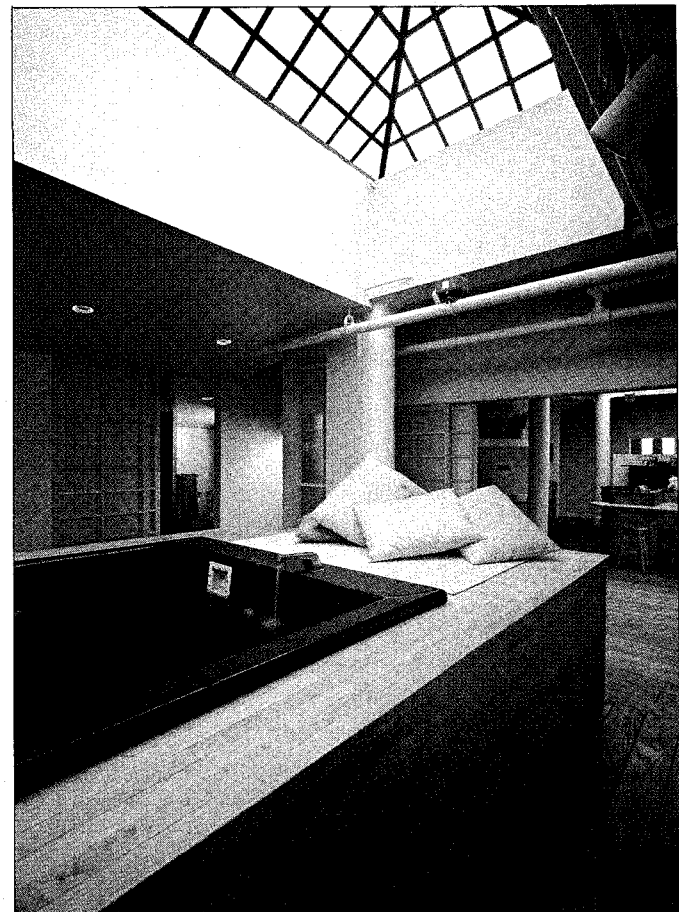
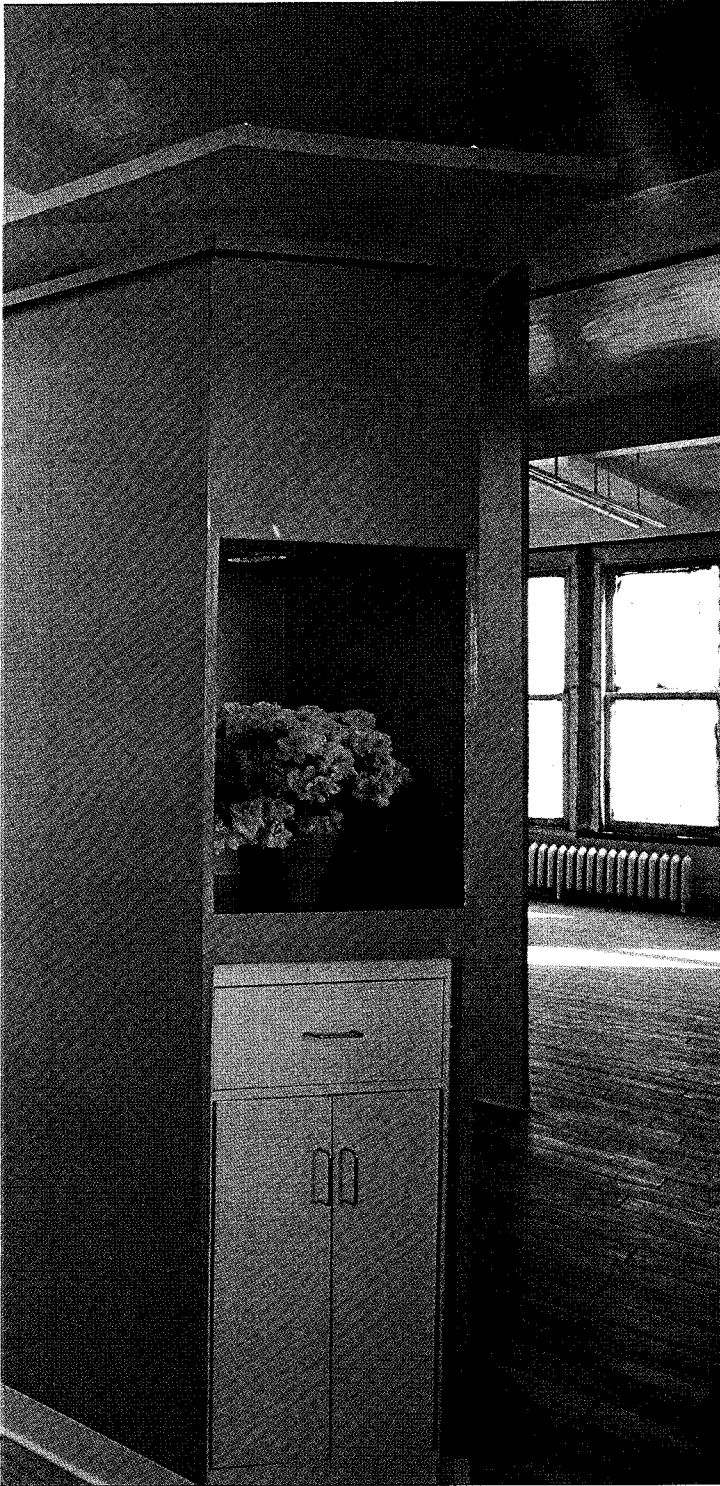
The light way: Cleo Nichols (near right, standing) and his wife, Rhea (seated), live in the soft, lucid glow from two skylights cut into the roof of what was once an old carpentry shop in Chelsea. Cleo's natural concern is with illumination: He designs installations for Asia House and Japan House.

The source: "I'm opposed to overly bare, factorylike spaces," says Cleo. "That is why I designed the kitchen [above] to be a complex center to the space. So much pleasurable human activity takes place there. I used walls like sculpture to enclose and define it." Cleo believes that wood, because it

is organic, is the most responsive and gentle material to use in a post-industrial space. The kitchen has black-slate floors. Throughout the rest of the apartment, though, the floors are elm, almost never found in modern buildings. Cleo uncovered a supply of the wood in a marine yard.

Under the sky: A griddle skylight (top right) illuminates the complex interplay of forms which surround the kitchen.

For sybaritic dipping: A pool/bath (bottom, far right) lined in black industrial rubber is located directly under the second skylight.



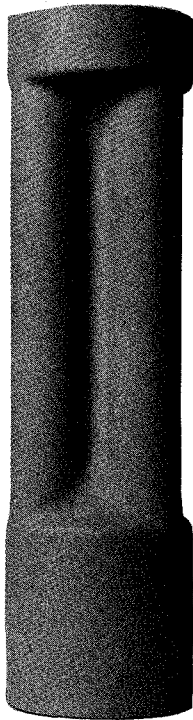
Future perfect: "We're by no means finished," says book editor Rhea. "We have some wonderful ideas. An unfinished room facing north will become our room for viewing the Empire State Building, for instance. But the most important thing to both of us is the skylights."



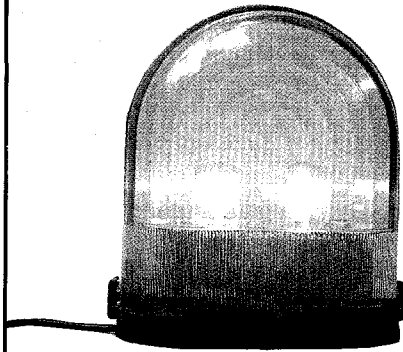
Useful Ideas for Empty Spaces

By Peter Carlsen

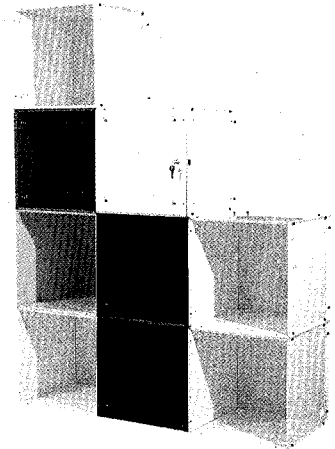
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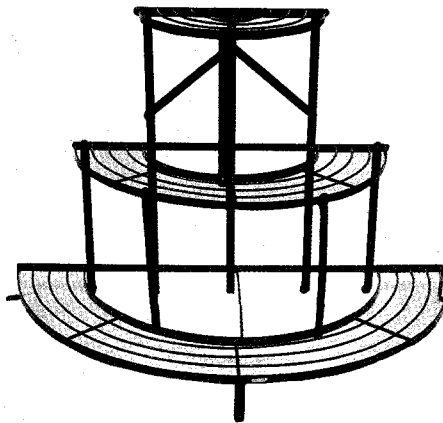
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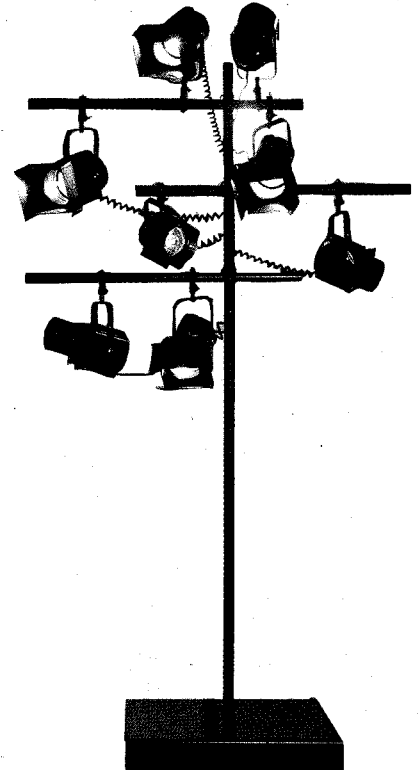
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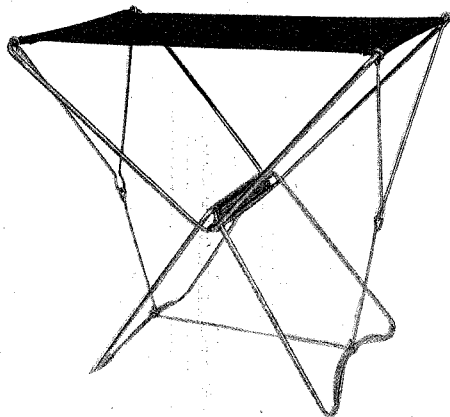
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For furnishing an industrial-space-turned-home, what could be more appropriate than objects that are in themselves transformations? These items either were inspired by industrial or commercial prototypes, or are the real thing—transformed.

1. Flower pillar: "Trifoglio," this 16 3/4-inch vase, looks like an architectural

fragment. By Danese of Italy, it is \$109 at Abitare, 212 East 57th Street.

2. Arc light: "Ciara," an incandescent lamp that looks like a car headlight and also comes in a fluorescent version, mounts on the wall or on a stand. This model, by Morsa Lighting, is \$100 at Abitare.

3. Three-part invention: This is a wrought-iron plant stand, but we like it as a

sculpture, a clotheshorse, a hat rack, whatever. It is \$61 at Conran's, 54th Street and Third Avenue.

4. The sum of its parts: This series of enameled steel units can stack in any configuration. Each unit is \$45 at Inter/Graph, 59th Street and Third Avenue.

5. Perch here: The fisherman's stool is a triumph of minimalism, canvas tautly stretched over

aluminum. It is \$7 at Design Research, 53 East 57th Street.

6. "In" boxes: Fill these bold plastic units with clothes or kitchen gear. They are \$5.25 each at Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares, 64th Street and Lexington Avenue.

7. Lights! Action! "LiteMast," twelve feet high, will flood your space with dazzling, theatrical-intensity light. It is about \$2,000 to order at Abitare. ■

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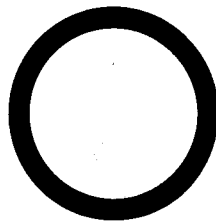


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The Legal Lowdown on Converting Loft Buildings

By Andrew O. Shapiro

"... Some loft dwellers may soon face a disagreeable choice: carry out upgrading or carry out the furniture and vacate ..."

During March, some Manhattan loft dwellers had an unexpected visitor: a housing inspector from the Department of Buildings. He was ringing bells and climbing stairs at the start of what may well turn out to be the department's largest concerted hunt for illegally converted lofts. The inspector's marching orders, which he is pursuing on a full-time basis, result from a survey of Manhattan loft living completed in September 1977 by the Department of City Planning. According to the survey, 936 out of 1,023 converted loft buildings south of 59th Street contain illegal residences. Some loft dwellers who blithely settled into these 936 targeted buildings may, before the year is out, be confronted with a disagreeable choice: either carry out major upgrading or carry out the furniture and vacate.

There are good reasons for taking the trouble to convert a loft building in compliance with the law. One, you can't be evicted for being an illegal resident. Two, following the rules could save your life in case of fire. Three, you may get a sizable break on your real-estate taxes.

When a building is legally converted, it receives a certificate of occupancy (C of O) for residence from the Department of Buildings. (The illegal residences in the survey all lacked the necessary C of O.) This C of O is an official stamp of approval, certifying that the building is sufficiently safe and sound for human beings, not machines, to spend the night.

To determine whether a loft building can qualify for a C of O, you need to answer two questions: (1) Does the zoning law permit residential living in the building? (2) How much upgrading will be required, and what kind of improvements will be permitted in order to bring the building within health and safety standards imposed by the building codes?

Zoning

Generally speaking, all parts of New York City are zoned into one of three categories: residential ("R" zones), commercial ("C" zones), or manufacturing ("M" zones). Residential use of a loft building is permissible in any "R" zone and in all but certain "C" zones. (Areas zoned as C7, for example, are restricted

to commercial recreational uses.)

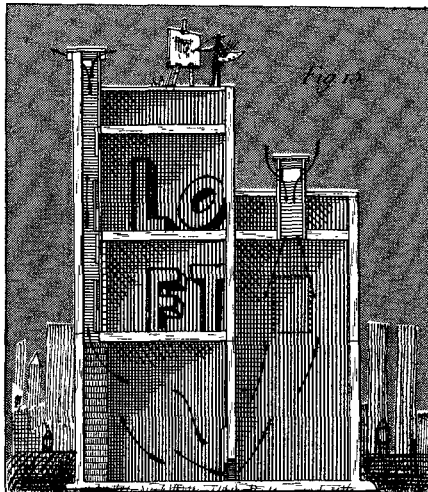
Residential housing is not usually allowed in "M" zones. But in lower Manhattan, amendments to the zoning law have created special loft-living districts within certain "M" zones.

The best known of these "M" zones are SoHo (south of Houston Street) and NoHo (north of Houston Street). Industrial-loft space in both areas can be converted into joint living-working quarters for artists. Residential lofts for nonartists are not permitted, except for certain inhabitants of NoHo who resided there prior to April 27, 1976.

To qualify for conversion, loft buildings must have a lot coverage under 5,000 square feet. Buildings with frontage along Broadway must have a lot coverage of under 3,600 square feet. The minimum size for artists' lofts in SoHo and NoHo is 1,200 square feet. If the floors in the building have less than this minimum area, conversion is still authorized, provided there is no more than one loft per floor.

Normally, the ground floor and second floor in SoHo and NoHo loft buildings are restricted to commercial and industrial use. However, the City Planning Commission can grant a special permit, allowing artists' lofts below the third floor (for example, in the case of an artist working in a heavy or bulky medium which is not easily transported to upper floors).

Just south of SoHo lies the old Washington Market area, now known as "TriBeCa" (triangle below Canal Street).



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Certification of Artists

To qualify for a joint living-working loft in SoHo, NoHo, or TriBeCa, an artist must first be certified by the Department of Cultural Affairs. The purpose of the certification process is not to render aesthetic judgments but to evaluate the degree of the artist's commitment to his work as well as his need for a large loft-type space.

The artist must fill out an application for certification, indicating the nature of his art form and why it demands a large space. A résumé is also requested along with slides or photographs of the artist's work. The application is reviewed by a committee composed of community artists and arts-management people.

Applications are available from: Artists Certification Committee, Department of Cultural Affairs, 830 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10021. For further information, call Claire Tankel at Cultural Affairs: 360-8185. —A.S.

Zoning amendments adopted in 1976 make TriBeCa the first "M" zone where conversion can take place for general residential purposes as well as for artists' quarters. The minimum floor area for a general residential TriBeCa loft is determined by a sliding scale, which is based on how much light and ventilation the windows provide. Artists' lofts, as in SoHo and NoHo, have a minimum area of 1,200 square feet. In no event can the number of lofts in a building average out to more than one per every 1,000 square feet of dwelling space.

TriBeCa buildings containing fifteen or more converted lofts must be equipped with rooftop recreational areas covering at least 30 percent of the roof. As in SoHo and NoHo, the first two floors of TriBeCa loft buildings are reserved for commercial or industrial uses, but these restrictions can be modified by either the commissioner of buildings or the City Planning Commission.

Most loft buildings in the city are located in "C" zones where conversion is permitted, or "M" zones, where it is not (except for SoHo, NoHo, and TriBeCa). In certain "R" zones, notably the West Village, loft buildings still exist, and conversion there is legal. Even in zones where conversion is generally prohibited, exceptions can occasionally be made. The Board of Standards and Appeals has the power to grant zoning variances, which are exceptions to the zoning law designed to avoid undue hardship. Securing a variance

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can be a drawn-out procedure, however, with no guarantee of success. Professional assistance from a lawyer or architect is essential, and the fees may run as high as \$10,000.

Assuming zoning poses no obstacle to conversion, the next question is what steps must be taken to bring an industrial loft into compliance with residential-living standards. Since the building codes are incredibly complex and subject to considerable interpretation, there is no pat list of dos and don'ts. Each conversion presents a unique set of problems, and regulations that apply in one case may not apply to another. Nevertheless, some general guidelines may be offered, covering such major concerns as fire egress, light and ventilation, and room subdivision.

Fire Exits

Every converted loft building must have adequate exits in case of fire. Ordinarily, two means of fire egress must be accessible from each loft. Exactly what means of egress will suffice depends on whether the building is fireproof (basically constructed with steel and concrete floors) or nonfireproof (construction with wood floors). In a fireproof building, there must usually be two interior stairways, both accessible from a common hallway that can be entered directly from the loft. The means of egress in a nonfireproof building can consist of one interior stairway accessible from a common hallway and one exterior fire escape directly accessible from the loft.

In many loft buildings, a serious problem can be created when one floor is subdivided into two lofts. Subdivision may cut off one loft's access to the fire escape, leaving it with only one means of egress. A common misconception among loft dwellers is that a doorway connecting the two lofts is a legally acceptable—even legally mandated—means of access to the fire escape. Such a door is illegal, and a violation will be issued if the door is discovered. The legal solution to a cut-off fire escape can be expensive: for example, constructing a special passageway through the obstructing loft, installing a sprinkler system, or adding another interior stairway.

The rules governing fire egress also affect another common feature found in many lofts: sleeping platforms or "mezzanines" erected above the main floor space. Elevated platforms are legal for sleeping, provided there is headroom of seven feet. (Actually, there must be a seven-foot clearance below as well as above the platform.) The platform must be equipped with a stairway (at least two feet six inches wide)

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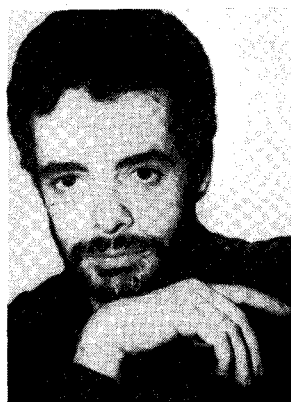
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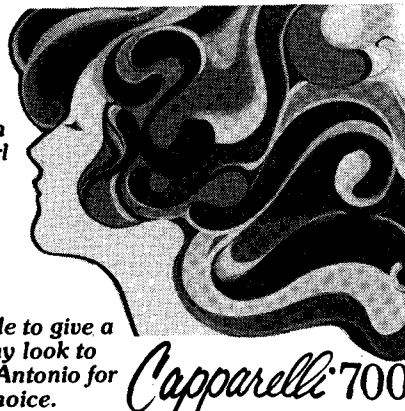
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that terminates no more than twenty feet from an exit door or fire escape. All portions of the platform must be within 50 feet of the exit door or fire escape. Smoke detectors may be required in every sleeping area, whether it is a platform or a regular bedroom.

Light and Ventilation

Every converted loft must have adequate light and ventilation. In general, the window area must be equal to at least 10 percent of the floor area of the room that it serves (a 5 percent ratio is permissible in some circumstances), and 50 percent of the window area must be openable. For example, a loft space of 500 square feet requires 50 square feet of window area, of which 25 square feet is openable.

Certain floor areas may be excluded when calculating the total area served by any given windows: for example, foyers, bathrooms, enclosed storage areas, and kitchenettes (under 59 square feet and served by mechanical ventilation).

More important, certain windows cannot be included in the calculation of window area. So-called lot-line windows are the most common example. They are windows in any wall built on the boundary with an adjoining vacant lot. Lot-line windows may become obstructed if a building is erected or enlarged on the adjoining lot. No matter how much sunshine you may see pouring through a lot-line window, remember, the law sees only a solid brick wall. Conceivably, lot-line windows can be legalized if the adjoining landowners grant a light-and-air easement, agreeing not to erect any obstruction.

The layout of a loft can be vitally affected by the window-to-floor ratio. Picture a loft space 100 feet deep with legal windows at the front and back ends only. The total window area may more than adequately serve the entire loft space, but if the space is subdivided improperly, part of the loft may be deprived of adequate light and ventilation. For example, a row of bedrooms, twenty feet deep, built along one end of the loft will leave 80 percent of the floor area to be served by only 50 percent of the window area. While the window-to-floor ratio may be more than ample in the bedrooms, it will probably fall short elsewhere.

A well-thought-out plan can take maximum advantage of the existing window-to-floor ratio. For example,

using low partitions (three to four feet) or open shelves, which suggest spaces, allows all available windows to service the entire floor area.

Designing a Kitchen

Many loft dwellers like to have open kitchens—that is, kitchens not walled off from the rest of the loft. There is no rule against open kitchens. They can, however, cause problems when a loft consists of one undivided space containing the kitchen: The entire loft may be deemed a kitchen. While there are many things you can do legally in a kitchen—eat, sit, type, sculpt, even play a piano—sleeping is not one.

There are architectural solutions to this legal dilemma. You can separate the kitchen sufficiently to create a discrete room without necessarily losing the desired effect of an open kitchen. If the kitchen area is less than 59 square feet and has mechanical ventilation, you might separate the kitchen by installing waist-high counters and mounting a two-foot drop arch on the ceiling. The drop-arch enclosure will trap gases for the ventilator exhaust fan. In effect, you will have created a self-contained but still open kitchenette; the loft space outside the kitchenette can then be used for sleeping.

If the kitchen area is greater than 59 square feet, you have a full kitchen, which requires natural ventilation through a legal window (not a lot-line window). Once again, you may be able to employ a drop arch, this time to unite the kitchen area with a nearby window.

To successfully convert a loft building, you will need the services of an architect and probably those of an attorney. Hiring an architect (or engineer) who is experienced in loft conversions is particularly important. He must file the plans for your conversion with the Department of Buildings. He may frequently have to interpret the building code and argue fine points in order to overcome objections raised by building inspectors.

The successful conclusion of a legal conversion effort is issuance of a certificate of occupancy. As long as your building continues to meet the standards essential for issuance of the C of O, you will not have to fear the building inspector's knock at your door. Your C of O will also have important financial consequences. For one thing, when the mortgage comes due on a converted

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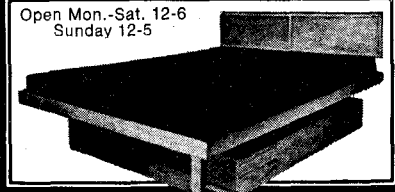
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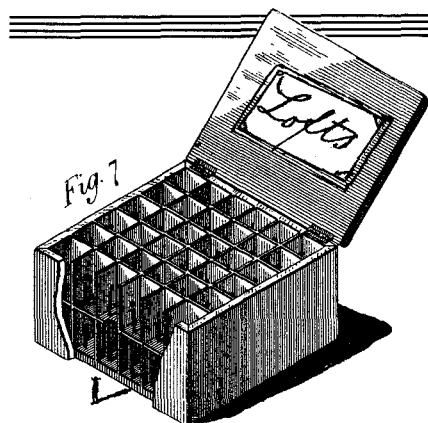
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loft building, many banks now require a C of O for refinancing.

Tax Breaks

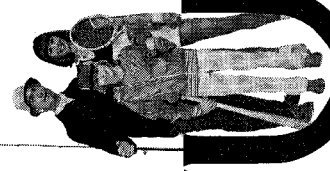
Perhaps the best financial incentive for securing a C of O is the tax break you get under the city's J-51 program (named for a section of the Administrative Code). J-51 tax relief is the pot of gold at the end of the loft-conversion rainbow, and it is available only to buildings with a C of O.

A building qualifying for J-51 benefits gets both an exemption from paying certain local real-estate taxes and an abatement, or reduction, of local taxes that are not wiped out by the exemption. Any increase in the assessed valuation of the building that results from the conversion is exempt from all local taxes for twelve years. Say a loft building had a preconversion assessed valuation of \$70,000. The conversion results in a new assessed valuation of \$280,000. The building would be exempt from local taxes on the \$210,000 increase in assessment for a period of twelve years.

Not only is the owner exempt from these higher taxes, but also his normal taxes on the lower assessment can be abated—in some cases to zero. J-51 allows taxes to be abated annually by as much as 8.33 percent of the reasonable cost of the conversion. Sometimes this abatement may actually exceed whatever tax is due. If so, the owner pays no local taxes and furthermore earns a "carry-over" for the excess abatement. This carry-over is a credit in later years, when the exemption does not reduce taxes to zero.

A J-51 abatement can last anywhere from 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 20 years. Generally speaking, the total amount of the abatement cannot exceed 90 percent of the reasonable cost of the conversion.

To apply for J-51 tax benefits, write: J-51 Program, Department of Housing Preservation and Development, 100 Gold Street, New York City 10038. For further information, call Ben Rottenstein, the director of the J-51 program, at 566-0622.

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On the Crosstown Bus

By Philip Ross

“...The young woman’s anger is directed at the bus driver, who is sitting behind the steering wheel reading the *Daily News*...”

As I turn the corner from West End, I can already hear the shouting. “Let us in” are the first words I pick up. The person yelling is a young woman who is standing at the front of a line that is waiting to get on the 86th Street cross-town bus. Her anger is directed at the driver of the bus, who is sitting behind the steering wheel reading the *Daily News*, his door closed.

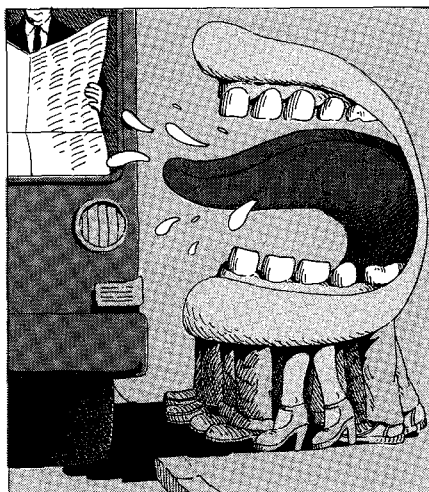
This woman is not alone in her fury. Her husband, for example, has started to wave his umbrella at the driver, and most of the twenty or so other people on line are mumbling curses and threats.

A fellow would-be traveler fills me in. The bus pulled up to the stop, where the eastbound run originates, three or four minutes ago. But instead of opening his doors, the driver lit up a cigarette and slouched back in his seat. When the woman at the front of the line asked him what the hell was going on, he said that he is allowed to take a five-minute break at this stop and was damn well going to take it. Since that exchange, it has been a standoff, with the passengers doing all the standing.

A minute or two pass and the doors swing open. We all have to wait while the couple in the front stops at the top of the steps to offer a few more choice words to the driver. Some of them are “arrogant,” “tyrant,” and “maniac.”

When I finally arrive at the token box, I get my first real look at the driver. He is a thin man of about 50, wearing a uniform that needs pressing. His hair is white, his complexion is pasty. His pale-blue eyes seem lifeless.

Most of the seats are taken by the time we begin to move, and I am



aware of a growing camaraderie among the passengers. We have shared a New York ordeal, and it has brought us together against a common enemy. As we cross Broadway, the aisles are filled with laughter occasioned by the barbs being tossed at the driver. “Do you stop at Dachau?” is one of them.

The young couple that had been first on line are really warming up now. “Did it ever occur to you that the people standing out there were human beings who were shivering in the cold?” the wife shouts from her seat. “Do you understand what it means to be a human being?”

The driver doesn’t answer.

“Couldn’t you have let us in and then taken your break?” her husband picks up. “Was that too much to ask?”

This time the driver speaks. “If I had parked around the corner and taken my break,” he says without affect, “you would still have had to wait,

and you wouldn’t be yelling at me. So why am I supposed to feel guilty?”

Groans compete with each other. “It’s no use,” says our male leader. “You can’t reason with people like that. They don’t understand what the word ‘consideration’ means.”

We are somewhere around Columbus when I have my first pang. Perhaps it has something to do with the self-congratulatory expressions on the faces of the young couple that are leading the assault, the smugness in their voices. They are proud of the way they can handle situations like this.

I look around at the others and what I see is a group of people who are young, who have futures, who stand willingly on line at Zabar’s.

As we approach Central Park West, where I’m getting off, I think about our driver. I think about a man who spends his life driving people like us back and forth on 86th Street. I think about his five-minute breaks.

The bus stops, the doors swing open, and I walk to the front. I pause next to the driver, uncertain about what I want to say. What comes out is this: “I just want you to know that I think what you did was absolutely right.”

The driver looks straight ahead and says nothing. I turn to leave, humiliated. I have been betrayed more by my own instincts than by this insensitive blob. That will teach me.

I have reached the bottom step and am just stepping off when I hear a voice behind me. “Mister,” it says.

I turn around. The driver is looking down at me. “Thank you, buddy,” he says. And then he turns away because he has started to cry.



The New Blockbuster Shrinks

By John Wykert

“... Many New York therapists now specialize in the emotional hazards faced by professionals—writers, singers, cops, etc. . . .”

Much as the medieval guilds once had their patron saints, so specific professions today have looked to their own kinds of ministering psychiatric angels. That is so because the pain that drives the professional into a therapeutic alliance may stem as much from the anxieties, aggressions, and conflicts of the working life as from childhood traumas. For example, the ballerina must compete fiercely to become a “star,” yet she is also forced to be an integral part of a dance company; her innate drive to excel is opposed by the obvious necessity to cooperate. To help the ballerina—or any other professional—the therapist must understand the demands of a unique and special world. As a consequence, the knowledgeable professional chooses a therapist who is already familiar with the hazards of his particular occupation and can get at individual problems swiftly. The num-

ber of therapists who specialize in treating members of a specific profession—priests, policemen, opera singers, writers—is growing. The following is only a small sample of New York’s specialized therapists.

□ **Creative people:** Dr. Erika Freeman is a psychoanalyst whose creative clients occasionally require swift and intense intervention to salvage their careers. This happens when writers are blocked, actors can’t get hold of a character they are portraying, or directors “can’t reach” their actors, to cite a few such predicaments. And, no longer confined to the ivory tower of the couch, Dr. Freeman will use unusual means to help. A typical emergency in her practice involved an actor who had barely four weeks before leaving New York for out-of-town work.

“It turned out there was a massive job that had to be done on him, so

that he would not fall apart, so that he could still function, and, if possible, grow,” she explains. “Sometimes a single session would last three hours. The patient would go through crisis after crisis. It was as though he had a large boil that had to be lanced before it exploded and killed him. Our working together served the immediate purpose, and the effects lasted until he could go for the extended treatment he really needed.”

At the present time, Dr. Freeman is working on a book that deals with blocks. “I don’t want to demean the problem of writer’s block by saying it is easy to treat,” she says, “but it is not too difficult. There are several kinds, and the first thing to find out is whether or not it is a matter of a ‘true block’ or one that serves the purpose of gaining sympathy. Or is it a vague excuse for general indolence?”

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Or a manifestation of suspecting one's worthlessness, lack of talent, or a general sense of inferiority?

"Sometimes the block is built by external circumstances and external attitudes," Dr. Freeman continues. "That means the wife, the mother, the girl friend, the agent, or the editor doesn't like what the writer has written. Their negative reaction is presented in the form of criticism: *They* won't like it."

"The 'they' involved are an amorphous lot who then populate the writer's block. The more anonymous the 'they' are, the more difficult to combat. The question for the writer to ask is, Who the hell are *they* and why should I care what *they* think? When the writer gets just angry enough he will work up enough adrenaline so that he gets started writing, and without giving a damn about pleasing *them*."

As an example of a relatively easy-to-treat block, Dr. Freeman cites the example of a playwright whose agent told him that TV would never buy the play he was working on. He became deeply blocked. But it turned out that he had aimed too low. His was one of those easy "external blocks." What he had thought might make a TV drama turned out instead to be the beginnings of what was to become a famous play. "The agent's disparagement and the fact that the writer had set his sights too low were responsible for this relatively simple-to-treat block," Dr. Freeman explains. "It was like a composer saying, 'Nobody here likes my symphony,' and then he realizes he is in a school for the deaf."

Dr. Freeman relishes her work but concedes that her special sympathy for a specific group of patients does impose extra work. "I need to keep up with both the analytic literature and varied developments in the particular worlds in which my patients function, be it the theater, the movies, publishing, or international affairs. That in itself keeps me on my toes."

□ **Opera singers:** Lilly Engler, M.D., a New York psychiatrist, studied opera for some years and even began singing professionally before deciding to study medicine. She did part of her psychiatric residency in her native Vienna, the opera capital of the world. Dr. Engler's singer-patients also frequently develop sudden problems that must be worked on swiftly.

"Last year when I was visiting in Vienna," she recalls, "a singer called me from nearby Salzburg. She was singing at the festival and was extremely anxious, insisting that she had to see me. She wanted to come that day to Vienna to talk to me, but I could not see her because I was leaving by train for Zurich to return home to New York. After

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much back and forth, we settled on our meeting. The singer got on the train as it made its Salzburg stop, sometime around 2 A.M., and we talked during the rest of that night, all the way to Zurich."

Often a sign that something is amiss is the sudden cancellation of an important appearance. It is, to be sure, a matter of prudence most of the time—artists may endanger their careers if they sing with a severe cold or a blister on their vocal cords. But, on occasion, the cancellation of an important date is the signal of deep-seated emotional problems coming to the surface.

"Opera stars," Dr. Engler points out, "have tremendous tensions, and fear looms large in their lives. Their constant and greatest fear is that they cannot produce onstage. There is an iron hand around their throats. Another recurrent kind of phobia centers on certain roles performed at specific opera houses. Where a tenor will sing a highly praised *Otello* in Vienna, he may be terrified of doing the same part at New York's Metropolitan Opera—even though he has had great success there during previous appearances."

Her patients are forever on the move. They return on and off for a few sessions whenever they happen to be in New York City. Dr. Engler is also quite peripatetic, and so she sees her patients in Paris, Milan, or Vienna. And there is always the telephone. Says Dr. Engler, "I am always available when my patients need me."

The degree of Dr. Engler's renown was illustrated at a party not long ago, when she was greeted with "Ah, so you're the singing psychiatrist."

□ **Clergymen and cops:** Stephen Nordlicht, M.D., was born in New York City and was trained here and in Switzerland. He is an extraordinarily gentle, self-effacing man who has been in private practice as a psychoanalyst for more than 30 years. During this time he has become particularly concerned with two "minority worlds," one contemplative, one action-oriented.

The first priest he treated saw him despite the disapproval of the Catholic church at the time. This attitude has changed since Pope John XXIII, Dr. Nordlicht explains. "Incidentally, my not being Catholic has never posed a problem," he adds. "Possibly the religious feel that they can speak more freely to me and also find me more objective than a therapist of their own faith."

What brings the Catholic clergy to the couch? It is a physical complaint that prompts the religious to seek first medical, then psychiatric, care. They are unaware of a depression; rather, they are insomniac and suffer feelings

of resentment. These feelings are due not so much to a crisis of faith as to their difficulties with authority.

Dr. Nordlicht notes, "When there is this sort of conflict, the religious are unable to bring to their work what they would like to. They feel childish anger that is manifest in various ways. There is rebelliousness. But once the problem is resolved, the original spiritual goals are regained and the religious can then devote themselves to their duties exactly as they had planned."

Only one of the priests Dr. Nordlicht has treated has left his calling. He simply felt that he did not belong in the church. He had struggled with that problem for five years but did not have the strength to leave of his own accord. He did leave and later married. Now, according to the analyst, he "does more for the church than when he was a priest."

A priest does not have crises requiring extra, out-of-the-ordinary intervention. "Yet there is a great deal of drama here," Dr. Nordlicht points out. "Men do not speak of having children, but women do. Ultimately they come to terms with their calling, and the world becomes their children." As Dr. Nordlicht emphasizes, the religious life is what virtually all the religious really want. The one exception he found could not deal with the problems posed by sexual abstinence.

Having by now seen what he feels is a cross section of Catholic clergy, Dr. Nordlicht finds nothing unusual in the "crisis of rebelliousness" he encounters among the adult religious.

"These were extraordinarily docile and obedient children. In the majority of their families, there was no discussion ever about who would join the church. A family would characteristically feel that this one child would be their contribution to the church. The pressure begins in childhood. The future religious are aware of this and acquiesce. That acquiescence is then questioned during later years.

"Remember, these are wonderful people, doing a great deal of good," declares Dr. Nordlicht with some animation. "But I also feel the same way about the police." He was asked to be a Police Department consultant many years ago and has been involved in a number of homicide investigations.

Cops come to the couch with problems that are all too familiar: Troubles with marriage and children predominate.

"The regimented work that cops do imposes burdens that are exacerbated nowadays by the decreased acceptance and respect for their calling. And a calling it is," Dr. Nordlicht insists. "In the (Continued on page 81)

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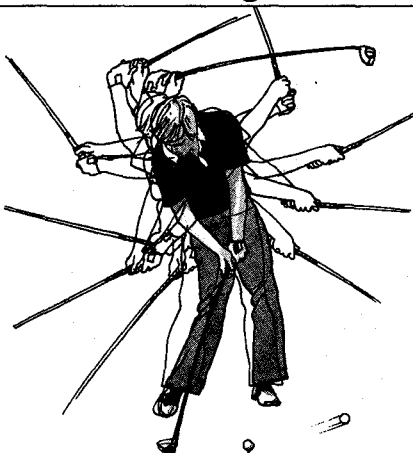


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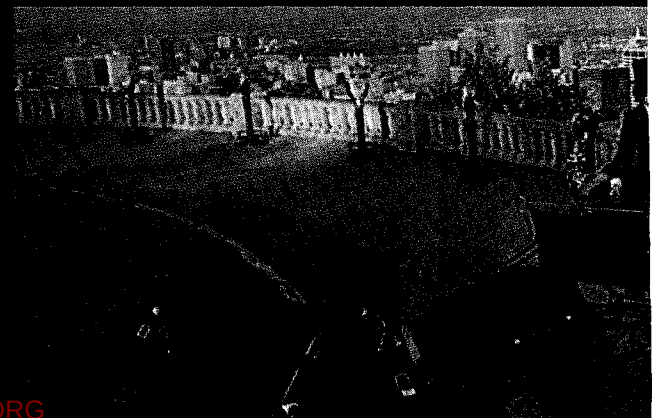
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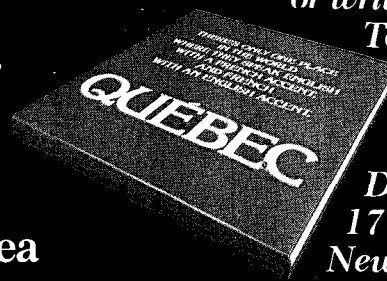
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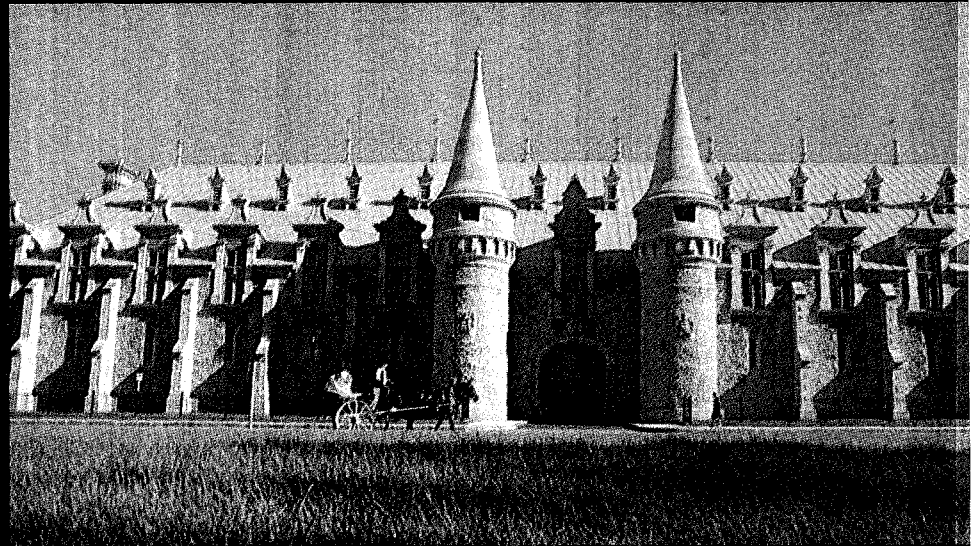
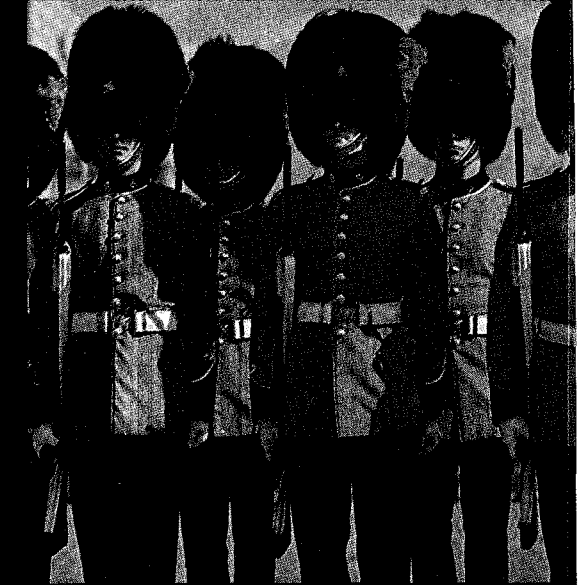
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“...Dancers have an incentive to be ill; they can avoid performing roles they dislike...”

(Continued from page 77) old days, an Irish immigrant would arrive here and he would join the police force. And much like the religious, as a child he knew he was destined to grow up and join the department. But no more.

“Police work used to be a matter of family pride, with a father eager to see his son following in his footsteps. But as a sign of the times, I heard, for the first time, a retired inspector tell me that he is sorry to see his son going into the department.”

□ **Teachers:** Psychologist Murray Krim started off some years ago seeing one teacher. Nowadays, he says, “if I have a vacant hour in the afternoon, I assume I will get a call from a teacher.” Dr. Krim, who has been in practice for almost 25 years, considers teachers to be a minority from which the community expects a great deal.

“It is a most demanding profession. There is the constant giving, giving, giving—and so often the feeling of getting nothing in return. Some teachers experience pressure from all sides—from students, parents, supervisors, principals, and the community. Many teachers have been frustrated in teaching creatively and so they feel a good deal of quiet desperation. No longer optimistic, they hang in there and plug away. It is not easy to teach in today’s schools, with chaos, violence, or disruption either a fact or a threat.”

As one teacher put it to Dr. Krim recently, her desire when she started to teach was to help young people grow and mature, and to open up young minds.

“But I have no ambition today,” this teacher noted. “In every one of my classrooms I have enough hyperactive and aggressive children that are just disruptive. All I end up doing is keeping order. I’ve become little more than a disciplinarian. Instead of any satisfaction from my work, all I get is exhaustion.”

“Their problems become encapsulated, so that in my office we discuss other aspects of their lives. Since many of the teachers I see are women, they raise issues that deal with their mostly Jewish, middle-class backgrounds, with their attempts to free themselves from all-engulfing mothers, and their determination to overcome guilt engendered by their seeking of independence. Yet, when a crisis occurs—and it does on occasion—it revolves about teaching and whether to abandon it for some more artistic and fulfilling work. In the

rare instance, a teacher will have a breakdown as part of coming to terms with herself and her life. Perhaps one out of ten makes it into editorial work, publishing, the theater, or writing as a full-time occupation. For the most part, my patients are looking for a way to live in their difficult environment in a manner that makes sense and allows a measure of self-fulfillment under frustrating circumstances.”

□ **Musicians:** Dr. Wolfgang Pappenheim is descended from a long line of music lovers; his parents named him after their favorite composer, Mozart. He was born in Hamburg, fled from the Nazis to England, and there received both his medical and his psychoanalytic training. Dr. Pappenheim has treated composers, violinists, and other instrumentalists.

“Musicians are generally sensitive, sensual, and passionate people, but they are often totally involved in their craft,” Dr. Pappenheim points out, “an immersion that makes for difficulty and dissension in their private lives. Orchestral players tend to be fiercely competitive. There is a constant sizing up of one another and a rather prevalent tendency for tearing one another down. This is usually done in a highly sophisticated manner, rationalized in discussions of interpretations and instrumental techniques. I had assumed that all musicians were drawn to one another by a more than usually marked desire for collaboration and cooperation in the performance of music.”

How do musicians cope in this world? Very often they treat others no less unkindly than they are being treated themselves. Many musicians are overcome by the intense rivalry inherent in their work. They have difficulties expressing themselves self-confidently and assertively and, when they do, they tend to feel very anxious about it. Some also tend to be quite self-destructive, suffering agonies of self-contempt and self-denigration.

Dr. Pappenheim recalls a young and ambitious French-horn player who was so guilt-ridden about his competitiveness that it interfered with his ability to perform.

“He was extremely talented,” Dr. Pappenheim says. “Yet his career was threatened. After three years of analysis he gained sufficient self-confidence so that he could perform successfully and without succumbing to his former crippling anxiety states. He continues to be a much sought-after soloist.”

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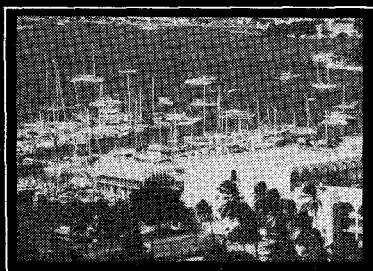
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Not all performance anxieties are of an aggressive nature. A woman pianist whom the analyst treated suffered from such stage fright that she was unable to appear in public. Her difficulties stemmed from sexual conflicts and inhibitions. Once she was helped to work through these problems, she was able to overcome her stage fright.

Like others of the career specialists, Dr. Pappenheim finds that he needs reliable information about his patient's social, cultural, occupational, and family background. "Much of my background comes from the patient," Dr. Pappenheim says, "but a good deal of it comes from my musician friends as well as from my reading, some serious works and some gossipy ones. There is a lot to be learned from the latter."

□ **Ballet dancers:** Dancers lead cloistered, sealed-off lives, totally devoted to the "physical intelligence" they express and to their endless and taxing schedule of classes, rehearsals, and performances.

According to Dr. David V. Forrest, dancers are in a constant and cruel professional double bind. They must maintain a one-for-all, all-for-one cooperative spirit as part of being in a dance company, and yet, at the same time, they must compete fiercely for attainment, rank, and the critical acclaim that will further their careers.

"It is taboo to express or discharge competitive aggressiveness within a ballet company," Dr. Forrest explains. "One cannot very well kick a hated rival in the shin during a performance. Instead, competitiveness can lead to psychogenic invalidism. Needless to say, dancers' feet always hurt, but other physical symptoms are elaborated."

Dancers have no other means of expressing themselves. They have no control over the way they are used either in a ballet or in their company. When a dance company consulted Dr. Forrest not so long ago because so many of its dancers were out ill at a given time—and rampant psychogenic invalidism was suspected—he discovered there was an incentive for the dancers' being out ill. They could avoid roles they disliked simply by being ill. Then they would "get well" just in time to dance a better-liked role, one they wanted to do, on the following night. The system had to be changed to lessen the gains from such behavior—behavior that was most often subconsciously motivated.

Born and trained in New York City, the psychoanalyst has found it easy to become a balletomane here. "Dancing has many mature gratifications beyond the primary exhilaration of the body and its pure mastery," he observes. "A feeling of surpassing bodily limits is

conveyed when music is realized in dance."

On occasion, Dr. Forrest's medical training has come in handy. He has encountered ill effects from taking too many water-reducing pills or laxatives in a determined attempt to lose weight. "That is to be expected as part of the dancer's life. Unusual, though not uncommon, is when a dancer turns yellow from a diet limited exclusively to carrots," Dr. Forrest says.

"The peculiar diets of dancers are legendary," Dr. Forrest reports. "One dancer will eat only licorice because that causes diarrhea; another will drink Cokes all day and eat nothing at all. A dancer will starve for a while and then later will gorge on gallons of ice cream. But that, as much as the constant search for a good masseur or chiropractor, is part of their all-consuming focus on their bodies."

Dancers appear to be aware that many of their physical problems have a psychological basis. They tend to stay away from legitimate practitioners, seeking the unconventional healers, who as part of fringe medicine favor laying on of hands and similar cures.

Recently, in his diverting book *My Analysis With Freud: Reminiscences*, the 86-year-old Abram Kardiner noted that many of Freud's patients suspected that he slept while they talked. "I suppose they could not hold his interest," Dr. Kardiner comments.

Keeping Freud's successors awake and interested has remained a problem. The matter of boring patients was discussed at the December 1976 meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association by E. James Anthony of St. Louis. The famed analyst described how the consulting rooms of the analytic founding fathers pulsed with excitement. But the hysterics of yesteryear, who "gave the general impression of being richly imaginative, emotionally engaging, intellectually endowed, and altogether gifted," have given way to a long gray line of tedious *kvetches* able to afford the talking cure. Housebound, the poor analysts have become punching bags for possessors of dented psyches; they keep sitting there listening to the commonplace. No wonder shrinks squirm, hoping someone fascinating will come along.

The career shrink may have found the answer to this tedium.

Says Dr. Erika Freeman, "Few people realize that all creative and professional people, whether artists or industrialists, obscure or famous, poor or rich, are remarkable human beings. It is a privilege and pleasure to work with them and to help them realize their often considerable potential."

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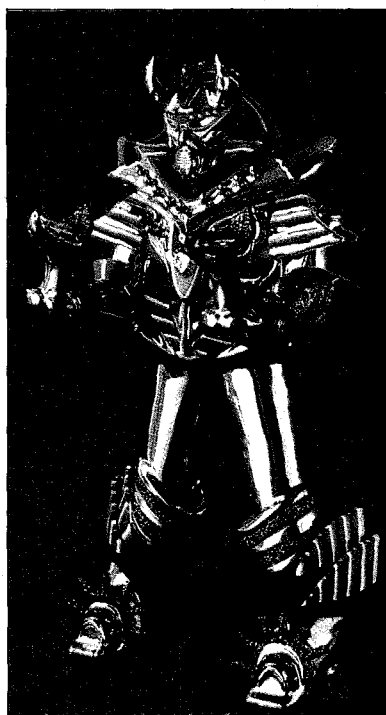
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BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



Bionick-Knack

"No one would believe I started building these before *Star Wars*," says Toby Buonagurio, who started building these before *Star Wars*. The robots are ceramic; covered with chrome, gold, and copper luster; and treated with automotive metal-flake glitter and flocking. So are the ray guns. Toby, who is assistant professor of fine arts at Stony Brook, is also responsible for a larger robot, four feet long with four feet and a tail. And monuments (to imaginary relics). And strange shoes with pistol heels. "It's funny," she says. "Guns keep reappearing in my work."

TOBY BUONAGURIO/Through April 27
Westbroadway/431 West Broadway

Culver Pictures



Hi, Mom!

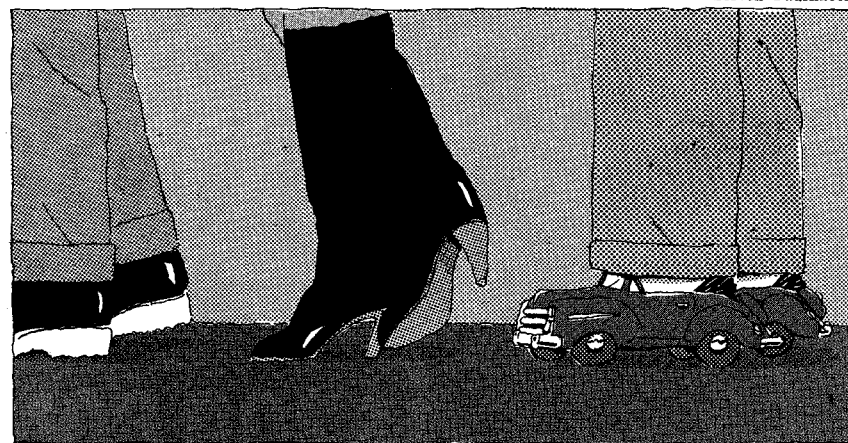
Any woman who is a mother or daughter might like to know about the mother/daughter workshops conducted by the MG Woman's Counseling Service. One participant is Barbara Earnest, advertising and promotion director for Capezio. "The skin has peeled from my eyes," she exults. "It's so intellectually interesting, so many ideas are generated. And the involvement! You care so much about everybody else in the group." The next series of six evenings begins on May 2 (\$60). But first there is something else. The service is conducting a one-day workshop for mothers and daughters with special problems. Topics will include lesbianism, aging, the handicapped, single parenting, sexuality and teenagers, and adoption. It all sounds good.

MG WOMAN'S COUNSELING SERVICE/133 East 73rd Street/UN 1-9000

MOTHER & DAUGHTER ALL-DAY WORKSHOP/April 15, 10:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

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Steven Guarnaccia



Queue Tip

David Jay Alwadish is 22. He's smart. He's in a hurry. He's Sammy Glick ("I'm rarin' to go," he says, meaning it), and he's Dolly Levi ("I've got a B.S. in accounting, I'm a licensed insurance broker, and I'm a notary"). David's business is called Services Unlimited. At the moment, his services involve only the Department of Motor Vehicles; next week, who knows? Every morning at 8:30, he's down at the DMV standing in line for you, getting aggravated for you, wasting his time instead of yours. He gets learner's permits, driver's licenses, and registrations renewed; lost or stolen ones duplicated; car ownerships transferred; he pays parking tickets (although he won't argue them) for scofflaws; etc.—all for very fair fees. His aim, he says, is simple. "I try to absorb most of the nonsense and risk."

SERVICES UNLIMITED/10 Rockefeller Plaza, at 48th Street/586-8880/\$1-\$7.50

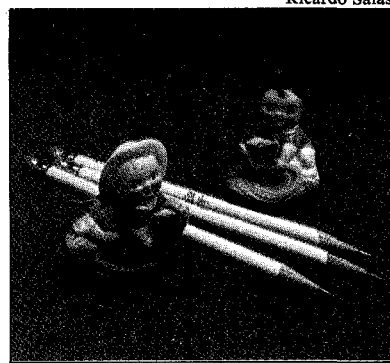
The Inner Tube

"TV is so boring. Here, at least, we are dealing with something real, something legitimate. We are bringing the best experimental, avant-garde, esoteric arts of the world. . . originating in SoHo, New York." So says Jaime Davidovich, who has, for the past two years, been picking and choosing and taping the artists who will perform whatever it is they perform on his new weekly cable-TV show. They range from John Cage to Vincent Trasov, a Canadian artist who recently dressed himself up as Mr. Peanut, pranced through the streets, suggested changing Vancouver's name to Miami so the weather would improve, and ran for mayor of that city. Somewhere in between, there's art critic Gregory Battcock and company doing a spoof on museum outreach programs, and artist Robert Kushner modeling some costumes he has designed. The artist romps around nude; his fashions may be equally tasteless. And so on. The April 17 program is a platform for Julia Heyward (right), who will offer subliminal visuals, poetry, and voice work. "We are not competing with anybody," says executive director Davidovich. Indeed.

SOHO TELEVISION/Mondays at 9 p.m./Channel 10



Ricardo Salas



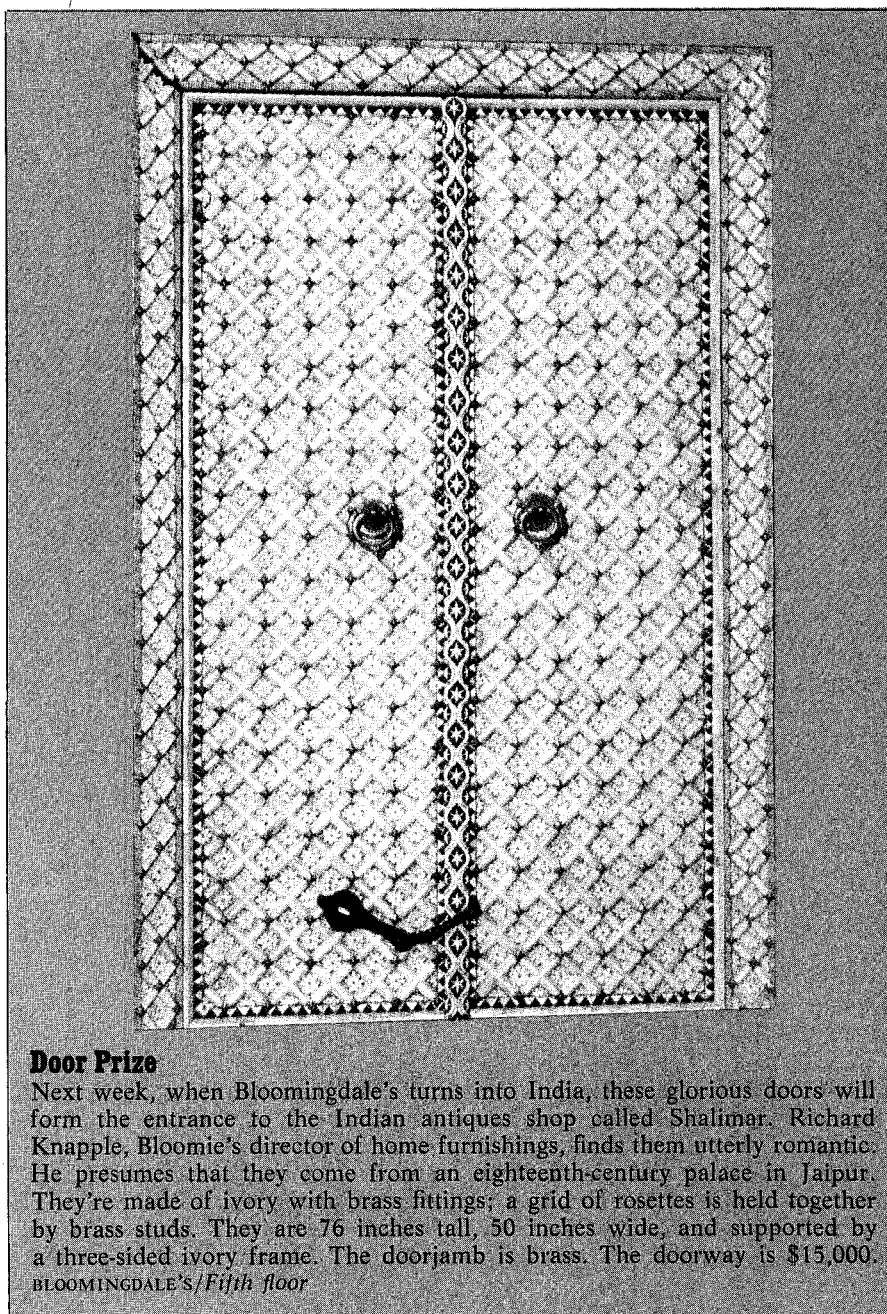
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Bites of Spring

Suprême de caneton aux mandarines: boneless breast of roast duckling stuffed with meat from the leg that has been pounded, seasoned, and rubbed through a sieve. Served with bigarade sauce, wild rice, and mandarin oranges. Truly magnificent. Through April at Le Périgord, 405 East 52nd Street. . . **Asparagus festival:** now playing at the Old King Cole Restaurant, St. Regis-Sheraton. . . **Jow la chicken:** a mandarin medley of chicken, Chinese parsley, oyster sauce, soy sauce, rice wine, peppers, ginger, garlic, and scallions; at the Mandarin Inn, 14 Mott Street and 23 Pell Street. . . **Cookie cutters:** rabbits, ducks, tulips, butterflies, etc. (\$1.59); at Paprikás Weiss, 1546 Second Avenue. . . **Wandering greengrocer:** to discuss what's fresh and how it's prepared; Market Dining Rooms, 1 World Trade Center.



Door Prize

Next week, when Bloomingdale's turns into India, these glorious doors will form the entrance to the Indian antiques shop called Shalimar. Richard Knapple, Bloomingdale's director of home furnishings, finds them utterly romantic. He presumes that they come from an eighteenth-century palace in Jaipur. They're made of ivory with brass fittings; a grid of rosettes is held together by brass studs. They are 76 inches tall, 50 inches wide, and supported by a three-sided ivory frame. The doorjamb is brass. The doorway is \$15,000. BLOOMINGDALE'S/Fifth floor

Art/John Ashbery

ROME AWAY FROM HOME

"...The crumbling marvels of the city fascinated the foreigners, and they brought their own kind of scrutiny with them..."

Rome in the eighteenth century must have been rather like Paris in the latter half of the twentieth—a lively international art center where little in the way of first-rate art was produced. Such, anyway, is the impression left by **Artists in Rome in the 18th Century**, a show of 100 drawings, prints, and oil sketches now at the Metropolitan through April 30, and drawn largely from the Met's own holdings.

The familiar names here are mostly those of foreigners (Reynolds, Fragonard, Hubert Robert) who were undergoing their obligatory apprenticeship in Rome, sketching scenery and ruins which would later be incorporated into the work of their maturity back home. (There is an ethereal wash drawing by Fragonard of the pines in the Pincio, which anticipates the atmosphere of his later *fêtes champêtres*.) But the Italian artists, most of whom are known mainly to specialists, provide some of the livelier moments in the show. Italian art may have reached its decadence in the eighteenth century but it was far from moribund, and this exquisitely chosen exhibition gives some idea of its variety.

The "elegant, sweet eighteenth-century style," in Rudolph Wittkower's phrase, of the Florentine Benedetto Luti is shown to advantage in three drawings, especially a red chalk portrait of a man that is both sensual and neo-classically hard. The dryness of Pompeo Batoni's painting is absent from the mercurial drawings shown here, notably two figure studies in which fine cross-hatching alternates with unmodeled areas contained by blunt outline to give the impression of palpitating flesh. Pier Leone Ghezzi, the Peter Arno of his day, is represented by several caricatures of visiting celebrities. His satire looks benign at first, until one notices that, while his subjects are all good-humored, their portrayal definitely isn't.

Although Paris had long since displaced Rome as the center of the art world, the French Academy in Rome, where so many generations of French artists were formed, was in large measure responsible. Some of them, such



Satiric touch: Pier Leone Ghezzi's caricature of the architect Luigi Vanvitelli, pen and brown ink over traces of black chalk, 12.4 by 8.5 inches, at the Metropolitan.

Fig. Luigi Vanvitelli Architetto di S. M. Siciliana &c.

as Subleyras and Natoire, a director of the academy, settled for long periods in Rome, as Ingres was to in the next century, and so must be considered as partly Roman.

The crumbling marvels of the city, as well as brand-new landmarks like the Trevi Fountain and the Spanish Steps, fascinated the foreigners even more than the natives, and they brought their own kind of scrutiny with them. Where the cityscapes of the Italian painter Panini seem almost purely documentary, Natoire's view of idlers in the Tivoli Gardens projects *dolce far niente* with a French astringency, a

quality that also shows in Vernet's *View of the Temple of Saturn in the Forum*, which mixes brown and gray wash, ink, and chalk to achieve something of the richness of paint.

Decorative ruins, umbrella pines, public festivities (Panini's *Drawing of the Lottery in the Piazza di Montecitorio* and the fantastically elaborate fireworks machines documented by several artists) create an impression of picturesque idleness where poverty, if seen at all, is softened by the elegiac afternoon light. Social realities seldom surfaced in eighteenth-century art, though a few Italian painters such as Ceruti and Cipper

were somewhat morbidly drawn to beggars, cripples, and idiots as subjects. In this show, a group of etchings by Jean-Baptiste-Marie Pierre of *Figures du bas peuple à Rome* suggests that the century was something other than one prolonged picnic. But the atmosphere of the times was perhaps captured best, if not intentionally, by Piranesi, whose architecture (such as the scowling new façade of San Giovanni in Laterano) beetles over the tiny, bedraggled figures of men lurking in its shadows. Fourteen of his etchings, including prison interiors, decorative "capriccios," and architectural fantasies, along with views of Rome, are included as a small retrospective on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of his death.

One substantial delight in the show, though its most atypical, is an oil sketch of ruins by the Frenchman Pierre-Henri de Valenciennes, whose work is now being re-evaluated after a 1976 show at the Louvre. As a teacher he advocated the oil sketch as a means of seizing the color harmonies which are "the basis of aerial perspective," and this study, though done before he left Rome definitively in the mid-1780s, has a freshness that looks ahead to Corot and beyond to the Impressionists. He thought that an oil sketch should be executed in less than two hours, or a half hour at sunrise and sunset, and advised painting the same view at different times of day so as to observe the changes light made on the forms, as Monet did with Rouen Cathedral.

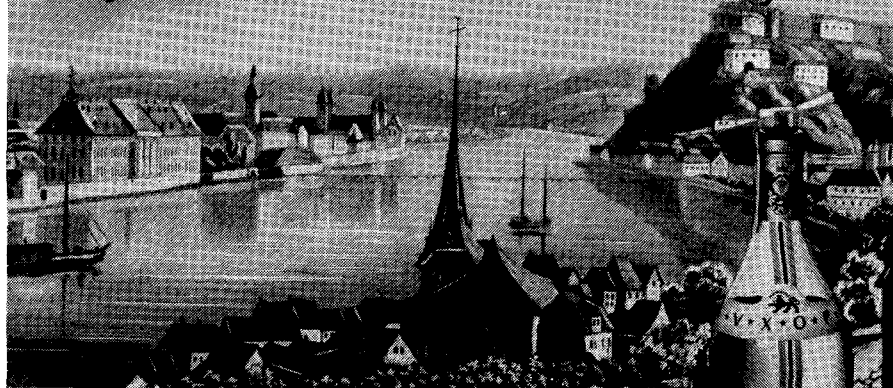
It is approximately 2:30 P.M. in Valenciennes's sketch. This perfectly natural and effortless precision is startling in the context of so much neo-classical generalizing, and comes as a breath of fresh air.

Like certain other artists from the Northwest (Clyfford Still, John Cage, Mark Tobey), **Agnes Martin**, born in Saskatchewan in 1912, is a loner who has become legendary in her own time. She too has perfected an art that is both reductive and quirky, and as surprising for what it leaves in as for what it excludes.

Martin's austere art began to attract attention about ten or twelve years ago when Minimalism was fashionable. At about the same time—and shortly after the death of Ad Reinhardt, a painter whose asceticism resembles hers, though the visual results are vastly different—she left New York, built a house in the desert in New Mexico, and stopped producing art for a period of about five years.

By that time Minimalism had run its course, having been superseded by other isms, and one could see that Mar-

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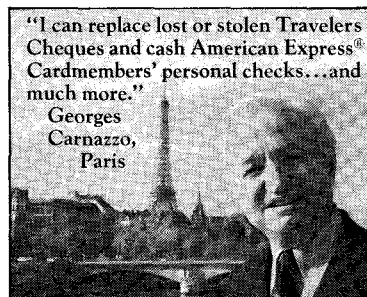
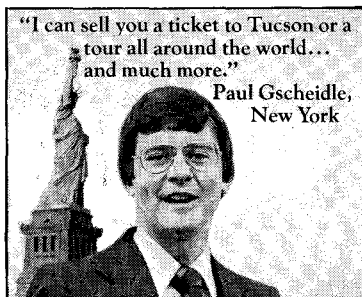


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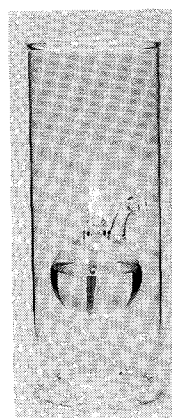
tin's work was only coincidentally related to it, that it was the result of a slow, thoughtful distilling process, and that it had nothing to do with the notion that "less is more," but was, however sparse, in a state of constant evolution.

The paintings and drawings that followed this enriching dry period gained a new luminosity and urgency, though the means remained as limited, if not more so, than before. But she has never done anything lovelier than the current group of small watercolors now at the Pace Gallery. Fifty-one of them, each only about nine inches square, span three sides of the room like a pale rainbow whose minute gradations resonate all the louder for being so faint.

In his book *Hermes the Thief*, Norman O. Brown mentions that the epithet "the whisperer" was shared alike by Hermes, Aphrodite, and Eros, and that the word "rune," "from the same root as the German *raunen*, to whisper, signifies, in the first instance, whispering, secret speech, and then mystery in general, in doctrine, witchcraft, song, symbol, or letter." So it is perhaps not surprising that the whispered speech of Martin's work never strikes one as weak or timid, but on the contrary as almost distressingly powerful.

Each square of paper is ruled horizontally in graphite or ink, and contrasting bands of watercolor are applied, apparently very wet so that the paper takes on a crinkly, parchment-like surface whose shadows complicate the transparent flow. Sometimes the lines are close together, like the lines in an old ruled notebook, with a red line at regular intervals, suggesting a ledger manufactured for some now obscure business purpose.

But it is seldom that Martin hints at anything as concrete as nostalgia, or humor like the humor of lost scraps of paper in the work of Klee or Schwitters. Her graphs exist on a serene plane of their own, self-determined and self-referential, not even as mantras steering one toward meditation, but as things in themselves, however evanescent or un-thinglike they appear. The whispered sequences of Webern's music, where one can hear and distinguish seemingly for the first time a B-flat from an A-sharp, have their visual counterpart in Martin's watercolors. At their faintest and most wraithlike, the tints approach the essence of color, the meaning of it as it happens to us. It has been a long, solitary, but finally exemplary journey, whose path can perhaps be summed up in a sentence from a lecture Agnes Martin gave a few years ago at the University of Pennsylvania: "Without hope there is hope/And without desire there is hope."



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Jazz / Gary Giddins

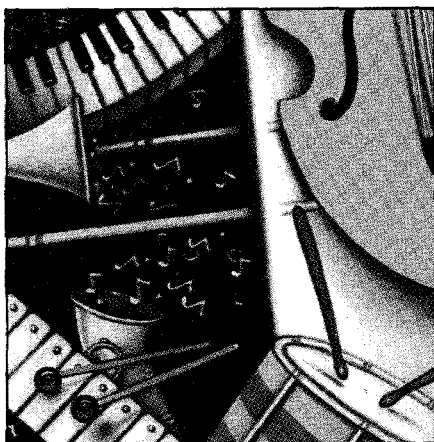
GOOD VIBES REVIVED

“...Lionel Hampton led an imposing army of colleagues into a studio and emerged with no fewer than fourteen albums...”

Never underestimate the energy and resolve of **Lionel Hampton**, whose sixty-ninth birthday and fiftieth anniversary as a professional musician are celebrated this month. Numerous jazz veterans bemoan the demise of the intimate jam-style recording session, but only the vibraharpist-bandleader-drummer-pianist-riffmaker-singer-garbler-of-old-jokes-Republican-doer-of-good-deeds has done something to remedy the situation: He's created a new record label called *Who's Who in Jazz*. The idea came to him when the famed combo recordings he piloted during the swing era were collected in 1976 as *The Complete Lionel Hampton 1937-1941* (Bluebird AMX6-5536). Convinced that what was done then could be done anew, he led an imposing army of colleagues into a recording studio for six weeks (October-December 1977), and emerged with no fewer than fourteen albums.

Hampton is so unconscionably facile, yet so frequently rewarding, that he often seems to hover beyond the gravity of reasonable criticism. The fact that he plays on all but one of these records is reason alone not to listen to them en masse, as I did, but not even the glut could negate the many moments of surprise, genuine good cheer, and creative excellence. Taken as a whole, they are not as volatile or madcap as the Bluebirds, but there is a pensive quality becoming to musicians who have grown as well as aged. The cover graphics won't win any prizes (the dozens of production gaffes and misspellings are being corrected for subsequent pressings) and the sound is hollow, but the player roster is something else again—herewith some listener's notes:

Kai Winding (WW 21001) is the one session without Hampton; the material is well chosen and arranged, often employing unison trombone-piano lines. Winding was one of the few bop trombonists who favored smears and other expressive techniques; his cool feeling and warm sound are well featured on a medium-tempo “If I Didn't Care” and Kurt Weill's rarely heard ballad “That's Him.” Side one of *Bill Doggett* (WW 21002) is idiomatic and fine. The



organist's acidic sound is at the center of a nine-piece band, and Hampton is supportive. Side two is Hampton repertoire—a double-timed “Midnight Sun,” far superior to the purplish 1947 original, and a creditable “Flying Home,” on which tenorist David Brooks plays Illinois Jacquet's original two choruses and several of his own.

Cozy Cole and Marty Napoleon (WW 21003) presents alumni of Louis Armstrong's All-Stars, including the propulsive bassist Arvell Shaw. It's all pleasantly predictable, with Hampton providing the highlights; too bad Trummy Young wasn't flown in from Honolulu to play and sing. On the other hand, *Earl Fatha Hines* (WW 21004), starring the noblest Armstrong alumnus of all, is unmitigated joy. “Earl's Pearl,” Hampton's channeling of Dizzy Gillespie's “Bebop” into a blues, and a lovely Don Redman ballad, “If It's True,” are especially memorable, but even “Rosetta” and “St. Louis Blues” are refreshed.

On *Buddy Rich* (WW 21006) the drummer is heard in a tribute to John Coltrane, with two Coltrane themes and three Coltrane-influenced tenor-saxophonists. There are a few amiable selections by Hampton and the Richly endowed rhythm section, and a moth-eaten band piece called “Latin Silk.” *Gerry Mulligan* (WW 21007) is a noteworthy addition to the baritone-saxophonist's recordings—a chance to hear four distinctive Mulligan originals (including “Song for Johnny Hodges”) without the fusty arrangements. The

colloquy between Mulligan and pianist Hank Jones is the heart of the matter, and Hampton often seems superficial by comparison. The producer's own album, *Lionel Hampton* (WW 21008), uses performances made at the Cole-Napoleon and Hines sessions, four light swingers with a six-piece rhythm section, and “Dizzy Spells,” a solid, uncredited arrangement for ten-pieces. Surely this band recorded other tunes, but where are they? Hampton indulges himself with a vocal on “Hello, Dolly!”

Teddy Wilson (WW 21009) provides an uneven portrait of the great but elusive pianist. He opens “One O'Clock Jump” in sterling form, but why the abrupt fade? A chorus of “I Can't Get Started” employs a typically Wilsonian melody inversion, but there is another trite ending. Teddy Wilson Jr. is well featured on drums and tymps; he provides a surprisingly effective parade-drum backing on “Limehouse Blues.” Similarly, *Lionel Hampton With Dexter Gordon* (WW 21011) fails to capture the saxophonist's majesty, though one enjoys hearing him navigate such things as “Cute” and “Seven Come Eleven.” His ballad feature is rather sluggish. (There is an excellent new Gordon album, however—*Biting the Apple*, Inner City 2080.) Hampton is more inspired by the gentle lyricism on *Woody Herman* (WW 21013), a modest but charming collection of ballads and one blues, “Caldonia,” which Herman sings a lot more convincingly than on the minstrel-shaded original.

There are, in addition, two volumes of *Giants of Jazz* (WW 21012 and WW 21014), with selections by the Hampton, Hines, Mulligan, and Rich groups, plus a ten-piece band, under the direction of Charles Mingus, playing “So Long Eric.” If this performance is an indication, *Charles Mingus* (WW 21005), which has not yet been released, may prove to be the best record in the series thus far. Generally, a greater attention to details and perhaps a little less recording are called for, but this is a worthy enterprise and I'm already anticipating the next batch of *Who's Whos*.

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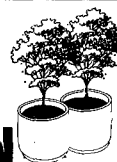
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THE CHOICE OF THE TURTLE

Arnold's Turtle, a popular new Greenwich Village restaurant (51 Bank Street, at West 4th; 242-5623), makes health food so attractive you almost believe it's no good for you.

The most discerning vegetarian can savor esoterica like rennetless Cheddar, yet the menu also disarms novices. A friend who rarely strays far from a hamburger wolfed down the "total cheese sandwich" (\$3, author's choice), melted Jarlsberg and Cheddar with tomato and alfalfa sprouts in a whole-wheat pita-bread pocket. Another gem on the sandwich list is California avocado (\$3, author's choice), which combines ripe avocado and melted Cheddar with the same house veggies.

It's best to arrive early because the daily specials (soups, main dishes, and desserts) go fast; on a Saturday night two out of three entrées were crossed off the board by 8:30.

The soups (75 cents-\$1.50) are generally worth trying, though they often need salt. I especially enjoyed a savory turnip soup and a rich and gratifying barley. Broccoli soup tastes very much of broccoli.

Entrées are less predictable and merit bold experimentation. Only duty compelled me to order the Hapsburg casserole (\$4.50, author's choice), featuring cabbage, broccoli, carrot, onion, garlic, caraway, and Jarlsberg, yet it was a symphony of tastes and textures.

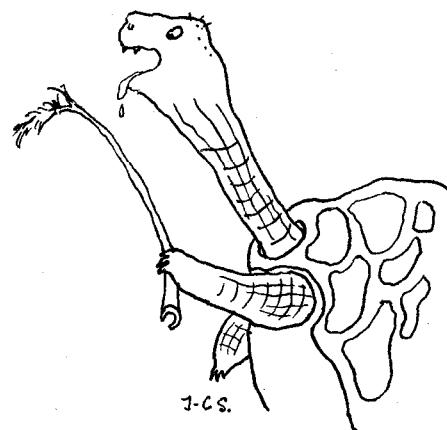
Some of the dishes are best shared with friends, as they become boring after a few bites. The Russian vegetable pie (\$3.25), for instance, teams cabbage with carrot, onion, mushrooms, herbs, and cheese in a flaky crust, an elegant rendition of humble ingredients whose deliciousness peaks, then palls. This cabbage dish, or the mildly curried vegetable pie (\$4.25), would be nice in tandem with some of the starchier dishes: shepherd's special (kidney beans, rice, and Jarlsberg—very bland; \$3) or "savory onion and cheese pie," a peasant quiche (\$3.75). The spinach-mushroom-tofu casserole (\$4) requires a certain amount of conviction to finish.

To enjoy the house salads, you may have to shed some preconceptions. For instance, the abundance of sprouts and "tamari-roasted almond pieces" in the spinach salad is distracting. My friend the tabouli maven found the house tabouli slightly overpowered by raisins,

and I thought the "chomos" smacked too much of chick-peas and not enough of the Middle East.

Even as I carp, I bow to the kitchen. Not only are the Turtle recipes inventive, they show a sophisticated knowledge of vegetables. It takes courage and fresh ingredients to rely so little on spices for flavoring.

With a clear view of the spotless kitchen as you wait for a table, you can ponder which of the generally glorious desserts you will save room for. The brown-rice pudding (\$1, author's choice), studded with nuts, may be the most delicious and original rice pudding in the world, and the tollhouse cookies (35 cents each) and pecan pie (\$1.65) convinced me that it's possible to sin with whole-wheat flour. On the



other hand, I found the carob-tofu pie so awful that I yearned for something less virtuous, even if it contained white sugar. You may also order ice cream, yogurt, or fruit and cheese with superb whole-wheat crackers.

Drinks include fruit and vegetable juices (carrot-parsley is more refreshing than one expects), herb teas, tea, coffee, and cocoa. You may also bring your own wine—it's vegetarian—until the restaurant gets its wine license.

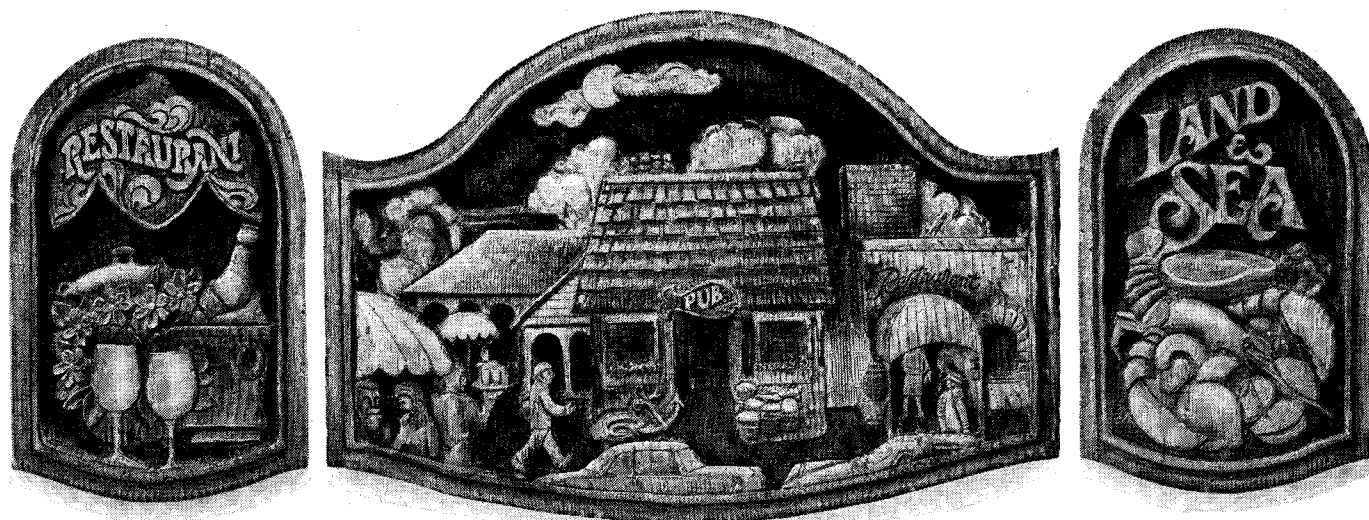
The décor is pleasant Saturday-night traditional—street view, plants, brick walls, Tiffany lamps—and the dinnerware is lovely. Seats 42. Open daily noon to 1 A.M. Wheelchair access. No reservations or credit cards.

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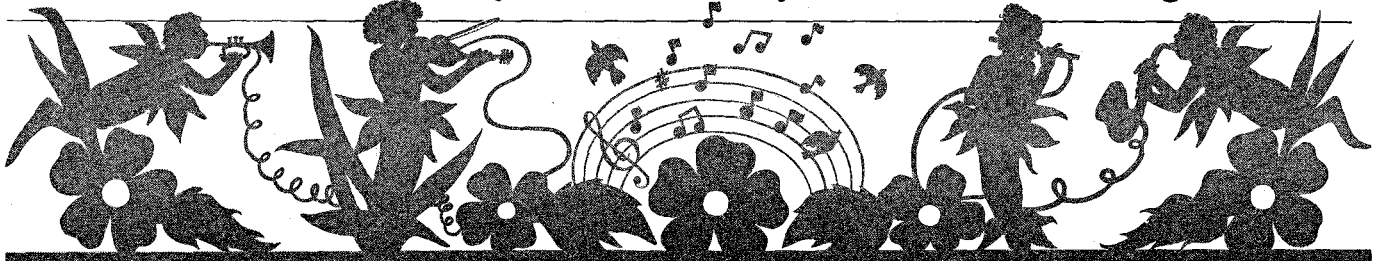
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Music/Alan Rich

BREAKING DOWN BOUNDARIES AT MICKEY MOUSE U.

"... CalArts has become an adventure in creative freedom like none other. Walt Disney would surely turn over in his grave ..."



VALENCIA, CALIFORNIA—A few weeks ago, in irritation at a dumb article in the *Times*, I asked what had happened to the marriage between music and technology, which had promised so much in the sixties and seems to have turned unproductive. Now, on a hill-top in the Southern California desert, about 40 miles northeast of downtown Los Angeles, some of that question has been answered to my satisfaction, during a busy weekend at the California Institute of the Arts.

CalArts—which is the preferred pet name over such previous dubbings as Mickey Mouse U. and CIA—is the school that was founded nearly a decade ago with money from Walt Disney and his family. In his own vanilla-flavored way, Disney has perfected something possibly mistakable for a synthesis of the expressive arts (think, but not very hard, of *Fantasia*) and he toyed during his last years with the idea of a school bringing together promising young students in the various media to learn from skilled teachers and also to cross-fertilize outlooks from one discipline to another. Being Disney, his plans for the school also included putting windows in all the studio doors so that the public could come in and peek at artists painting and composers composing—a combination of working academy and neighborhood crafts show. Upon Disney's death, plans for the windows were scrapped.

The school began in 1969 in improvised quarters, and its present \$45-million plant was opened a year later, with an educational philosophy that would probably have turned Walt over in his grave. Not an artistic zoo with its creative spirits in fancy cages, CalArts has become, instead, an adventure in progressive, expressive freedom like no other in the world. Its young musicians have access to the most advanced

electronic equipment to play with ways of expanding toward infinity the definition of musical sound. Its film students, though they may work with a couple of Disney Studio veterans who teach Mickey Mouse animation, are also bidden to experiment as broadly as their spirits dare. Its dance and theater students can work in performing spaces in which surface and shape are infinitely alterable through sophisticated machinery. Best of all, since the school is small (650 students) and its teaching plant harbored under one roof, the kids are able—nay, obliged—to study the arts as a unity capable of endless differentiation, rather than as a series of self-contained disciplines.

The value of this approach to the arts cannot be overstated. Like most people of my generation, I was trained to study music as a finite area, bounded geographically by Vienna, Rome, Paris, and London, and bounded in time by the years 1400–1900. I studied at Berkeley in the fifties, when its music department was readily acknowledged as the best in the country; yet, these boundaries were accepted without question. Apparently they still are. When I had a drink with a former professor of mine a couple of weeks ago, he told me about a huge and continuing fight in the department as to whether a specialist in Oriental and African music could legitimately figure in the curriculum. At CalArts, however, I watched young students who spend part of their time working on Schubert string quartets, but who also play in Javanese, Balinese, or African ensembles. Until you've watched a bunch of California's golden beach-boy types working their way through a complex African tribal dance, you don't know about cross-fertilization of culture.

Maybe it's only now that this kind of free-form education in the arts is

truly practicable. If a music student is now, say, 21 years old, that means that he has lived his entire life during the time when there has been no such thing as "strange" in the realm of musical sound. In 1957, when he was born, the first records of electronic music were arriving from Germany; through the films of Satyajit Ray, and later through concerts, we were discovering Ravi Shankar and the incredibly rich and complex world of the Indian raga; from Dave Brubeck and the "third stream" people we were first learning to question the artificial barriers between "serious" and "pop." Thus, today's young musicians—and this holds true in the other disciplines as well—can, if properly nurtured, grow up free from the traditional artistic definitions and boundaries so painstakingly guarded by my generation and its forebears.

At CalArts I attended the school's first Contemporary Music Festival—six concerts in three days, plus a number of subsidiary mixed-media events. The performances were by the school's own Twentieth-Century Players, which is entirely a student ensemble, plus Sonor, a visiting group from the University of California at San Diego, made up of young faculty members from that school's own progressive, free-form music department. (The new-music axis in Southern California runs from CalArts on the north to UCSD on the south, bypassing Los Angeles, which is largely devoted to a claustrophobic idolatry of the ghosts of Schönberg, Stravinsky, and Erich Korngold.)

The programs were rich, varied, and well-planned, but even more astounding was the level of performance. Today's progressive composer is not only involved in electronic techniques; much of his concern—as these programs repeatedly revealed—is an inter-

est in expanding what "normal" instruments can be asked to do: what a trumpet or flute can do if, while playing into the mouthpiece, you also speak words; what you can get out of string instruments in rapid, glassy passages up on the bridge—that sort of thing. Ask a middle-aged symphony or freelance player, who's been working with traditional techniques all his life, to cut these styles and he'll either laugh at you, make a botch of it, or both. In California I heard young people playing this kind of music with astounding skill, and as naturally as breathing.

Like any new-music festival, the one at CalArts also demonstrated how quickly time passes in the arts these days. The obligatory obeisance was paid to the elder statesmen of today's progressive movement. One concert gave us Stockhausen's massive, spell-binding *Mantra*, now seven years old; another included his *Zyklus* for percussion, now nineteen. How energetic, inventive—and yet, how old-fashioned—these pioneering pieces now sound after their brief lives! Earle Brown, whose free-form pieces terrorized audiences a mere decade ago, conducted CalArts students in two of them; today they sound merely exquisite. From

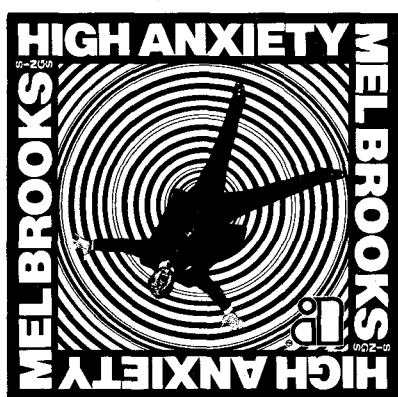
the granddaddy generation there were percussion and prepared-piano pieces by John Cage, and a percussion piece by Lou Harrison that was regarded as unplayable merely a generation ago. With today's young players, these works slipped by like so much Debussy.

But there was also some *new* music, some of it dreary but much more of it strong, vital, and with the triumphant power to still fears about music's future. One extraordinary work was the *Etendre* of San Diego's Bernard Rands, a big piece built around a concertante double-bass. Another was *The Wild Beasts*, by Morton Subotnick, who has been a guiding force at CalArts since its founding. This is a raging, intense, rather thrilling work involving trombone, piano, and some tape-controlled circuitry that interacts with the live performers and sends their music whirring into space with awesome effect. There were also two virtuosic solo pieces by Robert Erickson, works for flute and for trumpet, both demanding high adventure in their execution and wonderfully exciting. For laughs there was *Juno*, a watery number for purring vibraphone and chimes by Harold Budd; the laughs stop, however, when you realize that this piece will prob-

ably make more money than everything else at the festival combined.

All this music, please note, was the work of composers who are involved for their livelihood within the academy. We easily get into the mental set, when worrying about the future of music, of identifying academicism as the pall hanging over today's composer. And it's a perfectly legitimate concern, given the stultifying nature of the traditional campus music department or conservatory, where teaching impacts are measured in terms of grade points and exams that can be corrected on computers. There is less reason for concern, however, if we can expand our definition of "academy" to include such a school as CalArts, where the old definitions of the arts and their boundaries no longer seem important. It may be that the value of a school like CalArts can be measured only when all of us old-timers, with our old-time artistic attitudes and definitions, are dead and gone. I found it an exceptionally hope-producing experience, however, to watch these kids and their teachers working toward some kind of vision of a new artistic world in which these new relationships among the arts may, indeed, matter.

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Table dressing—Robin Importers has everything for the dining table, from tablecloths to saltshakers, and it is now having a spring sale, with prices below its regular discount prices. Mikasa stoneware in many patterns, including all the Indian Feast and Potter's Art collections, plus all the patterns of Stylecraft and Stone Manor, are now 40 percent off: a twenty-piece service for four, \$80 list, now \$48. A huge collection of stainless-steel flatware, over 100 patterns by Stanley Roberts, Oneida, Supreme Cutlery, Dahlia, Laufner, and Fraser's, is now 25-65 percent off list: Hammered Scroll by Stanley Roberts, 50-piece service for eight, \$40 list, now \$19.95. Rogers six-piece cutlery set, \$18.50 list, now \$10.50; Spiegelau German crystal, 30-40 percent off list; Czechoslovak crystal, Bohemia brand, now 40-50 percent off list; Dacron-and-cotton soil-release napkins, eighteen colors, were \$1.75 each, now \$1; tablecloths in lots of colors, patterns, sizes, now half off; hundreds of place mats—vinyl, cloth, straw—were \$2-\$4.50 each, now 75 cents-\$2; and glass teapots with center core, were \$20, now \$9.95. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Robin Importers, Inc., 510 Madison Ave., between 52nd and 53rd sts. (PL 3-6475); Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; through 4/29.*

Warm feet—Afghan hand-knitted wool-blend merchandise is being cleared away to make room for spring stock. There are mainly high slipper socks of varying weights, from the lightest (still quite warm, were \$12, now \$6) through the leather-soled ones (were \$18, now \$9) to the heaviest (were \$28, now \$14). Boot toppers were \$15, now \$7.50; leg warmers were \$28, now \$14. Everything comes in bright, varied colors and patterns. Also on sale are Afghan wedding dresses, 50-80 years old, all one of a kind, hand-embroidered, and all for petite sizes, now \$95-\$150. Coin-silver antique jewelry, some with semi-precious stones, was \$14-\$595, now \$8-\$300. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Buzkashi, 214 East 53rd St. (752-9716); Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; through 4/22.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.

Meat—A one-week sale on meat at this Madison Ave. emporium brings the following special prices: whole prime filet mignon (7-10 lbs.), was \$5.89 a lb., now \$4; and Lobel's special-recipe meat loaves, stuffed or unstuffed, were \$4.39 a lb., now \$3.25 a lb. Also, oven-ready game birds, fresh or frozen: pheasants, were \$4.39 a lb., now \$3; partridges, were \$5.89 a lb., now \$4.50; quail, were \$6.50 a pair, now \$4.50. Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks. *M. Lobel and Sons, Inc., 1096 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. (RE 7-1372); Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m.-6 p.m.; 4/10-15.*

Paint and paper—Merit-Kaplan Paint Supply is celebrating its big step forward into wallpaper retailing with a sale on paint and wallpaper. Dutch Boy latex flat whites, now \$6.99 a gallon; Moore Regal Wall Satin, white and standard colors, now \$6.99 a gallon; Pittsburgh latex flat white, \$4.99 a gallon; Pittsburgh latex semi-gloss white, \$5.99 a gallon. There will be discounts of 20-40 percent on wallpaper found in every wallpaper book in the store, with over 200 books of all name-brand washable papers (including metallics) to choose from. Free adhesive with the purchase of six rolls of wallpaper. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Merit-Kaplan Paint Supply, Inc., 227 East 44th St. (MU 2-3585); Mon.-Fri. 7 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; through 5/15.*

Menswear—This showroom/warehouse has a quantity of men's suits and jackets imported from Italy. The size range is 36-48, regular only, and there is not a complete selection of styles in every size. Still, there are quite a number to choose from. Three-piece 100-percent-wool suits are \$90; two-piece 100-percent-wool suits are \$85; and wool-blend suits are \$75; all are nicely tailored and finished. All-wool blazers are \$65, and wool-blend blazers (single-breasted and single-breasted with notched lapel and Beason pocket) are \$55. No alterations. There is also a large selection of shirts for women, sizes S, M, and L, or 5-13, in rayon chiffon, voile, polyester, and polyester chiffon, in prints and plaids, at \$4.75, \$7.75, and \$10.75. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Caesar, 48 West 37th St., fifteenth floor (594-3162); Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Art supplies—The Sam Flax stores have recently established a new pricing policy in their fine-arts departments, with reduced prices on many name-brand items: Grumbacher pretested oil colors are now 25 percent off list; Grumbacher and Delta brushes, 25 percent off list, as are Liquitex acrylic colors and mediums and all Paillard items; Winsor Newton "Artists" oil colors and "Professional" watercolors are 20 percent off; canvas rolls, canvas boards, and canvas panels are 30 percent off; metal-section frames and See Thru plastic-box frames are 50 percent off; Arches white cover paper, 20 by 26 in., is \$1.03 per sheet; and so forth. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *Sam Flax, 25 East 28th St., 55 East 55th St., 15 Park Row (481-4700); Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.*

Handicrafts—Here is a well-known not-for-profit shop that features the handiwork of men and women artisans over 60. For one week only it is clearing away selected merchandise to make room for more. All pieces are one of a kind and in perfect condition; all are, of course, handmade. Included are items like these: an afghan, was \$60, now \$45; infants' and children's hand-knitted and hand-crocheted clothes, were \$15-\$30, now up to 35 percent off; small hand-painted pictures, now under \$20; needlepoint pillows, were \$45, now \$30; toys, etc. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final on sale merchandise. *Elder Craftsmen, Inc., 850 Lexington Ave., between 64th and 65th sts. (LE 5-8030); Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m.; 4/11-18.*

Consumer Aware

Shopping guides—Some very useful shopping information has crossed our desk recently in the form of the updated 1978 editions of the *Factory Outlet Shopping Guide* for the New York-Long Island-Westchester area and for the New Jersey-Rockland County area. The author, Jean Bird, has done her legwork well, covering all the factory outlets which offer reduced prices to the public, and rating the merchandise: clothing, home furnishings, etc. These guides are available at your bookstore, or send \$2.95 in check or money order for each guide to FOSG Publications, Box 239Y, Oradell, N.J. 07649.

Movies / Molly Haskell

WHEN A HOUSE IS A HOME

"...The real drama of *Pretty Baby* is played out not on the face of Brooke Shields, but on the faces of her prospective clients..."

Once there was a little girl who saw Mommy not only kissing Santa Claus, but doing all sorts of funny things with her fancy men. No need to hide on the stairs or peep through the keyholes, for the doors were rarely locked. For this little girl, whose name was Violet and whose home was a New Orleans whorehouse circa 1917, there was no trauma of disillusionment because there was no Santa Claus, which is why *Pretty Baby*, Louis Malle's nervously awaited film about a child prostitute, is a study in decadence rather than a drama of innocence corrupted.

Although Violet loses her virginity in a ritual auction halfway through the film, she never really had a virginity to lose. As a product of the luxurious and self-contained bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and the lustrous interiors of Sven Nykvist's carefully lit cinematography, and as played as an unblinking mini-degenerate by the striking twelve-year-old model Brooke Shields, Violet is as committed to prostitution by the circumstances of her birth as a Catholic infant is to Catholicism. The lure of respectability is but a faint echo in a film whose perspective is so dispassionately at one with its eccentric subject that it is closer to anthropology than to art—or pornography.

Those who have been licking their chops in Humbert hunger for this gourmet treat in nymphomania will be disappointed, for Malle is nothing if not discreet in his handling of Violet's defloration and her subsequent seduction of the photographer Bellocq, played by Keith Carradine. And those of us who were dreading the film for similar reasons—as a classy and therefore "respectable" sample of kiddie porn—will be relieved, but also disappointed.

What attracted Malle and Platt to the subject was the notion of a creature who was both intensely a child and provocatively a woman, who would behave with casual insensitivity one moment and with frightening precocity the next. And yet this portrait of a child-woman is just that—a still life, an object of contemplation surrounded by artfully arranged details, a

prize jewel in a flashy but tasteful setting.

The sources of inspiration are a book of interviews called *Storyville*, by Al Rose, and the figure of E. J. Bellocq, a deformed photographer of the period and milieu whose strange career is only dimly evoked in the character played by Keith Carradine. Bellocq has been glamorized, and dramatically diminished, into a polite neuter of a man, a dull enigma who fades, along with all the prostitutes he has come to photograph, into an article of décor

in the fabulous whorehouse.

However ill its reputé within the community at large, the house is a veritable paradise within. A joyous and sybaritic atmosphere prevails, sustained by music (as the house pianist, Antonio Fargas plays Jelly Roll Morton numbers re-created by Bob Greene), black servants, and sumptuous meals. Under the seigneurial guidance of the madam (Frances Faye) the girls sleep late, arise as the noon light forces its way through the shutters, lounge about in lacy camisoles, and needle each other in cozy camaraderie. Not one—including Susan Sarandon as Violet's mother—emerges as a distinctive personality. Instead, they combine to create an atmosphere that is both uninhibited and benignly nurturing, a child's Nirvana. No wonder Violet refuses to leave when her mother threatens to depart. What child wouldn't want to remain here, wear pretty clothes, have her hair done differently every day, and never have to go to school.

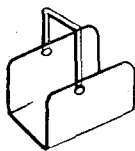
In leaving out the shame and degradation of prostitution, Malle gives us a view that is close to the traditional fantasy of the colorful, uninhibited natives who exist as a reproach to the uptight, churchgoing community. But freed from shame, they are also denied its corollary—spiritual aspiration. There is nothing spiritual, or even sexual, in Violet. She is a creature of impulse, propelled first by willfulness (wanting Bellocq because he appears to belong to her mother), then by pragmatism—wanting him as a substitute mother, in a marriage that, as far as she is concerned, is more one of convenience than any royal wedding.

As a director, Malle is an elusive figure. Think of the range of interests represented by the somber, upper-middle-class melodramas *The Lovers*, *Le Feu Follet*, *Murmur of the Heart*; the experimental Queneau adaptation, *Zazie in the Metro*; and the Moreau-Bardot lark *Viva Maria!* interspersed with documentaries on India and a Citroen plant; his most successful film, *Lacombe, Lucien*, about a peasant who becomes a Nazi collaborator, followed



lucite—plexiglass—acrycite—modular plastics

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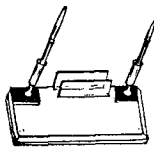
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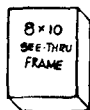
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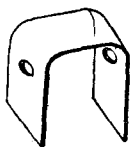


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"...Hoffman's extraordinarily fine performance is the keynote in *Straight Time*..."

by his most disastrous film, the surreal fantasy *Black Moon*.

Though such variety makes Malle difficult to classify, there is a common thread of suspicion of bourgeois institutions and their claims to respectability. But in identifying with his rebel protagonists Malle fails to appreciate the tension within them and the fact that there is often concealed a desire for respectability on the part of those who have never entertained the luxury of refusing it.

The real drama of *Pretty Baby* is played out not on the face of the child, who is as coolly familiar with the tricks of the trade as she is devoid of the feelings to go with them, but on the faces of her prospective clients. In one electrifying image we are shown the men's faces as she is borne aloft on the palanquin, and we see, in the mixture of shame and desire, a fleeting moment of recognition.

Are they, for once, forced to make the painful association between this virginal child and their own children, forced to acknowledge the implication of incest? Are they, for once, denied the comfort of dividing women into mutually exclusive categories of virgins and whores? It is an extraordinary moment, but it passes and Violet, more whore than innocent, allows them to retain the illusion of their own propriety.

The infinite tolerance with which Malle regards this luscious Eden is finally as life-denying as the most rigid moralism. In absolving his characters (as he did in *Murmur of the Heart*) from the guilty consequences of their acts—violations of taboos that are older than bourgeois society—he denies them their place in larger historical processes, and the all-important emotions of loss and regret. Violet's lingering gaze at the camera is meant to convey these emotions, but like Malle's own regard, it is impassive—beautiful, tasteful, lifeless.

I've always held that only a failed work of art can be depressing. However grim or sordid a book or play or movie, whatever makes it good, whatever breathes artistic life and breadth into it, saves it from the sin of mediocrity that—for me, at least—is depressing.

But *Straight Time*, like *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* last year, certainly challenges such suppositions. In both films, characters of a rather sordid disposition are played by actors—Dustin Hoffman

and Diane Keaton respectively—whose inner grace and sensitivity seemed to contradict the characters' drabness, but without whose redeeming presence the stories would have been intolerable. (And it goes to show the extent to which all movie criticism is rationalization when the same reviewer will use this argument to damn one film while exculpating the other with an "in spite of.")

In *Straight Time*, based on Edward Bunker's novel *No Beast So Fierce* and directed by Ulu Grosbard, Dustin Hoffman plays a two-bit hoodlum and petty thief whose urge to go straight, even when reinforced by the love of a beautiful girl (Theresa Russell), is in no way equal to the deeper forces of recidivism within him.

These forces are never explained. In one of the more sadistic episodes in the movie, Hoffman prolongs a heist in a Beverly Hills jewelry store until it fatally endangers the life of one cohort and impels the other one to betray him and flee. And this from a man who has made, in a comical obsession with a code of honor, an issue of right and wrong and loyalty among friends. The man is crazy, obviously, but the etiology of his craziness—if at least not laid on the tired back of The System—is unclear.

Straight Time invites comparisons with *Dog Day Afternoon* as a Los Angeles counterpart of the urban caper fable with star as punk robber. Its view of marginal lives and neighborhoods is even bleaker, and Hoffman's extraordinarily fine, quixotic, and complex performance is the keynote of a film that never pleads for audience sympathy or identification, never makes easy targets of its middle-class victims.

But if *Straight Time* is admirable in its refusal to manipulate, there is a fine line between manipulation and supplying the necessary links of causality that connect emotions and actions in a compelling pattern. Hoffman's scenes, with a fine cast of supporting actors—along with Theresa Russell as the girl friend, Harry Dean Stanton and Gary Busey as ex-con buddies, and M. Emmet Walsh as a parole officer—are so rich with intimately observed comic moments that we almost overlook the many holes in the story. It is only as the end approaches that we feel let down, not so much by the film's pessimism as by the lack of illumination that would make its pessimism bearable.

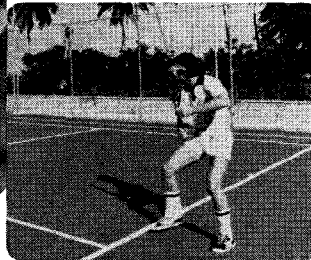
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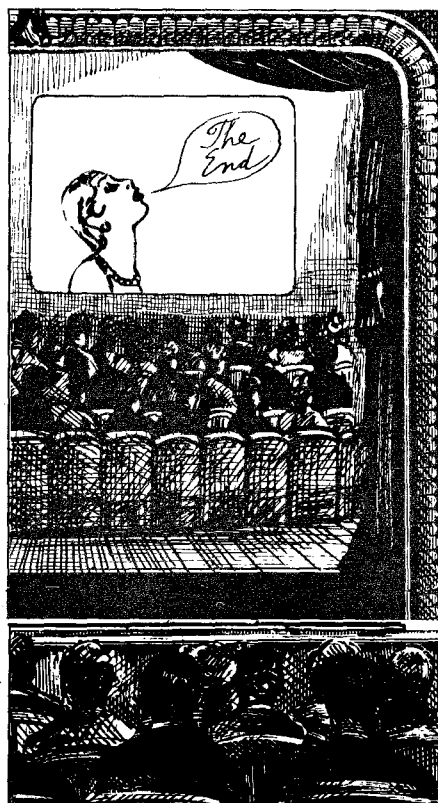
FILM FLAM

"...There are droll passages in *A History of the American Film*, but after a while the formulaic aspects become all too blatant..."

The idea of *A History of the American Film* must have seemed enchanting to its young author, Christopher Durang. It takes a few basic characters right through the typical genre movies—and others—from *Intolerance* to *Earthquake*. There is Loretta, the sweet girl from the orphanage, whom every kind of evil befalls without making her shed her innocence. She is part Loretta Young, part Sade's Justine, and wholly in love with Jimmy, who goes from Jimmy Cagney to Bogart, from Jimmy Dean to Brando, always slapping Loretta around, ditching her, or making her equally unhappy by not ditching her. There is also Bette, who is Bette Davis and other tough and mean females, whose chief purpose is not so much to take Jimmy away as to make Loretta suffer more in the process. She is also Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, and Sade's Juliette among others.

Then there is Hank, the strong and silent yokel, who is Fonda, Stewart, and Cooper until he goes bonkers and becomes Tony Perkins in *Psycho*. And there is Eve (Arden), the perennial good-natured, wisecracking loser. Lastly, there are several Contract Players, doing various typical Hollywood parts. All of them, when not playing parodic movie scenes, become spectators at a typical Bijou, which is the main set of the show and has been designed with fine, seedy grandeur by Tony Straiges. The symbiosis is complete: Audience and movie stars not only live off each other, they actually melt into each other. And on and on go the same basic idiotic relationships, through Westerns and war movies, thrillers and Busby Berkeley musicals, with both an onstage pianist (Robert Fisher, and very good) and a pit orchestra on hand to help the sound track break out in song.

I don't know whether Durang realizes it, but Hungary's most famous dramatic poem, Imre Madách's *Tragedy of Man* (1861), is constructed along similar lines. It takes hero, heroine, and villain from an opening scene in which they are Adam, Eve, and Satan, through various crucial moments in history, where, as other famous figures, they keep mucking up and muddling



through, with God there to admonish them to keep hoping and struggling. God appears in Durang's pastiche, too, flanked by Mary and Jesus—a maleficent trio, allowing man to suffer. Thus the Virgin is quite pleased to inflict polio on Loretta, which, to be sure, enables her to win an Academy Award. Here at least Durang proves prophetic, this year's Oscars having gone all the way from exploiting the handicapped to encouraging Diane Keaton.

But the problem with even Madách's great work is that it doesn't play; it is essentially closet drama, just as Durang's play is closet camp that needs to be much shorter, less elaborately bedizened, and fitted snugly into some intimate university theater. It may even have looked all right in the smaller houses and far less exacting venues of Hartford, Los Angeles, and Washington, where it has been kicking around for the past couple of years. But bloated to ANTA Theater size, drawn out and overproduced in sundry ways, it

sadly betrays itself as the campy, campus cabaret it is: bright and funny in places, but largely self-indulgent, repetitious, and sophomoric.

True, there are droll passages, like the takeoff on *Now, Voyager*'s notorious double-barreled cigarette-lighting scene, or a number of lusty sick jokes like this bit between a returning World War II veteran and the woman he left behind: "Michael, I've been promiscuous."—"I have no hands."—"Well, how promiscuous were you?"—"How much of your hands are you missing?" Durang also has a good ear for nomenclature: A spaceman arrives from the planet Zabar; a film is called *Seven Brides for Twelve Angry Men*. But at any moment things may collapse into "Don't sit under the atom bomb with anyone else but me," or "Jimmy, our vines have such tender grapes," where the references are either too obvious and crude, or too farfetched. After a while, the formulaic aspects become all too blatant; for example, simple inversion of a movie scene—as when the distraught heroine seeks disguised counsel from Piano Man, the wise and sympathetic black discreetly tickling the ivories to death. "If you were this friend," she asks after relating her own dismal story, "what would you do?"—"Ah'd kill mahself."

There are other problems besides obviousness. The cast cannot quite cope with the heavy demands the thinness of the material makes on them, although Ben Halley Jr. is marvelous both as Piano Man and Viola, the no-good colored maid. Bryan Clark and Brent Spiner also have good moments, but the men, by and large, are not up to the impersonations demanded of them. Nor are the women quite right, and all of them make looking at them for three hours hard on the eyes. April Shawhan is probably the only 2,000-year-old ingenue in captivity, and everyone would benefit from her being set free. Swoosie Kurtz, though not incompetent, is in no way Bette Davis, and has the sort of face that, instead of growing, withers on you. Mary Catherine Wright is nowhere near so funny as her looks, which is unfortu-

nate; and so on down the line.

Mel Marvin's music is neither good enough in itself nor amusing enough as parody; ditto Durang's lyrics. David Chambers has directed resourcefully, but what was needed was cutting and speed. Graciela Daniele's choreography lacks invention even of the derivative sort. Costumes and lighting are fine, and the idea of showing everything—even eggs and orange juice—in black, white, or gray until Technicolor bursts on us like a crazed rainbow is fun. But three hours is too relentless for a simple and simpleminded joke. Durang finally says nothing beyond, ad absurdum, that the movies are absurd.

More absurd yet, though, is the attempt by a new company, founded by Laurence Luckinbill—apparently for himself and some of his cronies and hangers-on—to put on Bertolt Brecht's *Galileo* in a Columbia University lecture room, without sets, costumes, director, or actors. Granted, there is some feeble, remote semblance of these to be found trailing about, but it is not even smart as semblances go. For example, just because Galileo was a scientist and teacher, must the play be put on in a constricting and uncom-

fortable university classroom, even though there are no classroom scenes in it? Must the actors begin by all wearing laboratory assistants' smocks, which have nothing to do with anything, even though, God knows, these actors might well be better as lab assistants?

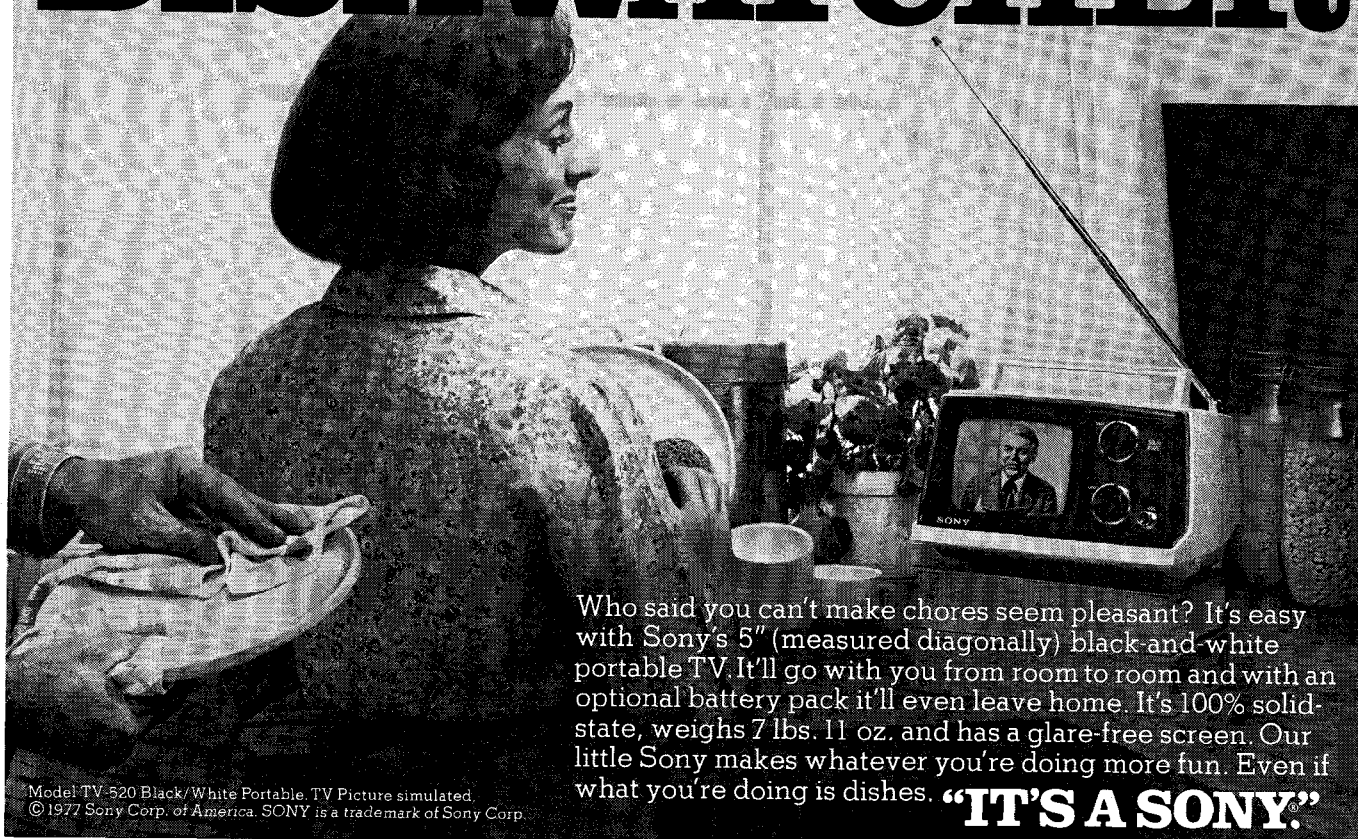
Alienation effects are all very well in epic theater, but this is no longer alienation, this is raving lunacy. You must first give us some theater before you can start alienating us from it—in this case, not so much alienating us as turning us into mortal enemies. These actors go beyond not acting—they cannot even be heard. And they certainly cannot be looked at. Luckinbill is the only one who comes across as a professional, but not, alas, as a very desirable one. Yes, he has energy, and if a part calls for a mixture of smugness and deviousness, Luckinbill has got it. But there is more than that to Brecht's *Galileo*. Luckinbill is hunched over—the man of science who has been bending over too many experiments; he keeps stroking his beard—the man with a secret inner life, full of unvoiced contempt; and he is smug and arrogant as all get-out. I got out.

Galileo, by the New York Actors' Theater, as these luckless Luckinbill-

ites call themselves, is at Columbia for four weeks. I realize that one of the current problems of our universities is open admissions combined with not being allowed to flunk out the deadwood. Must this education-wrecking privilege be extended to acting companies?

Another absurd and unnecessary act was the reviving of *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead*, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mousing grounds. But it was a play that (1) delighted a certain type of homosexual audience; (2) had, subsequently, a long run in Los Angeles, whence have come some of the worst things seen on the New York boards; and (3) boasted as its author James Kirkwood, one of several co-authors of *A Chorus Line*. In fact, Mr. Kirkwood sent me an ingratiating letter with the *Chorus Line* logo—the entire cast lined up behind the white line—above his own name in large letters on its prominent letterhead. So, with slight revisions, a second chorus for *Cat* seemed indicated. Without Michael Bennett, Nicholas Dante, etc., it's no go.

DISHWATCHER

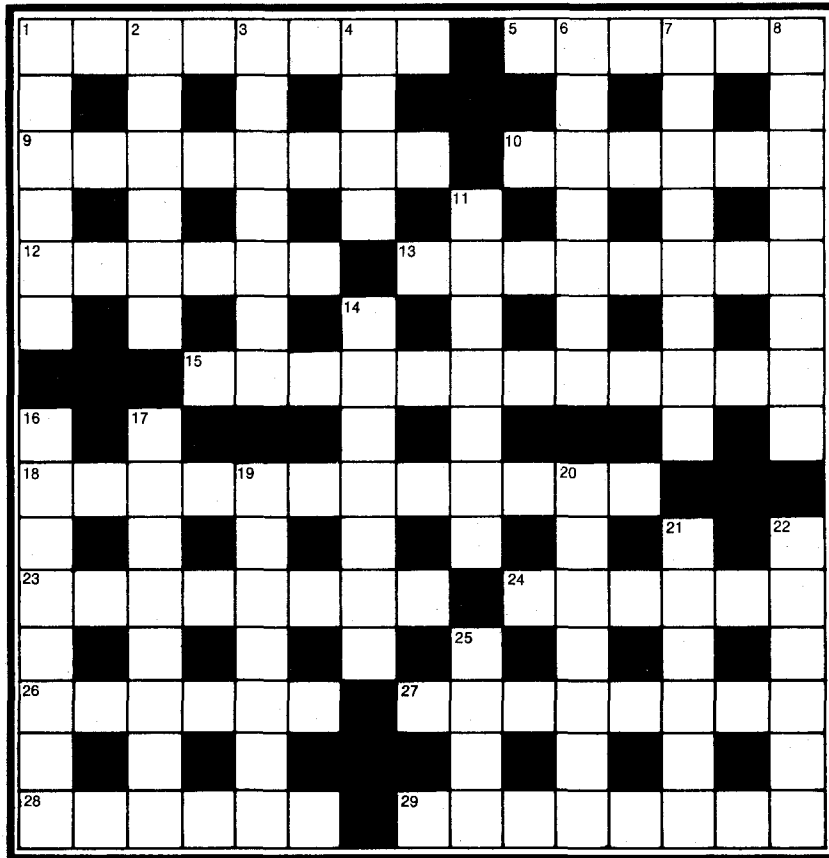


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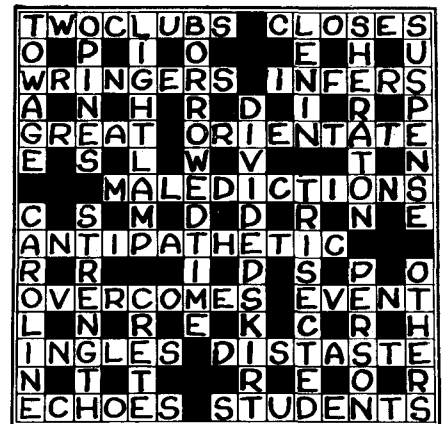
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Solution to last issue's puzzle:



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Recommend someone for a suit. (5)
- 5 Poster redesigned in a hurry. (6)
- 9 Get digging when wrongly tried about a crime. (8)
- 10 Explosive effect from the features. (6)
- 12 Jacket not generally approved for smoking. (6)
- 13 Fred's toe is broken—remove the timber. (8)
- 15 Bit of good fortune—but don't pat the tiger and expect it to be! (6, 2, 4)
- 18 But it is used

- 22 Have a go without an undergarment in burlesque! (8)
- 24 Part of the team, but not on the wing! (6)
- 26 Take part in French wager. (6)
- 27 European ace is a heaven-sent guide. (4, 4)
- 28 Ay, Ted's wild, but industrious. (6)
- 29 There's not so much about the girl with that slim quality. (8)

DOWN

- 1 Deadly arith-

- meticians? (6)
- 2 "In gallant trim the gilded — goes" (Thomas Gray). (6)
- 3 Institution giving you an outlet after study. (7)
- 4 River elevations of course. (4)
- 6 Departs at speed, but there are no scores to be had. (4, 3)
- 7 Use egg in recipe, even though it may go off. (5-3)
- 8 Too much to understand and catch up with. (8)
- 11 "My great — had stomach for them all" (Othello). (7)
- 14 Having a way with the pen, yet displaying no pretentiousness. (7)
- 16 Dress-tie knotted by journalist? (8)
- 17 Fish after net's broken and get in a mess. (8)
- 19 Amalgamate in one concise edition—came out this way. (7)
- 20 Girl eager to make cloth. (7)
- 21 Not much illuminated, then let out. (6)
- 22 The German, sir, has returned with the kind of powder you want. (6)
- 25 The only fish in the sea? (4)

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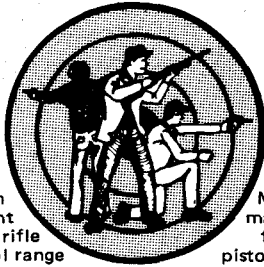
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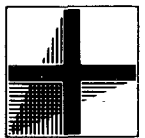
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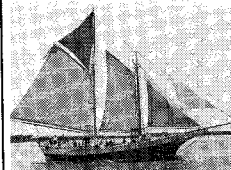
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REMSENBERG, NEW YORK The Unknown Hampton

Over 3 acres on bay. Bulkheaded boat slip. Salt water pool. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths plus huge master bedroom suite. 2 fireplaces. 2 story pool house. \$450,000. Owner (516) 325-0523.

ORIGINAL FAMILY HOMESTEAD Northampton, Massachusetts

19th Century, 12 room colonial set on 10 picturesque acres with a large 3 story horse barn, milk house and stone fences. 60' x 30' incomplete addition for studio, office or shop. \$160,000. Contact Mr. Groggins at:

WOODWARD & GRINNELL
(413) 586-0111

New Milford, Conn. Farm & Estate Area

Remember the dream house that Blandings built? Re-red the book and realize what a quality built, thoughtfully designed house this is. 20th Century colonial, 5 bedrooms, 3½ baths, 30 x 60 inground pool. Set on five acres of meadowland with red barn. Miles of riding trails in area.

DAVIS & HOYT, INC.
Danbury, Conn. (203) 792-8910



"GLEN MARY" a magnificent 300 acre estate with over a mile of deep waterfront on the St. Mary's River. The colonial manor built in 1655, is in excellent condition and is occupied by the present owners. A working farm with numerous

outbuildings it is the showplace of Southern Maryland; 75 miles from Washington, D.C. Excellent financing. Price \$1,350,000 for entire property. Manor house, 23½ acres, 800 ft. waterfront, \$500,000. Brochure available.

DELTA REALTY CO., INC.

Route 5, Box 500 Mechanicsville, Md. 20659
(301) 884-5700

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

Outgrown "The Hampton Scene"?

Secluded waterfront in the historic village of Bellport. 8 room bulkheaded Cedar Contemporary with 24 foot vaulted ceilings. Guest cottage; heated gunite pool; wine cellar & other exceptional amenities. Offered @ \$250,000.

BELLBROOK REALTY

440 So. Country Rd. East Patchogue, N.Y. 11772
(516) 289-4444

"SARATOGA IS EXCITING LIVING"

We have an 1800 Restored Colonial on 800 ft. of the Hudson River. Live in elegance with three bedrooms and all the extras in Historic Saratoga County. A guest house is a plus for \$100,000.

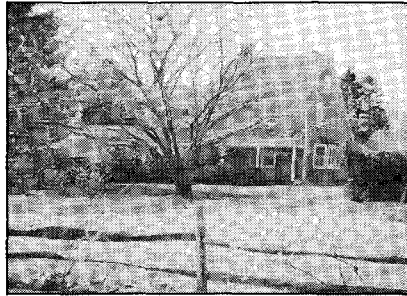
John T. Roohan
Realtor

43 Union Avenue Saratoga Springs
(518) 587-4500

COUNTRY HOUSE RENTAL

Wright designed house, Milford, Pennsylvania. 120 acre estate, 1 facade, floor to ceiling thermopane with magnificent view of Delaware River Valley. 5 bedrooms, 4½ baths, 3 fireplaces, ½ mile of mountain brook with waterfalls and natural swimming pools. Apple orchard, horse barn, all modern conveniences. Boating, tennis and ski in immediate area. Less than 1½ hours from NYC. Call (201) 391-9118 after 5 p.m.

1680 SALTBOX



East Hampton 2 acre estate, newly-restored for energy conservation! And we promise you a rose garden! \$265,000.

JACK DOUGLAS REALTY, INC.
76 Woods Lane East Hampton, N.Y.
(516) 324-1133

PLUSH PENTHOUSE

Huge condominium penthouse on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire. Floor to ceiling, wall to wall fireplace the focal point of huge living room with wet service bar and glass sliders overlooking lake & mountains. Oversize master bedroom suite with breathtaking, all mirrored master bath, double sink and bidet. Guest room, 2½ baths, billiards room in Vermont barnboard with antique pool table, large dining room, full kitchen, including built-in charcoal pit, 50' x 20' private deck, boat slip, etc., etc. \$125,000.
Call Owner (617) 868-4900 days only, Monday - Friday.

Income Property-Lake Winnepesaukee

11 ROOM SUMMER HOUSE, 6 FURNISHED RENTAL UNITS, GARAGE, 22' x 12' DOCK, 1+ MAGNIFICENT ACRE, LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE, Wolfeboro, N.H. on paved road, near Moose, Gunstock, Mt. Whittier Ski Areas. All units have gas floor heaters, septic tanks. \$158,500.

Sound View, Madison, Ct.

Marvelous 11 room cape, 1 BLOCK FROM WATER, in one of Conn. coastline's most prestigious towns. Quiet setting on cul-de-sac, next to coastal marshes, full view of Long Island Sound. 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, large living room with fireplace. MAGNIFICENT ENTUCA TENNIS COURT. Few steps to beach, beach club and town. \$165,000.

Lenox, Mass.

12 room 1810+ Colonial farm, 3 story barn, studio with heat, air cond., plumbing, kennel and greenhouse on 23+A. ATOP GENTLE KNOLL, SUPERB VIEWS ALL DIRECTIONS: STREAM. Within mins. of summer theater, ballet, Tanglewood. Professional tennis court, good condition. Land could be subdivided. \$145,000.

Fairfield, Conn.

BEACH LOVERS, COMMUTERS, BOATING PEOPLE. Handsome 8 room Colonial, VIEWS OF LONG ISLAND SOUND. Surrounded by mature trees, shrubs, stone wall. Town offers high quality education, moorings for large craft at nearby marina, tennis, golf. Near R.R., pkways, NYC, New Haven. \$105,000.

Small Me. Riverfront Farm

Delightful 9 room antique cape (180 yrs. old), with new roof, new full dormer, old chimneys newly tiled. 4 fireplaces (large one in kitchen with original pot hook crane, beehive oven), wainscoting in all rooms, 25 A. ON NAVIGABLE RIVER, BROOK. 15 mi. from Augusta. \$44,000.

Our subscribers are the leading Brokers in the areas they serve. Contact us for any type of Real Estate.

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CROTON LAKE WATERFRONT

All weather tennis court w/lights, natural stone heated pool, charming Colonial, 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, 42 x 21 beamed cathedral ceiling living room/dining room, wine cellar, sauna, hide-away guest house, central a/c, perfect condition, 1 hour NYC. \$350,000 furnished.

PLAZA REAL ESTATE

at Mt. Kisco R.R. (914) 241-3500

CENTRAL CATSKILLS

Charming 17 acre mini farm, 4 bedroom house, new heat, full basement, 30x60 barn w/ hand hewn beams, pond - just off Co. Rd. - Close to ski - \$37,500.

1 Acre + Mountainside barn studio retreat - overlooks sparkling lake - \$12,500.

REDMOND AGENCY

Route 28, Arkville, N.Y. 12406
(914) 586-2696 Closed Sundays



Authentic Victorian, 5 fireplaces, natural wood-work, gracious porch overlooking magnificent property, usable riverfront, riparian rights. Upper Nyack, N.Y. \$145,000.

Wright Bros.

53 South Broadway
(914) 358-3050

Nyack, N.Y.

'HELP! HELP! ANOTHER DAY!'

... Counselors at these hot lines offer legal advice, therapy referrals, sex information, and other services to those in need ...



Emily Dickinson's great despairing cry locates precisely the real enemy of people in trouble: There are 24 more hours to go through. Here we offer some possibilities for assistance.

1. Help Line: 481-1070. Sponsored by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's Marble Collegiate Church, this 24-hour hot line has understanding volunteers on duty to talk to callers about personal problems.

2. Suicide Prevention League: 736-6191. Founded in 1906, the league maintains the oldest help line in the United States. Trained counselors are on hand 24 hours a day.

3. Abused Women's Aid in Crisis: 686-1676. AWAIC counselors are on duty weekdays between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. to offer comfort and advice to battered women. At other times, a recording directs injured callers to the nearest hospital, and an answering machine will take one's name and number. Calls will be returned the following day.

4. Borough Crisis Centers: As part of the Mayor's Task Force on Rape, each borough maintains a 24-hour hot line for rape victims, battered women, and abused children. Counseling, legal advice, and shelter referrals are provided at each of the following crisis centers: Kings County Hospital (630-4651); Lincoln Hospital (579-5326); Queens Hospital Center (990-3188); Harlem Hospital (621-3403); St. Vincent's Hospital (390-1301).

5. Rape Report Line: 233-3000. Female police officers will assist callers 24 hours a day. They can dispatch a radio police car, recommend a crisis center, and ensure that a victim who reports the crime will be interviewed by a female officer.

6. Child Abuse and Maltreatment Center: 431-4680. This is a 24-hour central registry at which complaints of child abuse or neglect are recorded. Complaints will be investigated by caseworkers attached to the New York City Special Services for Children office.

7. Arson Hot Line: 566-7340. You can report suspicious fires 24 hours a day to the Division of Fire Investigation's number. The sources of all information are kept confidential.

8. Alcoholics Anonymous: 473-6200. You can get immediate help at the above number between 9 A.M. and 10 P.M. weekdays (Saturdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Sundays noon to 10 P.M.). If you call after hours, an answering machine will take your name and number, and an AA member will return your call the following morning.

9. Gamblers Anonymous: 689-7500. A 24-hour answering service provides callers with a list of meetings for compulsive gamblers in the New York area. If you need someone to talk to, the operator has a list of emergency numbers on hand.

10. Poison Control Center: 340-4494. All personnel are New York City health inspectors, many of whom are pharmacists. Information on poison antidotes and treatment is provided 24 hours a day.

11. Addict Assistance: 966-1441. This drug hot line operates between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. and refers callers to drug programs.

12. Crisis Intervention Center: 662-8630. The center has counselors on duty 24 hours a day to help with drug-related problems.

13. Daytop Village: 221-6070. Daytop places patients in drug detoxification programs and motivates graduates to remain drug-free. Its doors are always open to those in need, and there is a 24-hour hot line for emergencies.

14. Gay Switchboard: 777-

1800. Personnel on duty between 3 P.M. and midnight can refer callers to counselors and a variety of services, and provide information on current social events in New York.

15. Community Guidance Service: CI 5-1740. This service, operating from 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. on weekdays, will arrange interviews at its office, then assign clients to one of 400 cooperating therapists throughout the city.

16. Planned Parenthood: Facts by Phone, 677-3320; Family Planning Information Service, 677-3040. Telephone interviewers at these 9 A.M.-to-5 P.M. hot lines answer questions in English and Spanish on sex, abortion, venereal disease, infertility, and contraception; make agency referrals for specific problems; and fill requests for pamphlets.

17. American Cancer Society: JU 6-8700. The society offers several services by phone weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Ask the operator for one of the following:

Cancer information—This hot line provides quick answers to questions about cancer causes, risks, and treatments.

Stop-smoking clinics—Inexpensive clinics are conducted in most boroughs.

Free cancer-detection tests—Call for a ticket to obtain a free Pap test, breast exam, colon/rectum exam and male smokers' lung exam (for those over 40), or thyroid palpation. Educational pamphlets are also available.

Cancer counseling—The Patient Service Department has a doctor, a registered nurse, and a social worker on hand to discuss cancer-related problems.

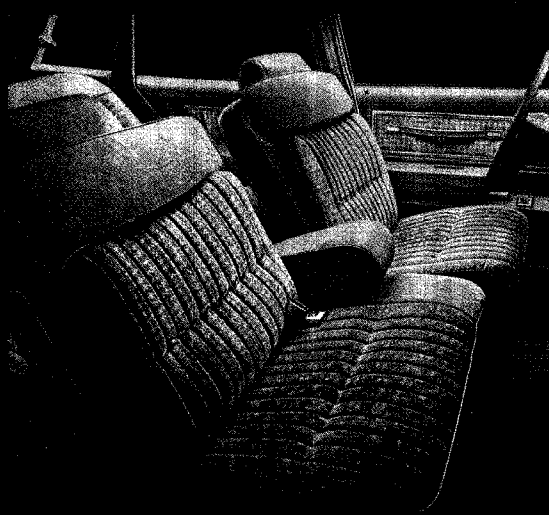
Pontiac Grand LeMans Redesigned. Resized. Remarkable.



27 mpg Hwy. 19 mpg City!

These are EPA estimates for LeMans with its std. 3.8 litre (231 CID) 2-bbl. V-6 and available auto. trans. Your mileage depends on where and how you drive, your car's condition and available equipment. Mileage lower in California. LeMans is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

Best head, leg and luggage room in years! That's just the start of Grand LeMans' new



luxury. You'll find a choice of the most luxurious appointments ever. Seats with a rich new loose-pillow look. A Grand Prix-style dash. And stationary rear door glass on sedans that allows us to recess the rear armrests.

Most scientifically designed LeMans yet! The latest computer technology gives LeMans an impressively smooth ride. A beautifully spacious feeling. And you can buy it or lease it at your Pontiac dealer now.

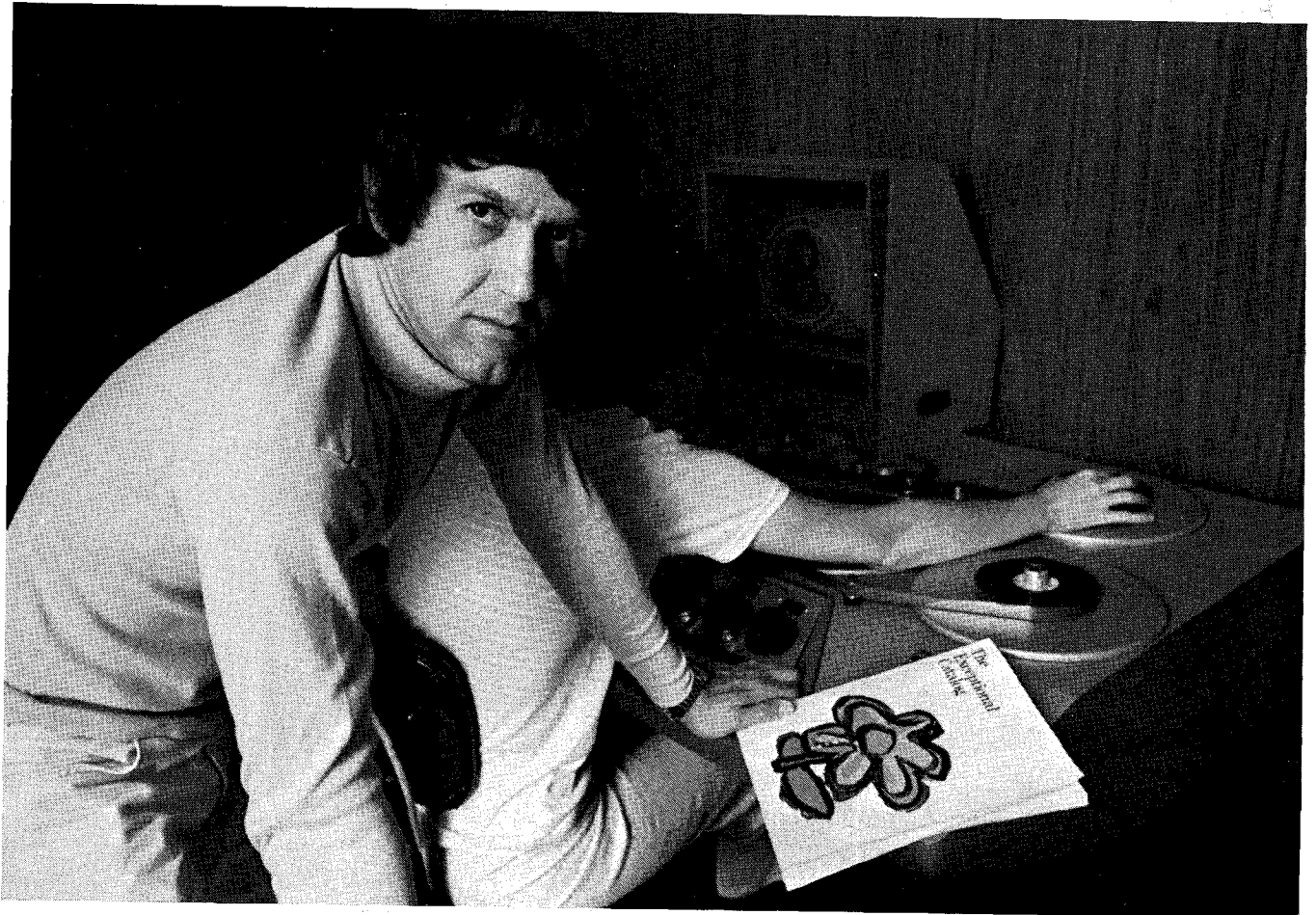
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DAVID A. GORDON

HOME: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Film company president,
writer/producer

HOBBIES: Tennis, camping, photography.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Power of
the Mind" by Herbert Reuther

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Established
the Exceptional Child Development Center, Inc.,
a national organization providing mental and
physical development aids to parents of
handicapped and retarded children.

QUOTE: "We have to discover ourselves before
we can accomplish anything worthwhile
for others."

PROFILE: Warm, perceptive. Believes that
everyone has a right to realize his talents, and to
appreciate the pleasures of life.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

